MODERN

NOVELS:

VOL. XII.

CONTAINING,

I. Dialogues of the Dead: In Two Parts.
II. Instructions for a young Noble-Man,
III. *The* Irish *Princess.*
V. Emperour and Empire betray'd.

LONDON,

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BRITISH MUSEUM

NEW
DIALOGUES
OF THE
DEAD.

In three Parts.

I. Dialogues of the Ancient with the Ancient.
II. Dialogues of the Ancient with the Modern.
III. Dialogues of the Modern with the Modern.

Dedicated to *Lusian* in *Elysium.*

Made English by *J. D.*

LONDON,
Printed for *D. Y.* at the Foot of *Parnassus*-Hill. M DC LXXXIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To *Lucian* in *Elysium*.

Illustrious Deceased,

I *Should injure Justice if that after I have assumed an* Idea *which is properly Yours, I did not thereupon render you some kind of Homage. The Author that supports us most in our Writings, is the true* Hero *of the* Dedicatory; *his Praises we ought to publish with sincerity, and chuse him for our Protector. It may perhaps be thought, that I have been very bold in daring to work upon your*

Ground-plat ; but it ſeems to me that I ſhould have been far bolder, if I had wrought upon a Ground of my own Imagination. I flatter my ſelf with ſome hopes that the deſign being Yours , it will make way for what is mine, and thus much I dare tell you, that if by chance my Dialogues *had any ſo little ſucceſs, they would gain You more Honour then your own have, ſince it would appear that this* Idea *is ſo taking, that it matters not whether it be duly executed or no. I depend ſo fully upon it, that I thought a part of it onely would ſerve my*

turn

turn. *I have taken no notice of* Pluto, Caron, Cerberus, *nor of no one of the infernal Crew. How concerned am I that you have drained all those rare matters of the equality of the Dead, of their trouble at Life, of the false constancy which* Philosophers *affect to make appear at their dying hour, of the ridiculous misfortune of those young people, that dye before the old-men of whom they thought to inherit, and whom they so much courted. But when all is done, since you had invented this design, it was but just and reasonable that you should pick and*

chooſe what was beſt in it. I have at leaſt endeavoured to imitate you in the end you had propoſed to your ſelf. All your Dialogues *include their Moral, and I make all my Dead moralize, otherwiſe it had not been worth while to make them ſpeak; ſome of the living would have ſerved well enough to tell frivolous things. Moreover, there is this conveniency in it, that a Man may ſuppoſe the Dead to be perſons of great Reflection, as well for their experience-ſake, as becauſe of their vacant time; and one ought to believe, that they think a little more then is*

uſual

uſual whilſt alive. They diſcourſe of things here above better than we, becauſe they behold them with greater indifferency and more tranquility, and they are willing enough to diſcourſe of them, becauſe they ſtill pretend to ſome intereſt in them. You have made the moſt part of their Dialogues *ſo ſhort, that 'tis apparent you did not believe them to be great Talkers, and in this I can eaſily agree with you. As the Dead are very witty, they ought to make a quick diſcovery of the ending of all matters. I could believe too, that they might be eaſily enlightened as to agree with*

one

one another about every thing, and consequently that they should scarce ever speak; for I fancy that it belongs to us Ignorants ouly to dispute, who do not discover the Truth; even as it is the property only of the Blind, who see not the place they are going to, to jostle one another as they go along. But here we cannot be perswaded that the Dead should have changed their qualities, so far as not to be any longer of contrary Judgments. When we have once conceived an opinion of Persons in this World, we cannot alter it. Thus I have made it my business to make

the

the Dead known again, at leaſt ſuch as are moſt eminent. You made no difficulty to ſuppoſe ſome, and ſome of the Adventures too perhaps which you allot them; but I ſtood in no need of that Priviledge. History *did ſupply me with plenty enough of real Dead, and real Adventures, to diſpenſe with my borrowing any aſſiſtance from Fiction. You will not be ſurpriſed, that the Dead do ſpeak of what did happen a long time after them, you that do ſee them entertain themſelves every day with the affairs of each other. I am ſure that at this very moment you*

know

know France, *upon a multitude of Reports that have been made you, and that you know that ſhe is at this day in point of Learning, what* Greece *was formerly. Above all, your famous Tranſlator, who has made you ſpeak our Language ſo well, will not have failed to tell you, that* Paris *has had the ſame eſteem for your Works as had* Rome *and* Athens. *Happy the Man that could follow your Style as that great Man did, and in his Expreſſions lay hold of that fine ſimplicity, and that natural pleaſantneſs, which are ſo proper for* Dialogues! *For my part, 'tis*

far

far from my Thoughts, to pretend to the glory of having imitated you well; I desire none but that of having well known, that a Man cannot imitate a more excellent Model *than your Self.*

NEW

G AU 55

New Dialogues OF THE DEAD.

Written in FRENCH very lately.

And now made ENGLISH.

By *J. D.*

Printed for *D. T.* at the Foot of *Parnassus* Hill. 1684.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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DIA-

NEW DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

The First Dialogue.

Alexander. Phrinea.

Phrinea.

YOU may know it of all the *Thebanes* that lived in in my time. They will tell you that I offered them to rebuild at my own charges the

Walls of *Thebes*; which you had beaten down, upon condition they would put this Inſcription upon them. *Alexander the Great did beat down theſe Walls, but Phrinea* the *Courtiſan has raiſed them up again.*

Alex. You were afraid then that future Ages ſhould not know what Trade you had driven?

Phrin. I tell you I had been excellent at it; and all perſons that are extraordinary in any Profeſſion whatever, are poſſeſſed with this folly of Monuments and Inſcriptions.

Alex. 'Tis true that *Rhodopea* had this humour before you. Her Beauty gained her ſo much money, that with it ſhe built one of thoſe famous Pyramids in *Egypt* which are ſtanding to this day; and I remember that as ſhe was ſpeaking of it the other day to ſome

ſome dead French Ladies, who pretended to have been very lovely, theſe Shadows began to weep, ſaying, that in the Age and Country where they had lately lived, Beauties did not now make advantages whereby to raiſe Pyramids.

Phrin. But for my part, I had that advantage above *Rhodopea*, that in raiſing up again the Walls of *Thebes*, I made my ſelf equal to you, who had been the greateſt Conquerour in the World, and made it appear that my Beauty was able to repair what your Valour had deſtroyed.

Alex. Theſe are two things which certainly did never enter into compariſon with one another. You are pleaſed with your ſelf then, that you have been ſo Gallanted.

Phrin. And you, you are very

well ſatisfied that you have made deſolate the better part of the World? Why was there not a *Phrinea* in each Town which you deſtroyed! There ſhould have remained no ſigns of your furies.

Alex. Were I to live again, I would again be a famous Conquerour.

Phrin. And I would be a lovely Conquerour. Beauty has a natural right to command Men, and Valour has but a right gained by force. Beauties have a right in all Countries, ſo have not Kings nor Conquerours. But yet the better to convince you, *Philip* your Father was a very valiant man, ſo were you too, however you would neither of you work any fear into *Demoſthenes* the Oratour, who, whilſt he lived, did nothing but inveigh againſt you both; and another *Phrinea*, far be-

beyond me (for the name is lucky) being likely to loſe a Suit in Law of conſequence, her Lawyer, who in vain had ſpoken his beſt for her, bethought himſelf of putting by a great Veil, which partly covered her, and preſently upon the ſight of her beauty, the Judges who were juſt going to caſt her, chang'd their minds. So the noiſe of your Arms could not in a long run of years ſilence an Oratour, and the attractives of a fair Creature did, in a moment, corrupt all *Areopagus* with its ſeverity.

Alex. Though you have called another *Phrinea* to your aſſiſtanc, I do not believe that *Alexanders* Party is at all the weaker. It would be very ſad if.....

Phrin. I know what you are going to ſay to me. *Græcia*, *Aſia*, *Perſia*, the *Indies*, all theſe make a fine ſhew: Yet, if I ſhould with-

draw from your glory, what does not belong to you upon that ſcore; if I did give to your Souldiers, to your Captains, to Chance it ſelf, the ſhare belonging to them, don't you think you would be a loſer by it? But a Fair Lady never ſhares with any one the honour of her Conqueſts, all is her own. Believe me, the condition of a pretty Woman is a pretty condition.

Alex. It has appeared that you have been ſo perſwaded. But do you think this part reaches ſo far as you have puſhed it?

Phrin. No, no, for I am eaſy of belief. I confeſs I have, in an high degree, injured the Character of a pretty Woman, but you have done as much by that of a Great Man. You and I have conquered too much. If I had been contented with two or three Gallan-

lantries at the moſt, I had not been irregular, and no exceptions could have been taken; but to have been galanted to that degree as to have had wherewithall to rebuild the Walls of *Thebes*, that was indeed too too much. On the other ſide, if you had conquered *Greece* only, the neighbouring Iſlands, and ſome little part too perhaps of the Leſſer *Aſia*, and made up a State of them for your ſelf, nothing had been more reaſonable; but to run on ſtill without knowing whither, and be always taking of Towns, and know not why, and always upon execution, without deſign, 'tis that that was not approved of by many judicious perſons.

Alex. Let thoſe judicious perſons ſay what they will. If I had made uſe of my valour and good fortune with ſo much diſcretion,

there would ſcarce have been any talk of me.

Phrin. Nor of me neither, if I had been too diſcreet in the management of my Beauty. When one will make a noiſe only, thoſe qualities which ſeem moſt reaſonable are not the fitteſt for that purpoſe.

The

The Second Dialogue.

Milo. Smindirides.

Smindirides.

THou art very proud then, *Milo*, of having carried an *Ox* on thy ſhoulders, at the Olimpick Games.

Milo. For certain it was a very brave action. All *Greece* did applaud it, and the honour of it reached as far as the City of *Crotona* my native Country, which has afforded an infinite number of ſtout luſty men. On the contrary, thy City of *Sibaris* will be cried down to eternity becauſe of the effeminacy of her Inhabitants, who baniſhed all Cocks from their Town, leſt they ſhould

be wakened by them; and when they made any invitation to perſons, they invited them a year before-hand, that they might have the more leaſure to make their Treat with as much daintineſs as they would themſelves.

Smin. Thou jeereſt the *Sibariſts*; but thou groſs *Crotonian*, doſt not thou think that in boaſting to have carried an Ox is not to be very like them?

Milo. And thou, doſt thou believe to have behaved thy ſelf Man-like, when thou madeſt thy complaint that thou hadſt paſſed a night without ſleeping, becauſe one of the Roſes wherewith thy Bed was ſtrewed, lay folded in two under thee?

Smin. 'Tis true, I was ſo nice as that comes to; but why doſt thou think it ſo ſtrange?

Milo. And how can it be but I muſt think it ſo? *Smin-*

Smin. What didſt thou never ſee a Lover, who being loaded with the favours of a Miſtreſs, to whom he had rendred ſome remarkable ſervices, was troubled in the poſſeſſion of his happineſs, for fear that grateful acknowledgment ſhould work more in the heart of the Beauty, than her inclination?

Milo. No, I never ſaw any ſuch. But what if ſuch a thing ſhould be?

Smin. And didſt thou never hear talk of ſome Conqueror, who, at his return from a glorious Expedition, ſhould not be altogether ſatisfied with his Triumphs, becauſe Fortune might have had a greater ſhare than either his Valour or his Conduct, and that his deſigns might have taken upon falſe and ill grounded Meaſures?

Milo.

Milo. No, I never heard ſpeak of any ſuch. But once again, what doſt thou infer hereupon?

Smin. That this ſame Lover, and this Conqueror, and generally all men, although they ſhould lie upon Flowers, could not ſleep if one ſingle Leaf only were foulded in two. A little thing ſpoils a pleaſure. Pleaſures are Beds of Roſes, where 'tis very hard to have every Leaf remain ſpread out, and not one to lie double; yet the foulding of one alone is enough to cauſe a great uneaſineſs.

Milo. I am not very much verſed in theſe affairs; but methinks, that thou, and the Lover, and thy ſuppoſed Conqueror, and all of you together, are extreamly too blame. Why do you make your ſelves ſo nice?

Smin. Ah *Milo!* your Wits are not *Crotonians*, as thou art; but they

they are *Sibariſts*, more refined yet than I was.

Milo. I ſee well enough what the matter is. Your Wits, aſſuredly, enjoy more pleaſures than they need, and they let their niceneſs retrench what they have too much. They are willing to have ſome feeling of the leaſt diſlikes, becauſe there are other ways delights enough for them; and upon that account I find they are in the right.

Smin. There's nothing at all of that. Your Wits enjoy no more pleaſures than they need.

Milo. They are fools then to make themſelves ſo nice.

Smin. There is the miſchief of it. Niceneſs does become men very well: it ariſes from the good qualities, both of the mind, and heart: Man takes a delight to have them, and he that wants them endeavours

deavours for them ; in the mean time, niceneſs does leſſen the number of pleaſures, and one is not overloaded with them. It makes them leſs ſenſible ; and pleaſures, of themſelves, are not over lively. How men are to be pitied ! Their natural condition ſupplies them with few pleaſing things, and their reaſon teaches them to delight yet leſs in them.

The

The Third Dialogue.

Dido. *Stratonice.*

Dido.

ALas! how wretched am I, my poor *Stratonice!* you know how I have lived. I was ſo exact in my fidelity to my firſt Husband, that I burnt my ſelf alive rather than I would take a ſecond. However, I could not preſerve my ſelf from being ill ſpoken of. A Poet, *Virgil* by name, has been pleaſed to change a wiſe Woman, ſo ſtrict as my ſelf, into a young Goſſip, that lets her ſelf be taken with the handſomeneſs of a Stranger the very firſt day ſhe ſees him. My whole ſtory is quite contrary. To tell the truth, as to the pile of Wood wherein

wherein I was consumed, I had right done me. But guess why I cast my self into it? It is not out of any farther fear of being obliged to marry a second time, but because I am grown desperate upon this stranger's leaving of me.

Stratonice. Indeed, the consequences of this may be very dangerous. There will hardly be any more Women that will burn themselves out of a conjugal fidelity, if, after their death, a Poet may have the liberty to say what he will of them. May be too, your *Virgil* was not so much in the wrong. Has he not cleared some intrigues in your life, which you hoped would not have been known? Who knows? I would not answer for you, upon the faith of your Pile.

Dido. If the Gallantry which *Virgil* does lay to me had any truth in it, I would be content to be suspected;

pected; but he allots me to be a Lover of *Æneas*, a man that was in his Grave three hundred years before I came into the world.

Strat. You say something now. Nevertheless, *Æneas* and you, you seemed much to be a fit match for one another: You both of you had been forced to leave your Country; you both of you seeked a fortune in stranger Countries; he was a Widower, you a Widow: these points agree well together. It is true, you were born three hundred years after him; but *Virgil* saw so many reasons to match you together, that he thought three hundred years difference betwixt you were of no consequence.

Dido. What an Argument there is? How three hundred years are not three hundred years, and in spight of that obstacle, two persons

ſons may meet together, and love one another?

Strat. Oh! 'Tis in that point *Virgil* did mean ſome Cunning: Sure he was a man of the times: He would make it appear, that in matter of Love Concerns, we muſt not judge upon Appearances; and that thoſe that have the leaſt, are many times the trueſt.

Dido. What had he to do to call my Reputation in queſtion, by inſerting this fine Myſtery in his Works?

Strat. But what? has he turn'd you into ridicule? has he made you ſpeak impertinencies?

Dido. No, not at all. Here he has recited his Poem to me; and the whole piece where he makes me appear, is indeed divine, Couſin Germain to detraction. In it I am all Beauty, there I ſpeak rare things upon my pretended Paſſion; and

and if *Virgil* were obliged to own me for an honeſt Woman in his *Æneid*, the *Æneid* would be the worſe for it.

Strat. What do you complain of then? you have a Gallantry put upon you which you did not enjoy; a great miſchance indeed! But, to make you amends again, you are ſet out for a Beauty and a Wit, which you were not.

Dido. What a comfort!

Strat. I know not what humour you are of; but moſt Women, if I am not miſtaken, had rather have their Vertue a little queſtioned, than either their Wit or their Beauty: for my part, that was my humour. A Painter at the Court of the King of *Syria*, my Husband, was diſſatisfied with me; and out of revenge, he drew me as in the Arms of a Soldier. He expoſed his Picture to view, and took

took his heels. My Subjects, zealous of my Glory, would have burnt this Picture publickly; but I being drawn admirably well, and full of Beauty, though the postures allotted me therein were not advantagious to my Vertue, I forbad the burning of it, and recalled the Painter, whom I pardoned. If you'll believe me, you'll do the same by *Virgil.*

Dido. That would do well, if the first degree of Merit in a Woman did consist in being handsom, or in being witty.

Stratonice. I do not take upon me to decide what that first merit is; but commonly, the first question one asks of a Woman one knows not, is, Is she handsome? next, has she any Wit? a third is seldom asked.

The Fourth Dialogue.

Anacreon, *Ariſtotle*.

Ariſtotle.

I Could never have thought that a petty Ballad-maker would have dared to compare himſelf with a Philoſopher of ſo great repute as I am.

Anacreon. You make the name of *Philoſopher* ſound very loud; but, I wiſh my petty Songs, have notwithſtanding been called *the wiſe Anacreon*, and methinks the Title of *Philoſopher* is not ſo good as that of *Wiſe*.

Ariſt. Thoſe who aſcribed you that quality, did not very well mind what they ſaid. What had you ever done to deſerve it?

Anacr.

Anacr. I had done nothing but drink, ſing, and fall in love; and the wonder is, that I had this name of *Wiſe* given me for doing thus, whereas you had only that of *Philoſopher* given you, which coſt you a world of labours: For how many Nights have you ſpent in ſifting the intricate Queſtions of the *Dialectick?* How many great Volumes have you writ upon obſcure matters, which perhaps you did not very well underſtand your ſelf.

Ariſt. I confeſs you have taken a more eaſie way to attain to *Wiſdom*, and you muſt needs have been an able man to find out a way to purchaſe more glory with your Lute and your Bottle, then the greateſt men have gained with their watchings and toyls.

Anacr. You think to jeer, but I will

I will maintain that 'tis harder to drink and ſing, as I have ſung, and as I have drunk, than to philoſophize as you have done; to ſing and to drink as I have, a man's Soul ſhould be freed from all violent paſſions, ſhould aim no more at what does not depend upon us, ſhould always be in a diſpoſition to take time as it ſhould come. In fine, there would be many little Affairs to regulate about him; and though there be no great matter of Philoſophy in all this, one has trouble enough for all that to compaſs it. But a man may philoſophize as you have done upon more reaſonable terms. One is not obliged to cure ones ſelf neither of Ambition, nor of Covetouſneſs; a man may have a favourable acceſs to *Alexander*'s Court; he may purchaſe Preſents of five hundred thouſand Crowns,

Crowns, which he does not altogether apply in experiments of Nature, according to the intention of the Donor; and in a word, this kind of Philoſophy leads to things that are oppoſite enough to Philoſophy.

Ariſt. Some body here below muſt needs have ſpoken ill of me to you; but when all is done, Man is not Man, but upon the account of Reaſon, and nothing is more excellent than to teach others what uſe they ſhould make of ſtudying Nature, and clearing all thoſe Intricacies which he propoſes unto us.

Anacr. Thus men pervert the uſe of every thing: Philoſophy in it ſelf is an admirable thing, and may be very ſerviceable to them; but becauſe ſhe would be uneaſie to them, if ſhe did meddle with their Concerns, and ſettle her ſelf among

among them to regulate their paſſions, they have diſpatched her away into the Heavens to ſet the Planets in order, and meaſure their motions, or elſe they pace her up and down the Earth, to make her examine all they ſee upon it. In ſhort, they always employ her as far off themſelves as 'tis poſſible. In the mean time, as they will be Philoſophers at an eaſie rate, they have the art how to extend and ſet out this Title, and they give it for the moſt part to thoſe that dive into natural Cauſes.

Ariſt. And how can one give them a fitter Title?

Anacreon. Philoſophy concerns her ſelf with Men only, and not at all with the reſt of the World. The Aſtronomer muſes on the Stars and Planets, the Naturaliſt conſiders Nature, and the Philo-

ſopher thinks of himſelf. But who would have been one upon ſuch hard Conditions? Alas! ſcarce any body. Philoſophers then are diſpenſed withal from being Philoſophers, and men are contented they ſhould be Aſtronomers, or Naturaliſts. For my part, I was not of a temper to engage my ſelf into Speculations; but I'm ſure, that there is leſs Philoſophy in many Books, that make profeſſion of treating of it, then in ſome of thoſe petty Songs which you ſo much undervalue; for example in this.

If Gold length of life did beſtow,
Farther my ambition ſhould not go,
Then greedily to heap up treaſure.
When Death to me a viſit made,
Quickly return would I bid her to her ſhade,
In giving her, what I had, without meaſure. *But*

But if Atropos *and her Siſters ſe-*
verè do not of this allow,
Gold ſhall no more be my care,
Women, Wine, and good Cheer
Shall my diverſions make I vow.

Ariſt. If you will call that Philoſophy only which looks into Manners, there is in my Morals that which is as good as your Song; for that obſcurity which I'm taxed of, and which is perhaps in ſome of my Books, is not to be found in my Writings upon that matter; and the whole World has owned that there was nothing finer nor more clear than what I have ſaid concerning Paſſions.

Anacr. What an abuſe! The queſtion is not to define Paſſions methodically, as 'tis ſaid you have done, but to maſter them. Men willingly deliver up their Evils to

Philoſophy for her to conſider them, but not to cure them; and they have found the ſecret of framing a Moral which reaches them no nearer than Aſtronomy does. Can a man forbear laughing, to ſee ſome, that for money, preach up the contempt of riches, and Cowards that fall together by the ears about the definition of Magnanimous?

The

The Fifth Dialogue.

Homer. Æſop.

Homer.

ALL thoſe *Fables* which you have now related to me, cannot, indeed, be admired enough: You muſt needs have been indued with a great deal of art, that you could thus diſguiſe in little Tales, the moſt important Inſtructions of Morality, and cover your thoughts under theſe Repreſentations which are ſo proper and ſo familiar.

Æſop, 'Tis very pleaſing to me that I am applauded by you for an Art, wherein you were ſo carefull.

Homer, I? I did never pretend to it.

Æſop, How, did you not make it your buſineſs to hide great myſteries in your works?

Hom. Alas! not at all.

Æſ. Nevertheleſs all the Learned of my time did ſay as much; there was not a word in the *Iliads*, nor in the *Odiſſea*, but they gave it the fineſt Allegories in the World. They did maintain, that all the Secrets of Divinity, of Natural and Moral Philoſophy, and of the Mathematicks, were incloſed in your Writings. Truly 'twas ſomewhat difficult to diſcloſe them, and where one found out a Moral ſence, another found out a Natural ſence; but they agreed that you knew all, and had ſaid all to him that rightly underſtood it.

Hom. Without lying, I did miſtruſt that ſome ſort of people would conceive I had ſome cunning

ning meaning, where I intended none. As there is nothing like Prophecying things afar off in expectation of the event; ſo there is nothing like putting off *Fables*, in expectation of the Allegory.

Æſop, You muſt needs have been a bold man, to entruſt your Readers with the care of putting Allegories in your Poems. Whereabouts would you have been, if they had been taken literally?

Homer, Well then, the harm would not have been ſo great.

Æſ. What? thoſe *Gods who maim* one another; that Thundering *Jove*, who in a Convention of *Deities* threatens to beat Majeſtical *Juno*; That *Mars*, who being wounded by *Diomedes*, bawls, you ſay, like nine or ten thouſand men, and does not act like one alone; (for inſtead of routing all the *Greeks*, he goes and

complains of his Wound to *Jupiter*) all this would have been well without an Allegory?

Hom. Why not? You fancy that the Minds of men ſeek for Truth altogether? Diſabuſe your ſelf. Man's mind and falſhood ſympathize moſt ſtrangely. If you have a truth to ſpeak, you'l do very well to fold it up in *Fables*, 'twill be far more pleaſing. If you'l relate *Fables*, they may take without having the leaſt colour of truth in them. Thus Truth has need to borrow the ſhape of Falſhood to be kindly received in the mind of man; but Falſhood creeps into it well enough in its own proper ſhape, for that is the place of its birth, and its uſual place of aboad, and Truth is there a meer ſtranger. Nay, I will tell you more than this comes to. If I ſhould have killed my ſelf to fancy

cy allegorical *Fables*, it might very well have happened that moſt people would have taken the *Fable*, as a thing likely enough to have had been ſo, and would have let the Allegory alone; and indeed, you ought to know that my Gods, ſuch as they are (and all Myſteries laid aſide) have not been thought ridiculous.

Æſ. This makes me quake again: I am terribly afraid that it will be thought that Beaſts might have ſpoken as they do in my Apologies.

Hom. A pretty fear indeed.

Æſop, Why what? If people have believed that the Gods could have held thoſe Diſcourſes you made them hold; why will they not believe that Beaſts did ſpeak in the manner as I made them ſpeak?

Hom. Ah! the Caſe is not the

ſame; Men are willing enough that the Gods ſhould be as great great Fools as they; but they are not willing that Beaſts ſhould be ſo wiſe.

The Sixth Dialogue.

Athenais. Icaſia.

Icaſia.

SInce you will know my Fortune, I will tell it you: The Emperour under whom I lived, had a mind to marry; and that he might the better chooſe an Empreſs, he cauſed it to be publiſhed, That all Women that thought themſelves handſom and taking enough to pretend to the Throne, ſhould come to *Conſtantinople*. God only knows what a world

world of people there was. I went thither, and I made no doubt but with my youth, my brisk eyes, and my way, which was pleaſant and curious enough, I might not put in for the Empire. The day of the meeting together of ſo many pretty Pretenders, we all of us ran over in a diſtracted manner the faces of each other; and I took notice with ſatisfaction, that my Rivals did look but with an ill eye upon me. The Emperour appeared; at firſt he paſſed by ſeveral rows of Beauties without ſaying a word; but when he came at me, my eyes were very ſerviceable to me, and they ſtayed him. Indeed, quoth he, looking upon me with a countenance ſuch as I could wiſh, *Women are very dangerous; they may do a great deal of harm*: I thought there was only a little wit to be uſed in the

the caſe, and then I was Empreſs: and in the trouble I was in, what with hope, what with joy, I ſtrove to make an anſwer. *In recompence of that, Lord, Women may do, and ſometimes have done much good.* This Anſwer ſpoiled all; the Emperour thought it ſo godly, that he durſt not marry me.

Athenais, Sure this Emperour was of a ſtrange humour, to be ſo afraid of Wit, and 'tis to be preſumed he had but little judgment in it, to believe that your Anſwer did argue much; for to be free with you, 'tis no very good one, and you have no great matter to lay to your own charge.

Icaſia, Thus go Fortunes; Wit alone made you an Empreſs, and an appearance only of Wit hindred me from being one. You were verſed to in Philoſophy, which is far worſe than to be witty; and not-

notwithſtanding all this, you married the young *Theodoſius*.

Athen. If I ſhould have had ſuch an example as yours before me, it would have frighted me. After my Father had made me a very learned, and a very godly Laſs, he did diſinherit me; ſo ſure did he make himſelf, that with my learning and my fine wit, I could not miſs of making my Fortune; and to ſay the truth, I believed it as well as he. But now I ſee I ran a great hazard, and that it was not impoſſible but I might remain without any means, and have Philoſophy alone for my Portion.

Icaſ. No ſure, but as good luck would have it for you, my adventure had not yet happened. It would be pleaſant enough that upon the like occaſion as that which befel me, ſome other that knew my Story, and would draw an

an advantage from it, were ſo crafty as to make no ſhew of wit, and that people would laugh at her.

Athen. I would not be anſwerable for her ſucceſs herein, in caſe ſhe were upon deſign; but many times one does by chance commit the happieſt Follies in the world. Have you not heard talk of a Painter who had ſo well drawn ſome Bunches of Grapes, that ſome Birds were deceived in them, and came and nibled at them? Do you judge what a Repute this gave him. But the Grapes were born in the Picture by a little Country Boy; and the Painter was told, That truly they muſt needs be well done, ſince they intiſed the Birds to them; but that the little Country Boy muſt needs be very ill done, ſince the Birds were not afraid of him. They

were

were in the right; Yet if the Painter had not over-ſeen himſelf in the little Peaſant, the Grapes would not have had that prodigious ſucceſs as they had.

Icaſ. Truly, let a man do what he will in the world, he does not know what he does; and after the adventure of this Painter, we ought to tremble even in thoſe Affairs, where we behave our ſelves well, and fear leſt we have done no fault that might have been neceſſary; all is uncertain. It looks as though Fortune took care to give different Succeſſes to one and the ſame thing, to the end ſhe may always laugh at humane Reaſon, which is uncaple of any certain Rule.

DIA-

DIALOGUES

OF THE

Ancient Dead

WITH THE

Modern Dead.

The First Dialogue.

Augustus. Peter Aretine.

Peter Aretine.

YES, I was a fine Wit in my time, and I made a pretty considerable Fortune with Princes.

Augustus,

Auguſtus, You writ then many Books for them.

P. Aretine, None at all; I had a Penſion from all the Princes of *Europe*, and that could not have been if I ſhould have ſate writing of Praiſes. They had Wars with one another; when one had the better of the Day, the other had the better of it: it was not poſſible to give them all their Praiſes.

Auguſtus, What did you then?

P. Aret. I made Verſes againſt them: They could not be admitted into a *Panegyrick*, but into a *Satyr* they might. I had ſo well ſpread abroad the Terrous of my Name, that they allowed me Tribute to enable me to commit Follies in ſafety.

The Emperour *Charles* the Fifth, who you muſt needs have heard ſpeak of here below, being gone very unadviſedly towards the

the Coaſts of *Africa*, to receive an Overthrow, did immediately ſend me a Chain of Gold. I received it; and looking ſadly upon it, *Ah!* ſaid I aloud, *this is but a ſmall matter, for ſo great a folly as he has committed.*

Aug. You had found a new kind of way to get money of Princes.

P. Aret. Had not I cauſe to conceive ſome hopes of a wonderful Fortune, in ſettling my ſelf a Revenue upon the follies of others? It is a good foundation, and does yield well.

Aug. Whatever you can ſay of it, the praiſing Trade is ſureſt, and by conſequence the beſt.

P. Aret. What would you have? I was not impudent enough to praiſe.

Aug. Why? You were impudent enough to make Satyrs upon Crowned Heads.

P. Aret. It is not the ſame thing to make Satyrs: it is not always neceſſary to undervalue thoſe they are made of; but to give ſome certain unreliſhing praiſes, I fancy a man muſt in ſome kind contemn thoſe very perſons he praiſes, and think them great Cullies. With what face could *Virgil* tell you, that it was unknown in what quality you would rank your ſelf among the Gods; and that it was uncertain, whether you would take upon you the care of the concerns of the Earth, or whether you would make your ſelf a God of the Sea, by taking to Wife a Daughter of *Thetis*, who would willingly have purchaſed the honour of your Alliance, though it had coſt her all her Waters; or, in fine, whether you would quarter your ſelf in the Heavens, near *Scorpio*, who held the place of two

Signs

Signs, and who, upon your account, would have ſtraitned himſelf more?

Aug. Be not ſurpriſed at *Virgil*'s boldneſs. When a man is praiſed, he does not take take thoſe praiſes in the ſtricteſt ſenſe; he helps out the Letter, and the Writer's baſhfulneſs receives great eaſe from the ſelf-love of them to whom he applies them. Many times we imagine we deſerve praiſes which we have not; and how ſhall we believe that we did not deſerve thoſe we have?

P. Aret. You did hope then, upon *Virgil*'s word, that you ſhould marry a Sea-Nymph, or that you ſhould have an Apartment in the *Zodiac*?

Aug. No, no. There is ſomething to be deducted from thoſe kind of praiſes, to reduce them to ſome reaſonable meaſure; but, to

ſpeak

ſpeak the truth, the abatement we make is very little, and we take them at our own rates. In ſhort, let a man be praiſed in what manner you will, he will always take the advantage of believing that he is above all common praiſes, and that his merit did reduce the praiſer to go beyond all bounds. Vanity has diverſity of Shapes.

P. Aret. I ſee well enough, there muſt be no difficulty made to puſh praiſes to the heighth of exceſs; but, at leaſt, as to ſuch as are contrary to one another, how can one have the impudence to allow them to Princes? I will lay a wager, for example, that when you did revenge your ſelf of your Enemies without any ſhew of mercy, nothing was thought more glorious by all your Court, than to thunder out your fury upon every thing that had the Temerity to oppoſe

poſe you ; but ſo ſoon as you had done any action that was mild, the face of things changed, and nothing was found in revenge, but a barbarous and inhumane Glory: one part of your life was praiſed to the prejudice of the other. For my part, I ſhould have been afraid leſt you would have given your ſelf the recreation to take me at my own words, and would have ſaid to me ; *Chuſe either Severity, or Clemency, to make the Character of an Hero : but when this is done, ſtick to your own choice.*

Aug. Why, will you have one look ſo narrowly to it ? 'Tis for the advantage of great perſons, that all matters ſhould be problematical for flattery. Do what they will, they cannot fail to be praiſed ; if it be for things that are oppoſite, 'tis becauſe they have more than one kind of merit.

P. Aret.

P. Aret. But what? Had you never no ſcruple upon you about all thoſe Elegies which were heaped upon you? was there any need of ſtraining a man's wit, to perceive that they were intended to you? Praiſes do not diſtinguiſh Princes; Heroes have no more than others: but Poſterity does diſtinguiſh the praiſes which have been given to different Princes. Some ſhe confirms, and others ſhe declares to be baſe flatteries.

Aug. You will then, at leaſt, yield, that I did deſerve the praiſes given me, ſince 'tis certain that Poſterity has ratified them by her Judgment. Nay, in this caſe, I have ſome cauſe to complain of her; for ſhe has ſo uſed her ſelf to look upon me as the Model of Princes, that 'tis uſual to praiſe them, by comparing them to me, and oftentimes the compariſon does injure me. *P. Aret.*

P. Aret. Comfort your ſelf: you will be no farther troubled with this cauſe of complaint. To hear how all the Dead that come hither do ſpeak of *Lewis* the Fourteenth now reigning in *France*, 'tis he that will be looked upon hereafter as the Model of Princes; and I foreſee, that henceforwards it will be thought that greater praiſes cannot be given them, than by allotting them ſome reſemblance with this great King.

Aug. Well then? Do not you believe that thoſe to whom ſo great an exaggeration ſhall be addreſſed, will hearken to it with pleaſure?

P. Aret. That may be. People are ſo deſirous of Praiſes, that Equality and Truth are diſpenſed withall; and ſo are all requiſite Properties.

Aug.

Aug. It's clear enough to be ſeen that your aim is to exterminate all praiſes. If none but good ones ſhould be given, who would trouble himſelf to give them?

P. Aret. All that ſhould beſtow them without Intereſt, 'tis their right alone to praiſe. How happens it that your *Virgil* did praiſe *Cato* ſo much, when he ſaid that he did preſide in the Aſſembly of the better ſort of perſons, who are ſeparated from the others in the *Eliſian* Shades? 'Tis becauſe he was dead; and *Virgil*, that expected nothing from him, nor from his Family, beſtowed but one Verſe upon him, and made a reaſonable thought the bounds of his Elogy. How comes it that he ſpoke ſo ill of you in ſo many words, at the beginning of the *Georgicks*? You allowed him a Penſion.

Aug. I have then flung away a great deal of money in praiſes?

P. Arèt. I am ſorry for it. Why did not you do as one of your Succeſſors has done; who, as ſoon as he had attained the Empire, did, by a Declaration, expreſly forbid the making of Verſes for him at any time?

Aug. Alas! He had greater reaſon than I. Thoſe praiſes which preſent themſelves to us are not the true ones, but thoſe are which we ſnatch up by the by.

The Second Dialogue.

Sapho. *Laura.*

Laura.

IT is true, the Muſes had a ſhare in the Paſſions which we two have had, and they rendred them very pleaſant: But this difference there is, you writ the Praiſes of your Lovers, whereas my Gallants did all they could to extol mine.

Sapho. What then? the meaning is, that I loved as much as I was beloved.

Laura. This does not ſurpriſe me, for I know that Women commonly are more tender hearted than Men. That which does ſurpriſe me is, that you ſhould let your Lovers know your inclinati-

ons for them, and that you ſhould in ſome manner work upon their heart by your Poeſies. A Woman's part is but to defend her ſelf.

Sapho. Betwixt you and I, I was a little troubled at it; 'tis an injuſtice that Men have done us: They have taken the aſſailing part, which is far more eaſie than the defenſive.

Laura. Let us not complain, we have our advantages. We that defend our ſelves, we yield when we pleaſe; but they that attack us, they do not always overcome, though they would never ſo fain.

Sapho. But you do not conſider that if theſe Men do attack us, they follow the inclination they have to attack us: but when we defend our ſelves, we are not very much inclined to make a defence.

Laura.

Laura. Do you make nothing of the pleaſure in ſeeing by ſo many ſweet Aſſaults of ſo long continuance, and ſo often redoubled, how they value the Conqueſt of your heart?

Sapho. And do you reckon as nothing the difficulty to reſiſt theſe ſweet Attacks? they ſee with delight the ſucceſs of them in all their proceedings with us.

Laura. But in fine, though after all their diligences, they become Victors in a fair way, you do them a favour in acknowledging them to be ſo. You can no longer make a defence, and they ceaſe not to let you ſee the value they have for you, becauſe you make no farther defence.

Sapho. Ah! this does not hinder, but that that which is a Victory for them, is always a kind of defeat on our ſide. In being loved,

they have no other delight than that of triumphing over the perſon who loves them; and happy Lovers are not happy but becauſe they are Conquerors.

Laura. What? would you have had it ordered that Women ſhould attack the Men?

Sapho. And what neceſſity is there, that the one ſhould attack, and the others defend themſelves? Let both ſides love one another as much as the heart will allow.

Laura. Oh! things would run too faſt; and Love is ſuch a pretty pleaſing kind of Trade, that it was very well done to give it time to laſt as long as it was poſſible. What would it be if one ſhould be entertained upon the firſt offers? What would become of all thoſe cares to pleaſe, of all that reſtleſneſs, when we tax our ſelves of ſome neglect to give ſatisfaction,

of

of all that earneſtneſs wherewith we endeavoured for one happy moment? to conclude, all that delightful mixture of pleaſure and pain, which is called Love? Nothing would be more inſipid, if we did only exchange love for love.

Sapho. Well then, if Love muſt needs be, as it were, a Fight, I could rather wiſh that Men had been obliged to ſtand upon the defenſive. And have not you told me too, that Women were more inclined to be tender hearted than they? Upon that ſcore Women would attack them the better.

Laura. Ay, but they would defend themſelves too well. When 'tis deſigned that one Sex ſhould reſiſt, 'tis intended the reſiſtance ſhould be no more than would make the Victory better pleaſing to the Victor, but not ſtrong

enough to gain it. It ought not to be so weak as to yield upon the first Assault, nor so vigorous as not to yield at all. Here is our Character, and 'tis likely it would not be the Mens. Believe me, when we have well argued the case of Love, or of any other matter whatever, it is found in the end, that things are well as they are, and that the pretended Reformation would spoil all.

The Third Dialogue.

Socrates. *Montaigne.*

Montaigne.

IT is you then, Divine *Socrates!* How glad am I to see you! I am just now arrived in this Country, and I was no sooner come hither, but I looked up and down for you. In fine, after having filled up my Book with your Name, and with your Elogies, I can now entertain my self with you, and learn how you came by that Vertue, so *Montaigne's* Terms in French, downright, which had such natural goings, and which could not be fitted with any example, even in that happy Age you lived in.

Socrates. I am glad to ſee a dead perſon that ſeems to me to have been a Philoſopher; but you being lately come from above, and I not having ſeen any body here of a long time (for I am left lonely enough, and there is no great ſtriving for my Converſation) will you not be diſguſted if I ask you ſome News? How goes the World? Is it not hugely changed?

Mont. Extreamly: You would not know it again.

Socrat. I am glad of it at my heart. I did ever ſuſpect that it would of neceſſity become better and wiſer than it was in my days.

Mont. What is your meaning? It is grown more fooliſh, and more corrupted than ever. That is the change I meant, and I expected to know of you the ſtory of the time you ſaw, and wherein reigned

reigned ſo much goodneſs and righteouſneſs.

Socrat. And I, on the contrary, did expect to hear wonders of the Age in which you have lately lived. What? Have not the Men of theſe times corrected themſelves of the follies of Antiquity?

Mont. I believe 'tis becauſe you are ancient your ſelf, that you ſpeak ſo familiarly of Antiquity; but know that there is cauſe enough to lament its Manners, and that daily every thing grows worſe.

Socrat. Can that be? Methinks all went very croſs in my days. I thought that in the end they would take a more reaſonable courſe, and that Men would better themſelves by the experience of ſo many years.

Mont. And do Men try Experiences? They are juſt like Birds, who

who let themſelves be caught in the ſame Net, in which an hundred thouſand Birds had been already taken. There is not a Man that does not enter into Life all raw, and the follies of Fathers are of no advantage to Children.

Socrat. But why do not they make ſome Experiences? I ſhould think that the World ought to be wiſer, and more regular in its old days, than it had been in its youth.

Mont. Men in all Ages have the ſelf ſame Inclinations, over which Reaſon has no power at all. So in all places where there are Men, there are follies, and the ſame follies.

Socrat. And upon that ſcore, how would you have had the Ages of Antiquity been better than this Age is?

Mont.

Mont. Ah *Socrates!* I knew well enough you had a ſingular way of arguing, and drawing ſo dexterouſly thoſe you had to deal with into Arguments whereof they did not fore-ſee the Concluſion, that you lead them whither you had a mind; and it was that which you called to be the Midwife of their thoughts, and bring them to Bed. I confeſs here I am brought to Bed of a Propoſition quite contrary to that which I propoſed; for all that, I cannot yield yet. Sure it is, there are no more any of thoſe vigorous and ſturdy Souls of Antiquity, no *Ariſtides*, no *Phocions*, no *Pericles*, nor, in ſhort, no *Socrates*.

Socrat. Where does it ſtick? Is it that Nature has exhauſted her ſelf, and has no farther ſtrength to produce thoſe great Souls? And why ſhould ſhe have waſted her

ſelf in nothing but in rational Men? None of her Works did degenerate yet; why ſhould men only degenerate?

Mont. That is a point indeed; they do degenerate. Nature ſeems to have ſhewed us heretofore ſome patterns of great men, thereby to perſuade us, that ſhe could have made ſome if ſhe had had a mind to it, and that afterwards ſhe had made all the reſt with neglect enough.

Socrat. One thing mind. Antiquity is an object of a particular kind, a far off, does add to it. Had you known *Ariſtides*, *Phocion*, *Pericles*, and my ſelf, ſince you will put me in that number, you would have found in your Age ſome perſons that were like us. That which does uſually cauſe this prevention in people for Antiquity, is, becauſe they are out of humour with their Age,

Age, and Antiquity takes advantage thereof. Men exalt the Ancients, to pull down their Contemporaries. When we lived, we esteemed our Ancestors more than they deserved; and now, our Posterity esteem us more than is our desert: but our Ancestors, and we, and our Posterity, all this is equal enough; and I believe the Spectacle of the World would be very tedious to him that should look upon it with an eye of Certitude, for 'tis always the same.

Mont. I should have believed that every thing was in motion, that all did change, and that the different Ages had their different Characters, as men had. And indeed, Are not some Ages learned, and are not others ignorant? Are not some plain and downright, and others again subtil and crafty? Some are serious, and some are toyish:

toyiſh: ſome again are fine and quaint, and others are groſs and dull.

Socrat. 'Tis true.

Mont. Why ſhall there not be then ſome Ages more vertuous, and others more wicked?

Socrat. That is no conſequence. Cloaths change; but by that it is not meant that the Bodies change their form too: The neatneſs or the groſſneſs, the knowledge or the ignorance, the more or leſs of a certain kind of downrightneſs, the ſerious or the toyiſh Genius; theſe make but the out-ſide of Man, and all this does change; but the heart does not change, and whole Man conſiſts in the heart. People are ignorant in one Age, but the mode to be learned may come: People are intereſted, but the mode to be diſ-intereſted will never come. Of the prodigious num-

number of Men unreaſonable enough that are born in an hundred years, Nature, may be, has two or three dozen of them that are reaſonable, which ſhe muſt diſperſe over the whole Earth; and you judge well enough, that there are never in no place ſo many as may make a mode there of Vertue and of Righteouſneſs.

Mont. Is this diſtribution of rational men equally made? There might have been ſome Ages that might have had a better ſhare than others.

Socrat. Nature does ever act very regularly, but we do not judge as ſhe acts.

The

The Fourth Dialogue.

Adrian the Emperor. — *Margaret* of *Auſtria*.

M. of *Auſtria.*

WHat ail's you? I ſee you are all in an heat.

Adrian. I have juſt now had a ſtrong Conteſt with *Cato* of *Utica*, about the manner how we both died. I pretended that in this laſt action I had ſhewed my ſelf more a Philoſopher than he had.

M. of *Auſtria.* I think you very bold, that you dare queſtion ſo famous a death as his. Was there any thing more glorious, than to take care that all was well ſetled in *Utica*, ſecure his Friends, and kill

kill himſelf, that he might end with the Liberty of his Country, and avoid falling into the hands of a Vanquiſher, who would, however have ſpared him?

Adrian. Oh! if you did narrowly examine that death, you would find there were ſeveral things to queſtion in it. In the firſt place, he had been ſo long in preparing himſelf for it, and he did prepare himſelf with ſuch viſible ſtrifes, that no body in *Utica* made any queſtion, but that *Cato* would kill himſelf. Secondly, Before he gave himſelf the blow, he was fain to read often the Dialogue where *Cato* treats of the Immortality of the Soul. Thirdly, The deſign he had laid put him ſo out of humour, that, going to Bed, and not finding his Sword under his Beds-head, (for, as people rightly gueſſed what he had a mind to do, they had taken

ken it away) he called one of his Slaves to ask him for it, and gave him ſo great a blow with his fiſt upon the face, that with it he ſtruck out his teeth: this is ſo true, that he drew back his hand all bloody.

M. of *Auſtria.* I confeſs, this blow with the fiſt does very much ſpoil this Philoſophical death.

Adrian. You cannot believe what a ſtir he made about this Sword taken away, and how he railed at his Son and at his Servants; ſaying, that they had a mind to deliver him up to *Cæſar*, hands and feet tied together. In fine, he ſcolded them all in ſuch a manner, that they were fain to go out of his Chamber, and let him kill himſelf.

M. of *Auſtria.* Indeed, indeed, things might have gone on a little more mildly. He needed but have peaceably ſtayed till the next day to give himſelf his death. Nothing

is more eaſie than to die when one is bent upon it. But in all likelihood, the meaſures he had taken upon the account of his conſtancy, were ſo exact, that he could ſtay no longer; and he had not, perhaps, killed himſelf, had he delayed a day longer.

Adrian. You ſay right; and I ſee that you have skill in generous deaths.

M. of Auſtria. Yet ſome ſay, that after they had carried this Sword to *Cato*, and had withdrawn themſelves, he fell aſleep, and ſnored. That would be brave enough.

Adrian. And do you believe this? He had but done ſcolding every body, and beating his Servants: a man does not ſo eaſily fall aſleep after ſuch an exerciſe. Moreover, his hand he had ſtruck his Slave with did pain him too much to let him fall aſleep, for he was not

not able to bear the pain he felt: and he made it be bound up by a Phyſician, though he was juſt going to kill himſelf. In ſhort, from the time his Sword was brought, till Mid-night, he read *Plato's* Dialogues twice over. Then I could prove eaſily by a great Supper he made for all his friends, by a walk he took afterwards, and by all paſſages that happened till he was left alone in his Chamber, that it muſt be very late when that Sword was brought him: Moreover, the Dialogue he read twice over is very long; and by conſequence, if he ſlept, he ſlept but a little while. Truly, I am much afraid he did but make as if he ſnored, that he might have the honour of it from thoſe that hearkned at his Chamber door.

M. of *Auſtria.* You do not play the Critick amiſs upon his death; which,

which, however, does carry in the bottom ſomething that is very heroical. But which way can you pretend that yours has the better of it? For as much as I can remember, you died in your Bed, in a plain and unremarkable manner.

Adrian. What? Are not thoſe Verſes remarkable at all, which I made as I was juſt giving up the Ghoſt?

My little Soul, my dear Darling,
Thou;
Going thou art, Girl; and whither,
God does know.
Alone thou goeſt, naked, and all over
quaking. Alas!
What'll become of thy pretty fooling
humour, Laſs?
What'll become of ſo many pleaſant
frolicks, I can't gueſs.

Cato

Cato treated Death like a buſineſs that was too ſerious, but you ſee, I drolled with it: and herein it is that I pretend that my Philoſophy went far beyond *Cato*'s. It is not ſo difficult haughtily to out-brave Death, as it is to joak her in a careleſs manner; nor is it ſo hard a thing to receive her kindly when we call her to our aid, as when ſhe comes when we have no need of her.

M. of Auſtria. Yes, I grant, *Cato*'s death is not ſo brave as yours; but, as ill luck would have it, I had not obſerved that you had made theſe ſmall Verſes, in which the bravery of yours does conſiſt.

Adrian. This is the way of all the world. *Cato* may tear out his Bowels, rather than fall into the hands of his Enemy: it is, perhaps, no ſuch great matter, if it be throughly examined; yet ſuch a feat

feat as that makes a vaſt ſhew in Hiſtory, and there's not one but is taken with it. Another may die fair and quietly, and be in a capacity to make drolling Verſes upon his death, 'tis more than *Cato* has done; but this has nothing in it that is taking, and Hiſtory does ſcarce take notice of it.

M. of *Auſtria.* Alas! nothing is truer than what you ſay; And I my ſelf that now ſpeak to you, I have a death that I pretend is far before yours, and yet 'tis leſs taken notice of. 'Tis not, however, a downright death; but ſuch as 'tis, it exceeds yours, that does exceed *Cato*'s.

Adrian. How? what do you mean?

M. of *Auſtria.* I was an Emperor's Daughter. I was contracted to a King's Son; and this Prince, after his father's death, ſent me

back to mine, notwithſtanding the ſolemn promiſe he had made to marry me. After this, they contracted me to the Son of another King; and as I was going by Sea to this Husband, my Ship was beaten with a terrible Tempeſt, which caſt my life into evident danger. Then it was that I made my ſelf this Epitaph:

Megg, *that pretty Damſel does here lie;*
Has two Husbands, and yet a Maid does die.

The truth is, I did not die that bout, but 'twas not my fault. Conceive well this kind of death, you'l be ſatisfied with it. *Cato*'s Conſtancy is injured in one kind, yours in another, mine is natural. He is too high, you are too drolling, I am reaſonable.

Adrian.

Adrian. What? You tax me of having had too little fear of death.

M. of *Auſtria.* I do. It is not likely that a man ſhould be in no diſorder at his dying hour; and I am confident you did force your ſelf then to droll, as much as *Cato* did to tear out his Entrails. I am every moment in expectation of Shipwrack without frightning my my ſelf, and I mak my Epitaph in cold blood; this is very extraordinary, and if there were nothing to moderate this Hiſtory, there would be ſome reaſon not to believe it, or to believe that I did act only by way of *Rhodomantado.* But in the mean while, I am a poor Girl, twice contracted, and yet have been ſo unlucky, as to die a Maid: I ſhew my Concern for it, and that gives my Hiſtory all requiſite appearance of truth. Your Verſes, mind them well, carry no

meaning with them; there is nothing but a *Gibbriſh*, made up of a few Childiſh Terms; but mine have a very clear Senſe, and give content at the very firſt: which is a ſign that Nature ſpeaks in them much more than in yours.

Adrian. Truly, I ſhould never have believed, that the trouble to die a Virgin ought to have been ſo much to your Glory.

M. of *Auſtria.* Make your ſelf as pleaſant with this as you pleaſe; but my death, if it may be termed ſo, has another eſpecial advantage over *Cato's*, and over yours. You had both of you played the Philoſophers ſo much whilſt you lived, that you had engaged your ſelves upon Honour, not to be afraid of death: and if you had had the liberty to fear it, I cannot tell what would have come on it. But I, as long as the ſtorm laſted, I had a

Right

Right to tremble, and make my cries reach Heaven, without any body's taking exception at it, or having a leſs eſteem for me. Nevertheleſs, I remained quiet enough to make my Epitaph.

Adrian. Betwixt you and I, Was not the Epitaph made on Shore?

M. of *Aſtria.* Ah! this wrangling thus is ill-becoming: I did not ſo by you, about your Verſes.

Adrian. I yield then, in good earneſt; and I grant, that when Vertue does not go beyond the bounds of Nature, ſhe is very great.

The Fifth Dialogue.

Eraſiſtrates. *Herveus.*

Eraſiſtrates.

YOU tell me wonders. What? the Blood circulates in the Body? the Veins carry it from the Extremities of the Heart, and goes from the Heart into the Arteries, which convey it back again towards the Extremities?

Herveus. I have ſhewed ſo many Experiences of this, that no body makes any further queſtion of it.

Araſiſt. We deceived our ſelves very much then, we Phyſicians of Antiquity, who took the Blood to have but one ſlow motion from the Heart, towards the Extremities

ties of the Body; and people are highly obliged to you, for having abolished this ancient Error.

Herv. So I pretend. And people ought too to be so much the more obliged to me, in that I was the first that set them in the way to make all those fine Discoveries, as are now made in Anatomy. Since I once found out the Circulation of the Blood, 'tis now, who shall find a new Conduit out, to convey the Blood into all parts of the Body; a new Reservatory? It looks as though whole Man were melted down again. Behold the advantages our Modern Physick ought to have above yours. You made it your business to cure the Body of Man, and his Body was altogether unknown to you.

Erasist. I own that your modern Physitians are better Naturalists than we; they understand Nature

better, but they are not better Phyſitians; we cured the Sick as well as they cure them. I could wiſh all theſe modern ones, and you the very firſt of all, had had Prince *Antiochus* in hand to cure of his Quartern Ague. You know how I went about it, and how I diſcovered by the more than ordinary beating of his Pulſe in the preſence of *Stratonice*, that he was enamoured with that beautifull Queen, and that his whole Diſeaſe did proceed from his violent ſtriving to hide his Paſſion. And yet I made ſo difficult and ſo conſiderable a Cure as that was, without knowing that the blood did circulate; and I am of opinion, that notwithſtanding the help you might have received from this knowledge, you would have been very much puzled had you been in my place. The Point then in agitation

gitation was not about new Conduits, nor new Reſervatories, what was moſt conſiderable to be known in the Patient, was the heart.

Herv. The heart is not always the Point in queſtion, and all ſick people are not in love with their Mother-in-law, as *Antiochus* was. I make no doubt but for want of knowing that the blood does circulate, you have let a great many people die under your hands.

Eraſ. What? you take your new diſcoveries to be very uſeful?

Herv. Sure enough.

Eraſ. Anſwer then, if you pleaſe a little queſtion, which I ſhall put to you: What's the reaſon we daily ſee as many Dead come hither as ever did come?

Herv. Oh! if they die, 'tis their own fault; the Physicians are now no more in fault.

Eraſ. But this circulation of the blood, theſe Conduits, theſe Pipes of Conveyance, theſe Reſervatories; all theſe then are of no uſe to cure?

Herv. Perhaps men have not had pleaſure as yet, to make any uſe of all they have learnt of late, but 'tis impoſſible but in time, they'l ſee great effects thereof.

Eraſ. Upon my word no hing will change. See you? There is a certain meaſure of uſeful knowledges, which came early to men, whereunto they have made little addition, and they will not go far beyond it, if at all. They are thus much obliged to Nature, that ſhe did very ſpeedily inſpire them with what knowledge they ſtood in need of; for they had been

been undone, if ſhe had left it to the ſlowneſs of their reaſon to find out. As for other things which are not ſo neceſſary, they are diſcovered by little and little, and in a long run of years.

Herv. It would be ſtrange that having a better knowledge of man; man cannot cure him better: At that rate, why ſhould one go about to perfectionate the knowledge of the body of man? It would be better to let all alone.

Eraſ. There would be a loſs of very pleaſant knowledges; but as for the utility, I think that to diſcover a new Conduit in man's body, or a new Star in the Sky, would come to one and the ſame thing. Nature will have men at ſome certain times ſucceed one another by the means of death; they have the liberty to defend them-

ſelves againſt her till ſuch an appointed inſtant; but paſt that, it will be to no purpoſe to make new diſcoveries in Anatomy, in vain will it be to penetrate further and further into the Secrets of the frame of man's Body; Nature will not be baffled, People will die after the uſual manner.

The

The Sixth Dialogue.

Berenice, *Cosmus Medicis* the Second.

Cosmus of *Medicis*.

SOme learned Persons lately deceased have just now told me some News that troubles me very much. You must understand that *Galileus*, who was my Mathematician, had made a discovery of certain Planets that turn round about *Jupiter*, which, in honour of me, he called the Stars of *Medicis*. But I am told that they are scarce known now by that Name, and that they are but plainly call'd *Jupiter's Satellits*. The World must

muſt needs be very wicked now, and very envious of anothers glory.

Berenice, No doubt of it, I ſeldom knew more remarkable effects of its malignity.

C. Medicis, You ſpeak of it with little concern, after the good luck you have had. You had made a Vow that you would cut off your hair if your Huſband *Ptolomy* came back victorious from I cannot tell——what War. He returned having defeated his Enemies; you Conſecrated your hair in the Temple of *Venus*, and the next day a Mathematician made it diſappear, and publickly declared, that they had been changed into a *Conſtellation*, which he called *Berenices* Locks. To make Stars paſs for a Womans hair, that was far worſe than to give a Prince his Name to new Planets; how-

however your hair has had ſucceſs, and thoſe poor Stars call'd *Medicis*, could not have the like Fortune.

Berenice, If I could give you my Celeſtial hair, I would give it to comfort you; and I ſhould withal be ſo generous as not to pretend that you ſhould be much obliged to me for that preſent.

C. Medicis, It would be conſiderable though, and I wiſh my Name were as ſure to live as yours is.

Berenice, Alas! in caſe all the Conſtellations ſhould bear my Name, ſhould I be the better for it? It would be above in the Heavens, and I my ſelf, I ſhould be ſtill here below. Men are pleaſant, they cannot ſteal away from Death themſelves, and they ſtrive to rob her of two or three Syllables that belongs to them. This is a pretty

Cheat

Cheat they think to put upon her. Were it not better they would in an handſom way conſent to die, they and their Names too?

C. Med. I am not of your mind: People die, but as little as is poſſible, and as dead as they are, they endeavour to faſten upon life ſtill, either in a piece of Marble which repreſents them, by ſtones raiſed up the one upon the other; ay, by ones one Tomb. A man drowns himſelf, and hangs on all theſe Hooks.

Berenice, Ay, but thoſe things which ſhould preſerve our Names from death, die themſelves after their way. To what will you fix your immortality? A Town, an Empire it ſelf, can hardly be reſponſible to you for it.

C. Medicis,

C. Medicis, The invention of giving ones Name to Stars, is not bad; they laſt forever.

Berenice, Yet after the manner as I hear people talk, the Stars too are liable to fail: They ſay new ones come, and ancient ones go away; and you will ſee that at length I ſhall not have one ſingle hair perhaps remaining in the Sky. At leaſt that which cannot be wanting to our Names, is as I may ſay, a Grammatical death; ſome changes in the Letters does put them in a condition to be of no farther uſe than to intangle the Learned. It is not long ſince I ſaw here below two dead perſons, who had a very hot Conteſt with one another. I drew near, I asked who they were; and I was told that the one was the great *Conſtantine*, and the other a *Barbarian* Emperour. Their Diſpute was about

bout the preference of their paſt Greatneſs. *Conſtantine* ſaid, he had been Emperour of *Conſtantinople*; and the *Barbarian* that he had been ſo of *Stambole*. The firſt ſaid, to ſet out his *Conſtantinople*, that it was ſeated upon three Seas, upon the *Euxin*, upon the *Boſphorus* of *Thracia*, and upon the *Propontides*. The other replyed, that *Stambole* did alſo command three Seas, The *black Sea*, the *ſtreight*, and the *Sea Marmara*. This relation of *Conſtantinople* and *Stambole* did put *Conſtantine* into a maze; but after he had exactly informed himſelf of the ſituation of *Stambole*, he was yet more amazed, to find that it was *Conſtantinople*, which he could not know again, becauſe of the change of Names. *Alas!* ſaid he aloud, *I ſhould have done as well to have left* Conſtantinople *her firſt Name*

of

of Bizantium. *Who'l find out the Name of* Conſtantine *in* Stambole? *He will indeed find there what he looks for.*

C. Medicis, In earneſt, you comfort me a little, and I am reſolved to have patience. When all is done, ſince we could not chooſe but die, it is pretty reaſonable that our Names ſhould die too; they are of no better quality then we.

DIA-

DIALOGUES
OF SOME
Modern Dead.

The First Dialogue.

Anne of *Britany.* — *Mary* of *England.*

Anne of *Britany.*

FOR certain, my death did you a great kindneſs: you, immediately upon it, croſſed the Sea to go and marry *Lewis* XII. and ſeize upon the Throne which I left empty for you. But you enjoyed it but a while, and I was revenged of you by means of your youth

youth and beauty, which rendred you too too lovely in the King's eye; and, with overmuch facility, did comfort him in his loſs of me; for they haſtned his death, and hindred you from being Queen long.

Mary of *England*, Truly, Royalty did but juſt ſhew it ſelf to me, and preſently diſappeared.

Anne of *Brit.* And after this, you became Dutcheſs of *Suffolk*. A fair fall. For my part, Heaven be thanked, I have had another deſtiny. When *Charles* VIII. died, I did not loſe my place by his death, and I married his Succeſſor; which is an example of a very ſingular happineſs.

Mary of *Engl.* Would you believe me, if I did tell you, that I never bore you any grudge for that happineſs.

Anne of *Brit.* No. I apprehend too well what it is to be Dutcheſs of *Suffolk*, having firſt been Queen of *France.*

Mary of *Engl.* But I loved the Duke of *Suffolk.*

Anne of *Brit.* That's nothing. After one has once taſted the ſweetneſs of Royalty, is it poſſible to reliſh any other?

Mary of *Engl.* It is, provided they be of love. I do aſſure you, that you ought not to wiſh me ill for having ſucceeded you. If, all along, I could have diſpoſed of my ſelf, I ſhould have been but a Dutcheſs; and I made a ſpeedy return into *England*, to take upon me that Title, ſo ſoon as ever I was diſcharged of that of Queen.

Anne of *Brit.* Were you ſo low minded?

Mary of *Engl.* Ambition, I muſt confeſs, was of no concern to me.

Nature

Nature has made ſome plain pleaſures for men, ſuch as are eaſie and quiet, and their imagination makes them ſome that are intricate, uncertain, and hard to come by: but Nature is more dexterous in creating them pleaſures, than they are themſelves. Why do not they commit that charge to her? She invented Love, which is very pleaſing; and they have invented Ambition, which was needleſs.

Anne of *Brit.* Who tells you that men did invent Ambition? Nature is no leſs buſie in inſpiring deſires of elevation and commanding, than ſhe is in working an inclination in men to love.

Mary of *Engl.* Ambition may be eaſily known to be a work of the imagination; ſhe is the very form of it: ſhe is reſtleſs, full of chymerical projects; ſhe has no ſooner attained her deſires, but

ſhe

out-goes them again. She aims ſtill at a mark ſhe never hits.

Anne of *Brit.* And unluckily, Love has a mark which he hits but too ſoon.

Mary of *Engl.* That which enſues hereupon is, that one may oftentimes be happy through Love, and one can be ſo but once through Ambition; or, if it be poſſible to be ſo, at leaſt, thoſe kind of pleaſures are made for no great number of perſons; and conſequently, Nature does not propoſe them to Men, for her favours are always very general. Conſider Love; 'tis made for every one. None but ſuch as do ſeek out their happineſs in a ſtate too elevated, do think that Nature has grudged them the ſweet delights of Love. A King who can make himſelf ſure of an hundred thouſand Arms, cannot, perhaps, make himſelf

himſelf ſure of one heart. He knows not whether that which a man does for another perſon, be not done out of a point of Honour. His Royalty deprives him of the ſincereſt and the ſweeteſt pleaſures.

Anne of *Brit.* You do not render Kings much the more unhappy by this inconvenience you find out in their condition. When a man ſees his Will not only fulfilled, but prevented an infinite number of Fortunes depending upon a word, which he may utter when he pleaſes; ſo many cares, ſuch a multitude of deſigns, ſo much eagerneſs, ſuch an application to pleaſe, whereof he is the only object; truly it is a comfort to a man, not to know exactly, whether he be loved for his degrees ſake, or for his perſon's ſake. The pleaſures of Ambition, ſay you, are

designed for too few: what you charge them with, as a fault, is their greatest charm. In point of good luck Exception flatters; and such as reign are excepted with so much advantage from the condition of other men, that though they should lose something of the pleasures which are common to all the world, they would still have more than they would desire.

Mary of *Engl.* Ah! judge of their loss by the sensibility wherewith they receive those sincere and common pleasures, when any present themselves. Hear what a Princess of my own Blood told me here, the other day, who has reigned in *England*, both very long, and very happily, and without an Husband too. She gave her first Audience to some *Dutch* Ambassadors, who had in their Retinue an handsome young man. So soon as he

saw

ſaw the Queen, he turned himſelf towards ſome that were near him, and ſpoke ſomething to them ſoftly, but with a Countenance that made her gueſs pretty well what he ſaid; for Women are endued with an admirable inſtinct. Thoſe three or four words of this young *Dutch*-man, which ſhe had not heard, remained more in her mind, than the whole ſpeech of the Ambaſſadors: and, as ſoon as they were gone, ſhe would needs ſatisfie her ſelf in what ſhe had imagined. She asked thoſe to whom this young man had ſpoken, what he had ſaid to them? They made her anſwer, with great reſpect, that it was what they did not dare to tell again to ſo great a Queen; and forbore telling it a long time. In fine, when ſhe made uſe of her abſolute Authority, ſhe was told, that the *Dutch*-man had ſaid in a

low voice: *Ah! this is an handſome Woman*; and had added ſome groſſer expreſſion, but brisk, to ſhew that he liked her. They made the relation hereof with great apprehenſion; however, nothing happened upon it, ſaving only, that when ſhe diſmiſſed the Ambaſſadors, ſhe made a conſiderable Preſent to the young *Dutchman*. See how, among all theſe pleaſures of Greatneſs and Royalty, this of being thought handſome did touch her to the quick.

Anne of *Brit.* But, in fine, ſhe would not have purchaſed it with the loſs of the other. Any thing that is too downright, is not for Man's turn. It is not ſufficient that pleaſures do take with ſweetneſs: they muſt agitate and tranſport a man. How comes it to paſs, that the Paſtoral life, ſuch as the Poets deſcribe it, had never any Being, but

but in their works, and would not be liked of, if put in practice? It is too ſweet, and too too plain.

Mary of *Engl.* I confeſs, men have ſpoiled all. But how happens it, that the ſight of the moſt Majeſtical and moſt pompous Court in the World has not the power to allure them, ſo much as the *Ideas* do which ſometimes they propoſe to themſelves of this ſame Paſtoral Life? meerly becauſe they were made for it.

Anne of *Brit.* In like manner, the ſharing in your plain and undiſturbed pleaſures, is but to enter into thoſe *Chymera*'s which men frame to themſelves.

Mary of *Engl.* Not at all. If it be true that there are but few perſons that can make ſuch a diſtinction as to begin with thoſe kind of pleaſures, people are willing, at leaſt, to end with them when they

can. The Imagination has run over all falſe objects, and ſhe comes back to the true ones.

The Second Dialogue.

Charles V. *Eraſmus.*

Eraſmus.

MAke no queſtion of it: if there was any ſuch thing as place among the Dead, I would not yield you the precedency.

Charles V. What? A Grammarian, one of Learning; and what is yet more, a man of Wit, would pretend to be better than a Prince that has been Maſter of the better part of *Europe?*

Eraſ-

Eraſmus. Put *America* to it alſo, and I ſhall not fear you a jot the more. All this greatneſs was, as one may ſay, but a compoſition of many hazards; and if one ſhould diſ-unite all the parts that make it up, you would ſee plainly that it was ſo. If *Ferdinando*, your Grandfather, had been a man of his word, little would have remained to you in *Italy*. If any other Princes but he had the wit to believe that there were *Antipodes*, *Chriſtopher Columbus* would not have applied himſelf to him, and *America* had not been in the number of your States. If, after the death of the laſt Duke of *Burgundy*, *Lewis* XI. had minded what he did, *Maximilian* had not had the Heireſs of *Burgundy*, nor you had not had the *Low-Countries*. If *Henry* of *Caſtyle*, Brother to your Grandmother *Iſabella*, had not had

an ill Reputation among Women, or if his Wifes Honesty had not been something questionable, *Henry*'s Daughter had passed for her Daughter, and you would have missed the Kingdom of *Castille*.

Charles V. You make me tremble. I fancy now at this very moment, that I am losing either *Castille*, or the *Low-Countries*, *America* or *Italy*.

Erasmus. Mock not. You would find it a task to make the one a little more solid, and the other somewhat more faithful. Take all, to the very impotency of your Great Uncle, or the pertness of your Great Aunt, and you will find, that it will be but necessary for you. See what a brittle building that is, which is founded upon so many things depending upon hazard.

Charles

Charles V. Indeed it is not poſſible to withſtand ſo ſtrict an Examination as is yours. I muſt needs confeſs, that all my Greatneſs, and all my Titles do diſappear in your preſence.

Eraſmus. Theſe are the qualities though you pretended to adorn your ſelf with all; I have ſtript you of them without any trouble. Do not you remember you have heard ſay, that *Cimon* the *Athenian*, having taken ſeveral *Perſians* Priſoners, did expoſe to Sale, on one ſide the Cloaths, and their Bodies quite naked on the other; and that whereas the Cloaths were extraordinarily rich, there was great crowding to buy them; but as to the men, no body would meddle with them. In good earneſt, I am apt to believe, that what did happen to theſe *Perſians*, would be the lot of many

an one, if there ſhould be a ſeparation made of the perſonal Merit from that which Fortune has beſtowed upon them.

Charles V. But what is this ſame perſonal Merit?

Eraſmus. Is that a Queſtion to be asked? All that is within us. The Mind, for example, Sciences.

Charles V. And one may lawfully glory in them?

Eraſmus. No doubt of it, the benefits of Fortune, as Gentility or Riches, are not it.

Charles V. What you ſay, ſurpriſes me. Does not Sciences come to the Learned, as Riches do to the moſt part of ſuch as are rich? Is it not by way of Succeſſion? You learned men, you inherit of the Antients, as we do of our Fathers. If all we enjoy was bequeathed unto us, all that you know was bequeathed to you alſo.

And

And 'tis that which makes many learned men look upon what they have received from the Ancients, with the ſame reſpect as ſome perſons do upon the Lands and the Houſes of their Anceſtors, wherein they would be loth to make any alteration.

Eraſmus. But the Great Ones are born Heirs to their Fathers Greatneſs, and the Learned were not born Heirs to the Knowledge of the Ancients. Learning is not a Succeſſion that Man receives, it is a new Acquiſition which he undertakes to make; or if it be a Succeſſion, it is hard enough to come by, though it be very honourable.

Charles V. Well then; ſet the labour there is to gain the Goods of the mind, againſt that a man meets with to preſerve the Goods of Fortune, then all is equal; for,

in fine, if you regard difficulty alone, 'tis certain the concerns of the World have more in them, than the ſpeculations of the Cabinet have.

Eraſmus. But let us not talk of Learning, let us ſtick to the mind; that advantage does no ways depend upon hazard.

Charles V. It does not depend upon hazard? What, does not the mind conſiſt in a certain Conformation of the Brain? And is Hazard the leſs to be made of, for taking Birth of a well diſpoſed Brain, than if it were born of a Father that were a King? You were a great Wit; but ask all the Philoſophers, what did hinder that you were not a ſtupified Block-head? Almoſt nothing, ſome little diſpoſition of a Muſcle-ſtring; ſomething, in fine, that the exacteſt Anatomy could never diſcover.

And

And will theſe Gentlemen, your Wits, dare to maintain, now, that they alone do enjoy Goods which are independent of Hazard; and they will think then, they have a Right to contemn all other men?

Eraſmus. At your rate, to be rich, and to have Wit, is the ſame Merit.

Charles V. To have Wit is the more happy hazard; but, at the bottom, it is ſtill an hazard.

Eraſmus. All is hazard then?

Charles V. It is ſo, provided you will give that name to an unknown quality. I leave it to you to judge, if I have not ſtript men better yet than you did: you only took from them ſome advantages of Birth, and I do not ſo much as leave them thoſe of the mind. If before they took a vanity in any thing, they did make themſelves ſure, whether they had any Right to that

ſame

same thing, there would be but little vanity in the World.

The Third Dialogue.

Elizabeth of *England*. The Duke of *Alençon*.

The Duke.

BUT why have you flattered me so long with the hopes of marrying you, since, in your soul, you were resolved to come to no conclusion?

Q. *Elizabeth.* I have deceived many an one else, that was not inferior to you. I was the *Penelope* of my Age. You, the Duke of *Anjou*, your Brother, the Arch-Duke,

Duke, the King of *Swede*, you were all my Suitors, that aimed at an Iſland far beyond that of *Ithaca*, I kept you in hand ſeveral years, and in the end I laughed at you.

Duke. Here are in this place ſome certain Dead, that would not yield that you were altogether like *Penelope:* but there are no compariſons that are not defective in ſome kind or other.

Q. *Eliz.* If you were not as great a Buzzard ſtill as ever, and that you could mind what you ſay——

Duke. That is well; be ſerious now, I adviſe you. Thus you have ever made your Bravado's of---- Witneſs that great Country of *America*, which you made be called *Virginia*, in memory of a very doubtful quality. If, by good luck, that place were not in another World, the name it bears would

would be very improper: but it is no matter, this is not the buſineſs in queſtion. Do ſo much as give me a reaſon for your myſterious Conduct, and for all thoſe projects of Marriage, which came to nothing. Is it that the ſix Marriages of *Henry* VIII. your Father, did teach you not to marry; as the continual Courſes of *Charles* V. taught *Philip* II. to ſtay conſtantly in *Madrid*?

Q. *Eliz.* I might keep to the reaſon which you ſupply me with. Indeed my Father ſpent his whole life in marrying himſelf, and unmarrying again; in repudiating ſome of his Wives, and cauſing others to be beheaded. But the true ſecret of my Conduct is, that I found nothing more pretty than to frame Deſigns, make Preparatives, and execute nothing. Enjoyment of what a man does ardently

dently desire, abates of the esteem of it; and things do not pass from our imagination, to reality, without some loss. You come into *England* to marry me; then nothing but Balls, Feasting, Rejoycings; nay, I go so far as to give you a Ring. Hitherto every thing smiles as much as possible; all consists but in Preparatives, and in *Ideas*: Besides, that which does perfect the delight of Marriage, is already exhausted. Here I stick, and dismiss you.

Duke. To be free with you, your Maxims would not have suited with me; I should have desired something more than *Chymeras*.

Q. *Eliz.* Ah! if men were debarred of *Chymeras*, what pleasures would they have left them? I see well enough that you have had no sense of all the pleasures which attended your life; but you are very

very unhappy indeed, that you did loſe them.

Duke. How? What delights were there in my life? I never ſped in any thing. I was like to be King four ſeveral times: firſt of all *Poland* was the place in agitation, then *England*, and the *Low-Countries*; at laſt, *France*, in all appearance, was likely to fall to me: yet, for all this, I am come hither without Reigning.

Q. Eliz. And this is the happineſs you were not aware of. Always imaginations, hopes; and never any reality. You did nothing but prepare your ſelf for Royalty all your life-time, as I did all along prepare my ſelf for Marriage.

Duke. But as I believe that a real Marriage might have fitted you, I tell you truly, that a real

Royalty

Royalty would have pleaſed me well enough.

Q. *Eliz.* Pleaſures are not ſolid enough to bear a ſearch into their depth; they muſt be but juſt ſmelled unto. They are like thoſe boggy Grounds, which a man is obliged to run lightly over, without ever ſettling his foot upon them.

The

The Fourth Dialogue.

William of *Cabeſtan.* — *Albertus Frederick* of *Brandebourg.*

A. F. of *Bradebourg.*

I Love you the better for having been a fool as well as my ſelf. Tell me a little what your folly was.

Cabeſtan. I was a Poet of *Provence*, much ſet by in my Age; which cauſed my ruin. I fell in love with a Lady, whom I had rendred famous by my Writings. But ſhe took ſuch a liking to my Verſes, that ſhe began to fear leſt I ſhould, ſome time or other, apply them to ſome other perſon; and, the better to ſecure her ſelf of the conſtancy

ſtancy of my Muſe, ſhe gave me a curſed Drink that turned my Wits, and made me incapable of writing any more.

Brand. How long have you been dead?

Cab. Near upon four hundred years.

Brand. Sure, Poets were ever ſcarce in your Age, ſince people had ſo much eſteem for them, as to poyſon them in this manner. I am ſorry you were not born in my time; you might have made Verſes for all kind of handſome Women, without any fear of Poyſon.

Cab. I know it. I ſee none of all thoſe great Wits that come hither, make their complaints of having had my deſtiny. But you, in what manner became you a fool?

Brand.

Brand. After a very reaſonable manner. A King turned fool, after having had ſomething appear to him in a Foreſt. But what I ſaw was far more terrible.

Cab. And what did you ſee?

Brand. In what manner my Wedding was to be kept. I did marry *Mary Eleonora* of *Cleve*; and all along this great day of rejoycing, I made ſuch judicious reflections upon Marriage, that they put me out of my Wits.

Cab. Had you any good intervals in your ſickneſs?

Brand. Yes.

Cab. So much the worſe: and I, for my part, I was yet more unfortunate: I recovered my Wits again.

Brand. I ſhould never have believed that that was a misfortune.

Cab. When a man turns Fool, he muſt be an abſolute one, and con-

continue ſuch an one. Theſe Alternatives of Reaſon and Folly, and theſe Returns again of perfect Reaſon is the property of your petty Fools only, that are ſo but by accident, and which are but inconſiderable in number. But behold thoſe which Nature does daily produce in her natural courſe, and wherewith the World is filled; they are always Fools in an equal manner, and are never cured.

Brand. For my part, I ſhould have imagined, that it were beſt to be as little Fool as one could.

Cab. Ah! do you not know the uſe of folly. Folly hinders a man from knowing himſelf; for the ſight of his own ſelf is a ſad one: and, as 'tis never time to know ones ſelf, ſo folly muſt not forſake a man one ſingle moment.

Brand.

Brand. You may ſay what you will; you ſhall not perſuade me that there be any other fools, than thoſe that are ſo, as both of us have been. The reſt of men have all Reaſon; elſe the loſs of a man's Wits would be no loſs, and one could not diſtinguiſh the Frantick from ſuch as were in their right Senſes.

Cab. The Frantick are only fools of another kind. The follies of all men, being of one ſame nature, have agreed together with ſo much eaſe, that they have been inſtrumental to the making up of the ſtrongeſt ties of Humane Society: witneſs that deſire of Immortality, that falſe Glory, and ſeveral other Principles, which give a motion to all that is done in the World. And none are called fools now, but ſome certain fools that are, as one may ſay, out

of employment, and whoſe folly could not ſuit with that of the reſt, nor enter into the common dealings of life.

Brand. Thoſe that are frantick, are ſuch great fools, that, for the moſt part, they call one another fool; but your other men call themſelves wiſe perſons.

Cab. Ah! What is it you ſay? All men point at one another with their finger, and Nature has very judiciouſly ſetled that Order. The Solitary Man laughs at the Courtier; but to be even with him, he goes not to trouble him at Court. The Courtier laughs at the Solitary Man, but he lets him alone in quiet in his retirement. If there were ever a ſide to be taken, that were known to be the only reaſonable ſide, every one would embrace that ſide, and there would be too much crowding: it is better to be

divided into ſeveral little Troops, that embroil not one another, becauſe ſome laugh at what the other do.

Brand. As dead as you are, I find you are a great fool with all your Arguments: you are not well recovered yet of the Drench was given you.

Cab. And this is the *Idea* which a fool muſt always conceive of another. True Wiſdom would too much ſingularize thoſe enjoyed her: but the Opinion of Wiſdom renders all men equal, and does no leſs ſatisfie them.

The

The Fifth Dialogue.

Agnes Sorel. *Roxelana.*

Agnes Sorel.

TO tell you the truth, I do not underſtand your *Turkiſh* Gallantry. The Beauties of the *Seraglio* have a Lover that need only ſay, *My Will is ſo*; they never taſte of the pleaſure of Reſiſtance, and they never afford him the pleaſure of Victory: that is to ſay, that the Sultans and their Sultaneſſes do never enjoy the delights of Love.

Roxelana. What will you have? the *Turkiſh* Emperors, who are ſtrangely jealous of their Authority, have, upon Reaſons of Policy, neglected thoſe ſo refined de-

lights of Love. They were afraid that ſuch Beauties as did not abſolutely depend upon them, would aſſume too great a power over their mind, and meddle too much with Affairs.

Agnes Sorel. Why, well, How know they whether it would be a misfortune? Love is often good for many things: and I that ſpeak to you, if I had not been Miſtreſs to a King of *France*; and if I had not had a great power over him, I know not whereabouts *France* would have been by this time. Have you heard in what a deſperate condition our Affairs were in under *Charles* the Seventh, and into what a plight the whole Kingdom was reduced; the *Engliſh* being almoſt Maſters of it all?

Roxelana. I have, as this Hiſtory has made a great noiſe. I know that a certain Maid did pre-

preſerve *France*: You are then the Maid? And how were you, the ſame time, Miſtreſs to the King?

Agnes Sorel. You miſtake your ſelf; I have no concern with the Maid you have been told of. The King, of whom I was beloved, had a mind to leave his Kingdom to Strangers that were Uſurpers, and go and hide himſelf in a Country full of Mountains, whither I ſhould not have been very well contented to follow him. I bethought my ſelf of a Stratagem to divert him from this deſign. I ſent for an Aſtronomer, whom I dealt withal under-hand; and after he had made a ſhew of ſtudying my Nativity, he told me one day, in preſence of *Charles* the Seventh, that all the Planets were Cheats, or I ſhould inſpire a paſſion of long continuance into a

great King. I presently said to *Charles*; *You will not take it ill then, Sir, that I go over to the Court of* England; *for you will be no longer King, and you have not loved me long enough to fulfil my destiny.* His fear of losing me made him resolve to be King of the *French*; and he began, at that very time, to re-establish himself. Behold how much *France* is obliged to Love, and how gallant that Kingdom ought to be, though it were but by way of acknowledgment.

Roxelana. 'Tis true. But I must to my Maid again: What did she do then? Could History be so much mistaken, as to attribute to a young Country Maid that which did belong to a Court Lady, the King's Mistress?

Agnes

Agnes Sorel. If Hiſtory ſhould be ſo far miſtaken, it would be no great wonder. Yet 'tis moſt certain, that the Maid did highly encourage the Soldiers; but I had before-hand animated the King. She was a great help to this Prince, whom ſhe found ready to engage with the *Engliſh*: but, had it not been for me, ſhe would not have found him in that poſture. In ſhort, you will no farther queſtion the ſhare I have in that great Affair, when you ſhall know the teſtimony which was given in my behalf in this, by one of *Charles* the Seventh's Succeſſors, in this *Quatrine.*

Gentle Agnes, *more Honour is thy due,*
The Cauſe being France, *for to reſcue.*

Then what, in a Cloiſter, can be done
By devout Hermit, or encloſed Nun.

What ſay you to it *Roxelana*? You will own, that if I had been a Sultanneſs, like you, and had not had a Right to threaten *Charles* the Seventh as I did, he had been undone.

Roxelana. I wonder at the vanity you take in this petty Action. You had no difficulty to gain very much upon the mind of a Lover, you that were free, and your own Miſtreſs: but I, as much a Slave as I was; I did, for all that, make the Sultan ſubmit unto me. You made *Charles* the Seventh King, almoſt againſt his Will; and I made *Soliman* my Huſband, in ſpight of himſelf.

Agnes

Agnes Sorel. But how? They ſay, the Sultans never marry.

Roxelana. I grant it: However, I was reſolved to marry *Soliman*, though I could not bring him to it out of hopes of an happineſs which he had not, as yet, obtained. I will tell you a ſtratagem that goes beyond yours. I began to build Temples, and to do ſeveral other works of Piety; after which, I made ſhew of a deep Melancholy. The Sultan asked me the reaſon of it a thouſand and a thouſand times: and when I had made as much a do as was neceſſary, I told him, that the cauſe of my trouble was, becauſe all my good Actions, as our Doctors had told me, did me no good; and that, as I was a Slave, I did but labour for *Soliman*, my Lord. Hereupon *Soliman* made me free, to the end, that the Merit of my

good Actions might redound to my own ſelf. But when he had a mind to live with me as formerly, and treat me like a Beauty of the *Seraglio*, I made as if I were much ſurpriſed; and repreſented unto him, in a very ſerious manner, that he had no Right over the Perſon of a free Woman. *Soliman* had a tender Conſcience: he went to a Doctor of the Law, with whom I did deal under-hand, to conſult about this Caſe. His Anſwer was, that *Soliman* ſhould beware of pretending any thing over me, who was no more his Slave; and that, unleſs he did marry me, I could be no longer his. Now he is more in Love than ever. He had but one Choice to make, but a very extraordinary one, and dangerous to boot for a Sultan: However, he made it, and married me.

Agnes

Agnes Sorel. I muſt confeſs, 'tis a brave thing to make thoſe ſubmit, who do ſo fore-arm themſelves againſt our Power.

Roxelana. Men may do as much as in them lies: when they are laid hold on by their Paſſions, one may lead them where one pleaſe. Let me return to life again, and let me have the moſt domineering man in the world; I will handle him as I will my ſelf, ſo I have a great deal of Wit, Beauty enough, and but little Love.

The Sixth Dialogue.

Jane the First of *Naples*. *Anſelme*.

Jane of *Naples*.

HOW? Can you tell me nothing that is to come? You have not forgot all your former Aſtrology?

Anſelme. And how is it poſſible to put it in practice? We have neither Sky nor Stars here.

Jane of *Naples*. 'Tis no matter. I will diſpence with you, for obſerving the Rules ſo exactly.

Anſelme. It would be pretty, that a dead man ſhould prophecy. But yet, upon what?

Jane of *Naples*, Upon me, upon what concerns me.

Anſelme.

Anſelme. That is a good one: You are dead, and will be ſo ſtill: This is all I have to foretell of you. Is our Condition ſuch, that our Concerns may change?

Jane of *Naples.* No. But yet, that is it which does cruelly trouble me: And though I know nothing will happen to me, if you would; for all that, fore-tell me ſomething; it would employ me. You cannot imagine what a ſad thing it is, to have nò time to come to look upon. Come; ſome little Propheſie, pray you, ſuch as you will.

Anſelme. To behold your reſtleſneſs, one would think you were yet living. Thus one is too above. One cannot be what one is there, with patience: we anticipate always what we ſhall be; but here we muſt be more wiſe.

Jane

Jane of *Naples*. Ah! Have not men reaſon to do as they do? The time preſent is but an inſtant, and it would be a pitiful caſe, they ſhould be reduced to limit their fore-ſight there: Is it not better they ſhould extend it as far as it is poſſible, and gain ſomething upon time to come? They poſſeſs themſelves, however, of ſo much before-hand.

Anſelme. But they borrow ſo much upon time to come, by their imaginations, and by their hopes, that, when it is preſent, they find that it is quite ſpent, and make no uſe of it. In the mean time, they do not break themſelves of their impatience, nor of their reſtleſs humour. Mens great Lure is, *Time to come* ſtill; and we Aſtrologers know it better than any. We boldly tell them, that there are cold Signs and

and hot Signs; that ſome are Male, and ſome are Female; that ſome Planets are good, and ſome bad; and that there are others that, in themſelves, are neither good nor bad; but they take upon them either of the two Qualities, according as they fall or light in company. And all theſe flames are very well accepted of, becauſe it is believed they lead to the knowledge of time to come.

Jane of *Naples*. Why, do they not truly? I would have you that have been my Aſtronomer, tell me ſomething that is ill of Aſtrology.

Anſelme. Hear me. A dead man would not tell a lie: I did deceive you with this Aſtrology that you value ſo.

Jane of *Naples*. Oh! Herein I do not believe you your own ſelf. How could you have fore-told me, that I ſhould be married four

times?

times? Was there the leaſt appearance, that a perſon that was any whit rational, would engage in Matrimony four times one after the other? You muſt needs have read it in the Heavens.

Anſelme. I conſulted them far leſs than I did your inclinations: but, after all, ſome Propheſies that fall out right, prove nothing. Shall I carry you to a dead perſon, who will tell you a pretty pleaſant ſtory? He was an Aſtronomer, and gave no more credit to Aſtrology than I did. Nevertheleſs, to try whether there was any thing of certainty in his Art, he did apply his whole care, one day, to obſerve the Rules exactly; and did fore-tell ſome particular Events in one perſon, harder by much to gueſs at, than your four Marriages. All he fore-told did come to paſs: Never was he more

more ſurpriſed. He preſently looked over his Aſtrological Calculations, which had been the Ground of his Predictions, know you what he found? He had made a miſtake; and, if his Supputations had been right, he ſhould have fore-told the quite contrary of what he did foretell.

Jane of *Naples*. If I did believe this were true, I ſhould be much concerned it ſhould not be known in the World, that they might undeceive themſelves in Aſtronomers.

Anſelme. There are other-guiſe ſtories than this known, and more to their diſadvantage; and yet their Trade holds good. People will never be diſ-abuſed in any thing that concerns *Time to come*; it has too powerful a Charm. Men, for example, ſacrifice all they have to one Hope; and

and all they had, and what they have lately purchaſed, they ſtill ſacrifice it to another Hope: and this ſeems to be a malicious Order, eſtabliſhed in Nature, to bereave them ſtill of what they poſſeſs. Men do little care to be happy in the moment then preſent, they put off being ſo to *a Time to come*, as though that time ſhould be of another Make, than this that is already come.

Jane of *Naples*. No, it is not of another Make; but it is good to fancy it ſo.

Anſelme. And what is the Effect of this fine Opinion? I know a little Fable that will inform you. I did formerly learn it at the Court of Love, it was a kind of Academy, which was held in your Country of *Provence*. *A man was thirſty, and was ſat down by a Fountain. He would not drink of the*

the Water that was running before him, becauſe he hoped, that in ſome ſhort time better would come. This time being paſt; *This is ſtill the ſame Water*, ſaid he, *this is not that which I will drink of; I had rather tarry a little longer yet.* At length; *as the Water was ſtill the ſame, he ſtayed ſo, that the Spring happened to dry up, and he drank not at all.*

Jane of *Naples*. As much as happened to me. And I believe that, of all the Dead that are here, there is not one who was not deprived of Life ſooner than he had made the uſe of it, he did intend. But what matters it? I reckon, the pleaſure of fore-ſeeing, hoping, of fearing too, and of having before one *a Time to come*, to be great things. A wiſe man, in your Opinion, would be like we Dead, to whom the Preſent, and the Time

Time to come are perfectly alike: and this wise man would, by consequence, find it as irksome as I do.

Anselme. Alas! Man's Condition is pretty, if it be such as you believe it is. He is born to aim at all, and so enjoy nothing; to be always going, and arrive at no place.

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THE END.

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD, Ancient and Modern.

The Second Part.

Dedicated to *LUCIAN* in *ELYSIUM.*

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BRITISH MUSEUM

NEW

DIALOGUES

OF SOME

ANCIENT DEAD.

The Second Part.

First DIALOGUE.

Heroſtrates, Demetrius, Phalerian.

Hero-ſtrates. THREE hundred and ſixty Statues Erected in your Honour at *Athens*! 'Tis very much.

Demetrius. I ſeized upon the Go-

vernment; and then you may judge the People would be ſtriving how to Honour me moſt.

Heroſt. How pleaſed were you, that you had thus multiplyed your ſelf three hundred and ſixty times, and met with none but your ſelf throughout the whole Town?

Dem. I own it: but alas! this joy was but of ſhort continuance; Affairs altered. The very next day, not one of all my Statues was ſtanding: Some were beaten down, the reſt all battered in pieces.

Heroſt. What a dreadful turn was this; and who performed this Noble Exploit?

Demet. 'Twas *Demetrius-Poliorcetes*, Son to *Antigonus*.

Heroſt. *Demetrius-Poliorcetes*! Would I had been in his place. What a pleaſant thing it was to pull down ſuch a multitude of Statues that were made for one ſame Man.

Demet. Such a kind of wiſh becomes none but him that burnt

the

the Temple of *Epheſus*. You are ſtill the ſame.

Heroſt. I have been much upbraided with this burning of the Temple of *Epheſus*; all *Greece* rung of it; but 'tis a ſad thing, in earneſt, Men are but weak in their Judgments.

Demet. I think you had beſt to complain of the injuſtice has been done you in deteſting ſo brave an Action, and of the Law whereby the *Epheſians* forbad that no one ſhould ever pronounce the Name of *Heroſtrates*.

Heroſt. I have no reaſon at leaſt to complain of the Effect of this Law; for the *Epheſians* were good down-right People, they were not ſenſible, that in prohibiting me to be named, was the only way to render my Name immortal. But what ground was there for this Law? I was deſirous beyond reaſon, to make my ſelf ſpoken of, and I ſet their Temple on fire.

Ought not they to think themſelves happy, that my Ambition was not more expenſive to them. They could not have come off at an eaſier rate. Another would have perhaps deſtroyed their whole Town, State and all.

Demet. To hear you, one would ſay, you had a Right to ſpare nothing that might make you be ſpoken of, and that People ought to take (as a favour) all the Evils you have not committed.

Heroſt. It is eaſie to prove the Right I had to burn the Temple of *Epheſus*. Why did they Build it with ſuch Art and Magnificence? Did not the Architect deſign to perpetuate his Name?

Demet. 'Tis like enough.

Heroſt. Well then, 'twas to perpetuate my Name too, that I burnt this Temple.

Demet. A fine Argument! is it lawful for you to deſtroy, for your Glory's ſake, the Works of another?

Heroſt.

Heroſt. Yes. Vanity which built this Temple by the Hands of another, has been able to deſtroy it by the means of mine. It is impowered with a Right over all the Works of Mankind; Vanity made them all, and Vanity can reduce them again to nothing. The greateſt States of all, have no reaſon to complain that ſhe ſubverts them, when ſhe has her ends therein; they could not make out an Original Independent of Vanity. A King, who, to Honour the Funerals of an Horſe, ſhould cauſe the Town of *Bucephalia* to be razed, would he deal unjuſtly with it? I think not, for there was no thought of building up this Town, but to inſure the Memory of *Bucephalus*; and ſo by conſequence, it is affected to the Honour of Horſes.

Demet. In your Judgment, nothing would be ſafe. I know not whether Men would.

Heroſt. Vanity ſports her ſelf

with their Lives, as with all things elſe. A Father leaves as many Children as he can, to keep up his Name. A Conquerour deſtroys as many Men as he can, to perpetuate his.

Demet. I do not wonder that you make uſe of all manner of Arguments to juſtfie Deſtroyers; but in fine, if pulling down the Monuments of anothers Glory, is a means to ſet up ones own, it is at leaſt the meaneſt of all means.

Heroſt. I know not whether it be meaner than the other; but I very well know that it is requiſite there ſhould be ſuch Perſons as do uſe it.

Demet. Requiſite!

Heroſt. Moſt certainly. The Earth is like a great Table-Book, where every one will Write his Name. When this Book is full, thoſe Names which are already ſet down in it muſt needs be blotted out, for new ones to be writ. What would

would it be, if all the Monuments of the Ancients were in being? The Modern People would have no room to ſet up theirs in. Could you hope that your three hundred and ſixty Statues would be of any long ſtanding? Did you not perceive that there was ſcarce place enough for your Glory?

Demet. 'Twas a pleaſant kind of revenge that *Demetrius-Poliorcetes* did Execute upon my Statues. Since they were once Erected all about *Athens*, had not he as good have let them ſtood?

Heroſt. He had ſo; but before they were Erected, would it not have been as well if they had not been ſet up at all? Our Paſſions do, and undo all. If Reaſon did rule upon Earth, there would be nothing done then. They ſay that your Pilots are moſt afraid of thoſe Calm Seas where they can't make Sail, and that they deſire a Wind, though with the hazard of a Tem-

peſt. Paſſions are neceſſary Winds in Men, to give all things a motion, though they raiſe many a Storm.

Second Dialogue.

Callirhea, Paulina.

Paulina. FOR my part, I maintain that a Woman is in danger ſo ſoon as ſhe is beloved with eagerneſs. What does not a Paſſionate Lover bethink himſelf of to compaſs his Deſigns? I ſtood it out a long time with *Mundus*, a handſome young *Roman*; but in fine, he got the Victory by a ſtratagem. I was very devout to *Anubis* the God. One day a ſhe Prieſt of this God came and told me from him, that he was in love with

with me, and that he desired I would give him the meeting in his Temple. Mistress to *Anubis*! Judge you what an Honour. I failed not to be at the Rendez-vous, I was received with great manifestations of kindness; but to tell you the truth, this *Anubis* was *Mundus*. See whether I could withstand him. They say indeed, that some Women have yielded to Gods that were disguised like Men, and sometimes like Beasts; much more ought one to yield to Men disguised like Gods.

Call. Truly, Men are full of Guiles. I speak by experience, and the same chance almost has happened to me as to you. I was a *Trojan* Lass, and just upon the point of Marriage I went, according to the usual manner of the Country, attended by a vast number of Persons, and finely dressed, to offer up my Virginity to the River *Scamander*. Having made my Com-

pliment, out comes *Scamander* from amongſt the Ruſhes, and takes me at my word. I thought my ſelf very much honoured, and ſo did every one elſe perhaps, I will not except my Betrothed. All kept a reſpectful ſilence; my Companions did ſecretly envy my happineſs, and *Scamander* retired into his Ruſhes when he would himſelf. But how ſurprized was I, one day, when I met this *Scamander* walking up and down in a little Country Town, and that I underſtood he was an *Athenian* Captain, that had his Fleet of Ships upon that Coaſt.

Paul. What? You took him then for the right *Scamander*?

Call. No doubt of it.

Paul. And was it your Country Faſhion, that the River ſhould accept the Offerings which young Maids that were to be Married came to offer unto it?

Call. No; and if perhaps it ſhould have

have accepted them, they would not have been made. It was ſatisfied with the reſpects they ſhew'd it, without abuſing them.

Paul. You ought then to be very Jealous of the *Scamander.*

Call. Why ſo? might not a young Maiden think that all the other had not had Beauty enough to pleaſe the God, or that they had made him but falſe Offerings, whereunto he had not vouchſafed to Anſwer? Women are apt to flatter themſelves. But you, that will not allow that I was the *Scamanders* Culley, you were God *Anubis's* Culley though.

Paul. Not altogether ſo. I did a little miſtruſt that *Anubis* was ſomething of a Mortal.

Call. And you gave him the meeting, there's no excuſe for that.

Paul. What would you have? I heard all the Wiſer ſort ſay, that if we did not help to deceive our own

own ſelves, our Pleaſures would be but few.

Call. That's a good one; help to deceive ones ſelf! in all likelyhood they took it not in that ſenſe. Their meaning was, that the moſt delightful things of the World, if throughly look'd into, had ſo little in them, that they would make but ſmall impreſſion, if People did make the leaſt ſerious reflection on them. Pleaſures are not deſigned for a ſtrict Examination, and we are every day reduced to befriend them in many things, wherein it would be improper for us to make any difficulties. This is what your Wiſe-Ones——

Paul. 'Tis what I would ſay too, if I had ſtood upon Tearms with *Anubis*, I ſhould even have found that he was no God; But I owned his Divinity, being unwilling to examine it with over much curioſity. And where is the Lover that would be entertain'd, if he were

obliged

obliged to undergo an Examination of our Reaſon?

Call. Mine was not ſo ſtrict. Such a Lover might be found, as my Reaſon would conſent I might love; and 'tis in fine, more eaſie to believe one is beloved of a ſincere and faithful Man, than of a God.

Paul. In earneſt, 'tis one and the ſame thing. I ſhould have been as ſoon perſwaded that *Mundus* was true and conſtant, as that he was a God.

Call. Ah! there's nothing ſo injurious as what you ſay. If we believe that Gods have loved, we can't, at leaſt, believe that ſuch a thing has been frequent; but we have often ſeen faithful Lovers that did not divide their heart, but did Sacrifice all to their Miſtreſſes.

Paul. If you take for true marks of Fidelity, the diligences, the eagerneſs of Sacrifices, an entire preference, I grant there will be faithful Lovers enough found out; but

I don't reckon ſo. I ſtrike out of the number of thoſe Lovers, all thoſe whoſe paſſion has not been of that continuance as to have had time to ceaſe of it ſelf, or ſo happy as to have had ſome cauſe for it. I have no more to reckon, but ſuch as have held out againſt time, and againſt favours, and they are neer as many in number as the Gods are that have loved Mortals.

Call. Still according to this ſame Idea, there muſt be ſome Fidelity in being. For let a Man go tell a Woman, that he is a God, taken with her Merits, ſhe'l not believe it; let a Man ſwear he'l be true to her, ſhe will believe him. Why this difference? 'Tis becauſe there are Examples of th'one, and there are none of th'other.

Paul. For Examples, I hold the matter equal; but the Reaſon why we fall not into the Errour of taking a Man for a God, is that this ſame Errour is not upheld by the heart.

heart. We don't believe that a Lover is a Divinity, becauſe we don't deſire he ſhould be ſo; but we wiſh he may be faithful, and we believe he is.

Call. You jeer now. What Woman would take their Lovers for Gods, if they did wiſh them ſuch?

Paul. I ſcarce doubt it: If this miſtake were neceſſary for Love, Nature would have diſpoſed our heart to inſpire it into us. The heart is the original of all the Errours we need; it denies us nothing in this Point.

Third

Third Dialogue.

Candaulus, Gigees.

Candaulus. THE more I think on't, the more I find it was not neceſſary you ſhould put me to death.

Gigees. What could I do? The next day after you had let me ſee the hidden Beauties of the Queen, ſhe ſent for me, ſhe told me ſhe had diſcovered that you brought me over-night into her Chamber, and made me a very fair Diſcourſe upon the offence which her Modeſty had received, the concluſion of it was, that I muſt reſolve to dye, or kill you, and then Marry her; for, as ſhe pretended, it concerned her Honour, that I ſhould either enjoy what I had ſeen, or that I could never boaſt of having ſeen

ſeen it. I underſtood very well the meaning of all this. The injury was not ſo great, but the Queen might have diſſembled it, and her Honour might have let you live, if ſhe had been willing; but to be free with you, ſhe was out of conceit with you, and ſhe was overcome with Joy, that ſhe had a pretence of Glory to rid her ſelf of her Husband. You ſee well enough, that in the alternative ſhe propoſed unto me, I had but one choice to make.

Cand. I am much afraid, you were more taken with her, than ſhe was diſguſted with me. Ah! how was I to blame that I did not foreſee the Effects of her Beauty upon you, and that I took you for an Honeſter Man than you proved!

Gig. Blame your ſelf rather for the great delight you took in being Husband to ſo handſome a Woman. Why could you not keep the ſecret to your ſelf? *Cand.*

Cand. I ſhould blame my ſelf for the thing in the World moſt natural. There's no hiding a Man's joy in an extream Happineſs.

Gig. That would be pardonable, if it were a Lovers Happineſs, but yours was an Husbands Happineſs; one may be indiſcreet for a Miſtreſs; but for a Wife! and what would the World think of Marriage, if it did judge of it by what you did? Nothing would be imagined more delicious.

Cand. But ſeriouſly, do you think we may be ſatisfied with an Happineſs, which we enjoy without Witneſſes? The braveſt Men deſire to have Spectators of their Bravery; and your happy Men deſire likewiſe to be eſteemed ſuch, to perfect their Happineſs. Nay, how do I know but they would reſolve to be leſs happy, ſo they might appear to the World to be more happy? 'Tis however moſt certain, that a Man does not make

a

a ſhew of his Felicity, without inſulting, as it were over others, that compleats his Joy.

Gig. According to what you ſay, a Man might eaſily revenge himſelf of that inſult. he need but ſhut his Eyes, and refuſe thoſe looks to People, or if you will, thoſe prickles of Jealouſie which make a part of their Happineſs.

Cand. Herein I agree with you. The other day I heard one of the Dead that had been King of *Perſia* make a Relation, How he was led Captive, and loaden with Chains into the Capital City of a great Empire. The Victorious Emperour was Seated on a moſt Stately Throne, and environed of all his Courtiers; the People were gathered together in a ſpacious Square, which was fitted up with conveniences for the purpoſe. Never was Spectacle attended with greater Pomp. When this King appeared in the Reer of a multitude

tude of Priſoners and Spoils, he made a ſtop full againſt *the Emperour, and cryed out with* a merry Countenance, *Folly, Folly, and all is Folly.* He ſaid that theſe words alone ſpoiled the Emperours whole Triumph; and I am ſo ſenſible of it, that I believe I ſhould not have been willing to triumph at that rate over the moſt Cruel and moſt Dreadful of my Enemies.

Gig. You would not have loved the Queen any more then, if I had not thought her *handſome*; and if, when I ſaw her, I had cryed out, *Folly, Folly*?

Cand. I muſt needs ſay that my Husband-like Vanity would have been injured. Judge you upon that ſcore how ſenſible the love of an handſome Woman muſt flatter a Man, and how difficult a Virtue diſcretion muſt be.

Gig. Here me, as Dead as I am, I will not ſay this to another Dead, but in his Ear; the Vanity of

of gaining Love from a Miſtreſs is not ſo great. Nature has ſo well eſtabliſhed the Traffick of Love, that there is but little left for Merit to do. She has deſigned to each heart another heart; and ſhe has not taken care to match together, at all times, all ſuch Perſons as be worthy of eſteem; herein there is a great mixture, and Experience does make it too well known, that the choice of a lovely Woman is of little or no avail to him on whom it falls. Methinks theſe ſame Reaſons ſhould make Lovers diſcreet.

Cand. I declare to you, the Woman would not allow of this kind of diſcretion, that ſhould be grounded on nothing elſe, but that a Man ſhould not purchaſe much Honour from their Love.

Gig. Is it not ſufficient to make ones full delight? tender love will reap an advantage from that which I ſhall take away from Vanity.

Cand.

Cand. No. Women will never yield to this.

Gig. But call to mind, that ſo ſoon as Honour gets in, it ſpoils all Love concerns. At firſt, Womens Honour is concern'd, which is quite oppoſite to the Intereſts of Lovers; and then the wrack of this ſame Honour makes way for Lovers to deſign another, that is very much againſt the Intereſts of Women. See what it is to have placed Honour on the wrong ſide.

Fourth Dialogue.

Helene, Fulvia.

Helene. I Muſt know of you, *Fulvia*, a thing which *Auguſtus* told me of late. Is it true, that you had a kindneſs for him, but

but he making no return, you encouraged your Husband *Mark Anthony* to enter into War with him?

Fulvia. Nothing more true, my Dear *Helene*; for among we Dead Women, this confeſſion is of no conſequence. *Mark Anthony* was mad in Love with *Citherida* the *Comedian*, and I wiſhed I could be revenged of him, by making my ſelf beloved of *Auguſtus*; but *Auguſtus* was hard to pleaſe in Miſtreſſes. He neither thought me young enough, nor handſom enough; and though I let him underſtand, that he was engaging himſelf in a Civil War, meerly becauſe he neglected me, I could not poſſible make him comply in the leaſt. Nay, I will recite you, if you will, ſome Verſes he made about this matter, but they are not much for my Honour: Here they are,

Where-

Wherefore shou'd Fulvia *think that I,*
'Cause Anthony *is false to you*
Can dote on Love's Antipathy,
And prize what cou'd not make him true:

Because your Beauties want the Art
To keep your Husband to your Breast,
Gain not Repriſal on my Heart,
Nor make my Mind your Slaviſh Gueſt.

By the ſame Rule, all the decayed,
Forſaken Wives, and Widows too,
Will hope to ride me like a Jade,
Since I was ſuch an Aſs to you.

Love me, you ſay, or elſe prepare
With Death to Fight, or Anthony——
She's ugly—— then, why ſhould I fear!
Sound Trumpet, I had rather dye.

Helene. You and I then have been the occaſion of two of the greateſt Wars, that perhaps, ever were; you, of that betwixt *Anthony* and *Auguſtus*; and my ſelf, of that of *Troy*.

Fulvia. But with this difference. Your Beauty cauſed the War of *Troy*, and my Unhandſomneſs, that between *Auguſtus* and *Anthony*.

Helene. For amends, you have another advantage over me; it is that your

your War is far more pleasant than mine. My Husband revenges himself of the Affront offered him in anothers loving me, and that is pretty natural; your Husband revenges you of the Affront done you, because you were not loved of another, that is not very ordinary with Husbands.

Fulvia. Ay, but *Anthony* knew not that he made War upon my account, and *Menelaus* knew well enough that it was for you he Warred. In this particular he is unpardonable; for whereas *Menelaus* being followed by the whole Country of *Greece*, did lay Siege to *Troy*, for the space of ten years, that he might recover you from out of the Arms of *Paris*, is not it true, that if *Paris* would have yielded you up, *Menelaus* had been obliged to withstand a ten years Siege in *Sparta*, for not receiving you? In earnest, I see they had all lost their Senses, both *Greeks* and

Trojans. The first were Fools so demanding you again. The other were yet greater Fools for retaining you. How chance so many Persons of Honour did Sacrifice themselves to the Pleasures of a young Man that know not what he did? I could not forbear laughing, as I read that passage in *Homer*, where after a nine years Siege, and a late Battel, wherein a world of Men were lost, a Council is called before *Priamus*'s Palace. There, *Antenor* is for yielding you up, and methinks there was no doubt in the case; all is, they ought to blame themselves they did not sooner think of this Expedient. Yet *Paris* seems displeased at the Proposition; and *Priamus* who, as *Homer* relates, is equal to the Gods in Wisdom, being troubled to see his Council divided upon so difficult a Point, and not knowing which side to take, gives Order that every one should go to Supper.

Helen.

Helen. There was, at leaſt, this of good in the *Trojan* War, the *ridicule* of it was eaſily found out; but the Civil War of *Auguſtus* and *Anthony*, appeared otherways than it was. When ſo many *Roman* Eagles were ſeen in the Field, People could little imagine that the thing that did egg them on ſo cruelly againſt one another, was *Auguſtus* his refuſal to love you.

Fulvia. Thus go Affairs with Men. Their motions are great, but the ground of them is commonly ridiculous enough. It is of great Conſequence, for the Honour of the moſt weighty Events, that the Cauſes of them ſhould be kept reſerved.

Fifth Dialogue.

Parmeniſchus, Theocritus.

Theoc. IN earneſt, you could no longer laugh after you had got down into *Trophonius*'s Cave.

Parmen. I could not; I was extraordinarily ſerious.

Theoc. Had I known that *Trophonius*'s Cave had that virtue, I had been obliged to make a little Journy thither: I have laughed but too much in my life time, nay, my life had been of longer continuance, had I laughed leſs. An unlucky Jeaſt brought me into this place where we are. King *Antigonus* was blind of one Eye: I had offended him moſt cruelly; notwithſtanding he had promiſed he would not reſent it, ſo I would come and preſent my ſelf before him.

They

They did in a manner force me to go, and my Friends, to encourage me, ſaid to me; *Go, fear nothing, your life is ſecure, ſo ſoon as you have appeared to the Kings Eyes.* Ah! anſwered I, *if I can't obtain my Pardon without appearing to his Eyes, I am undone.* *Antigenus*, who was in a diſpoſition to forgive me a Crime, could not forgive me this merry conceit, and this unſeaſonable Jeaſt coſt me my Head.

Parmen. I cannot tell whether I ſhould not have been willing to have had your Talent of fooling, though I loſt my Head for it too.

Theoc. And what would I have given now to be of your ſerious Temper?

Parmen. Ah! you do not think of what you ſay. I had like to have died of that ſerious Temper you covet ſo much. Nothing did delight me; I did all I could to laugh, and could not compaſs it. I took no farther Pleaſure in the *ri-*

dicule of the World, this *Ridicule* was become ſad to me. In fine, being in deſpair upon my proving ſo ſober, I went to *Delphos*, and I begged earneſtly of the God to teach me a means to laugh. He turned me off in ambiguous terms, to the Maternal Power. I thought that by the Maternal Power, he meant my native Country. I go back again into it, but my Country could not overcome my ſerious mood. I began to muſe upon it, as in an incurable Diſeaſe, when by chance I made a Journy to *Delos*. There I did contemplate with admiration, the Magnificence of *Apollo*'s Temples, and the Beauty of his Statues. He was all about in Marble, or in Gold, and made by the beſt Work-men of *Greece*; but when I came to a *Latona* of Wood, that was very ill made, and had the Countenance of an Old Woman, I burſt out in laughing, when I compared the Son's Statues with

with that of the Mother. I cannot expreſs how much I was ſurprized, ſatisfied, and taken with my having laughed. Then I did conceive the true meaning of the Oracle. I made not an Offering to all thoſe *Apollo's* of Gold and Marble. The Wooden *Latona* had all my Preſents, and all my Vows. I made it I know not how many Sacrifices. I all beſmoaked it with Incenſe; and if I had been in a condition to bear the charge of it, I would have builded a Temple, *To* Latona *that cauſeth laughing.*

Theoc. Methinks *Apollo* might reſtore you the faculty of laughing, without troubling his Mother. You would have diſcovered but too many Objects that were fit to work the ſame Effect as *Latona* did.

Parmen. When a Man is in an ill humour, he finds that Men are not worth while to be laughed at; they are made to be ridiculous, and they are ſo, that is no wonder; but a God-

dess that takes upon her to be so, that is very wonderful. Moreover, *Apollo* in all likelyhood had a mind to let me see that my serious humour was a distemper not curable by any humane Remedy, and that I was reduced to a condition wherein I stood in need of the help of the Gods themselves.

Theoc. That Joy and that Mirth which you earnestly desired, is a far worse Distemper. A whole Nation was heretofore seized with it, and did suffer extreamly by it.

Parmen. What? There has been a whole Nation that was too much disposed to mirth and joy.

Theoc. Ay, the *Tirinthyans* were the People.

Parmen. Happy People!

Theoc. Not at all. As they could not settle themselves to be serious in any thing, all fell into confusion amongst them. If they met together in the publick Walks, all their Discourses run upon Follies, instead of

of publick Concerns; if they received Ambaſſadours, they turned them into *ridicule*; if they held the Town Council, the Advices of the Graveſt Senators, were meer Buffoonism; in ſhort, a reaſonable Word or Action, would have been a Prodigy with the *Tirinthians*. They found themſelves troubled with this Spirit of merryment, at leaſt as much as you had been troubled with your ſadneſs, and they went and conſulted the Oracle of *Delphos*, as well as you, but for a very different end, that is, they went to ask him by what means they might recover a little ſeriouſneſs again. The Oracle made anſwer, that if they could Sacrifice a Bull to *Neptune* without laughing, they might have it in their power to be more wiſe. A Sacrifice is of it ſelf no pleaſant action; however to the end they might perform it in a ſerious manner, they uſed many preparatives. They reſolved to

admit of no Young People, but Old People only, and not of all ſorts of Old Men neither, but of ſuch only as were either full of Diſeaſes, or up to the Ears in debt, or very troubleſom Women. When all theſe choice Perſons were upon the Sea ſide, to immolate the Victime, notwithſtanding the Women, Debts, Diſeaſes, and Age, they were fain to ſettle their Countenances, caſt their Eyes down upon the ground, and bite their Lips; but by misfortune a little Boy had crept in amongſt them. They would have driven him away, according to order, and he cryed out; *What? are you afraid I ſhould eat up your Bull?* This folly put them quite out of thoſe counterfeit gravities. They burſt out into laughing, the Sacrifice was interrupted, and the *Tirinthians* remained void of Reaſon. They were much to blame, after they had miſcarried in their Bull, they did not bethink themſelves

of

of this Cave of *Trophonius*, that had the Virtue of rendring People ſo ſerious, and that wrought ſo conſiderable an Effect upon you.

Parmen. It is true indeed, I went down into *Trophonius's* Cave; but *Trophonius* his Cave, which made me ſo ſad, is not what People take it to be.

Theoc. And what is it then?

Parmen. Reflections do the buſineſs. I had made ſome, and they put an end to my laughing. If the Oracle had enioyned the *Tirinthians* to make ſome, they had been Cured of their merry humour.

Theoc. I muſt confeſs I do not very well underſtand what Reflections are, but I cannot conceive why they would be perplexive. May not one have ſome ſolid foreſights, that at the ſame time may not be melanchollick? Is there no Mirth but in Errour; and is Reaſon made for no other end but to deſtroy us?

Parmen.

Parmen. In all appearance it was not the intention of Nature that we ſhould think, for ſhe ſets a vaſt price upon thoughts: You will make reflections, ſays ſhe to us, look to it, I will be revenged of them through the ſadneſs they ſhall cauſe you.

Theoc. But you do not tell me the reaſon why Nature will not let us think.

Parmen. She has ſet Men in the World to live in it; and to live, is not to know what we do the moſt part of the time. When we make a diſcovery of the little value of the thing that does take us up, and of that thing which we are concern'd at, we rob Nature of her only Secret: a Man grows wiſe, then he ceaſes to be Man; he thinks, then he deſiſts from Action; this it is that Nature diſlikes.

Theoc. But Reaſon that makes you think better than others, does however charge you to act as they do.

Parmen. You ſay true. There is

a

a Reason that sets us above all things by thoughts; there is another that brings us back again to all things by Actions. But upon that very same account too, were it not as well a Man had not thought?

Sixth Dialogue.

Brutus, Faustina.

Brutus. HOw? Is it possible you could take a delight to pass a thousand Infidelities upon the Emperour *Marcus Aurelius*, upon an Husband that was so condescending to you, and who was without contradiction, the best Man of all the *Roman* Empire?

Faustina. And is it possible that you did Murder *Julius Cæsar*, who was so mild and moderate an Emperour?

Brut.

Brut. I had a mind to terrifie all Uſurpers, by *Cæſars* Example, whoſe moderation and mildneſs was no ſecurity to him.

Fauſt. And if I did tell you that I had a mind to ſtrike ſuch a terrour into all Husbands, that no Man ſhould dare to think of being one, after the Example of *Marcus-Aurelius*, whoſe goodneſs had been ſo ill requited?

Brut. A fine Deſign! There muſt be Husbands, for who ſhould rule the Women? But *Rome* ſtood in no need to be Governed by *Cæſar.*

Fauſt. Who told you ſo? *Rome* began to be poſſeſſed with as diſorderly Fancies, and as ſtrange Humours, as thoſe which are attributed to the moſt part of Women; ſhe could no longer be without a Maſter, and yet ſhe was not pleaſed with having one. Women are juſt of the ſame Nature. It muſt be granted likewiſe, that Men are

over

over jealous of their Authority. They exerciſe it in Marriage, that is already a main Article; but they would do the like too in Love matters. When they require a Miſtreſs to be faithful to them; by faithful is meant ſubject. The Dominion ought to be equally divided betwixt the Lover and the Miſtreſs; however it always turns on the one ſide, or the other, and ever on the Lovers ſide almoſt.

Brut. You are now ſtrangely bent againſt all Men.

Fauſt. I am a *Roman* Lady, and am clearly for Liberty.

Brut. I aſſure you that upon that account the whole World is full of *Roman* Ladies; but you'l grant that *Roman* Men, ſuch as my ſelf, are a little more rare.

Fauſt. All the better, let them be more rare. I do not believe that an honeſt Man would do what you have done, murther his Benefactour.

Brut.

Brut. Nor do I believe that any honeſt Women would behave themſelves as you did. As for my Wife, you cannot deny but ſhe has been conſtant enough. There was need of Courage, not to be touched with the kindneſs which *Cæſar* did bear me.

Fauſt. Do you believe then I ſtood in leſs need of Courage to withſtand the ſweet Diſpoſition and Patience of *Marcus Aurelius?* All my Infidelities were of indifferent concern to him; he would not Honour me ſo much as to be jealous of me; he wholly deprived me of the pleaſure of having it in my Power to deceive him. I was many times ſo mad at it, that I could willingly have become an honeſt Woman. Notwithſtanding I ſtill kept my ſelf clear of that weakneſs; and after my death, did not *Marcus Aurelius* do me that injury, as to build me Temples, allot me Prieſts, inſtitute *Fauſtinian* Feaſts in my Honour?

nour? What? make me a ſolemn conſecration to inſult over me! Set me up for a Goddeſs by way of contempt! Theſe things are not to be forgiven.

Brut. Now I confeſs I do not underſtand Women. Theſe are the oddeſt kind of Complaints I ever heard.

Fauſt. Would not you rather have been obliged to Conſpire againſt *Sylla*, than againſt *Cæſar*? *Sylla*, through his extream cruelty would have ſtirred up your Indignation and Hatred againſt him. I had rather have had a Jealous Man to deceive; even *Cæſar* himſelf, for example, whom we ſpeak of. He was poſſeſſed with an intolerable Vanity; nothing would ſatisfie him but the entire Dominion of the World, and he would have his Wife to himſelf too; and becauſe he ſaw that *Clodius* was a partaker with him in the one, and *Pompey* in the other, he could endure neither *Pompey*,

pey, nor *Clodius*. How happy ſhould I have been with *Cæſar*!

Brut. But juſt now you were for the extermination of all Husbands, and at preſent you ſtand up for the worſt of them all.

Fauſt. I wiſh there were none at all, that one might be always free; but if there be a neceſſity there ſhould be ſome, I eſteem the bad ones moſt, to the end a Woman may take her Liberty with more delight.

Brut. My Opinion is, that for Women that are like you, it is beſt there ſhould be Husbands. The ſenſe of Liberty is more lively, the more it is intermixed with Malice.

NEW

NEW

DIALOGUES

OF SOME

ANCIENT DEAD,

With ſome other

MODERN DEAD.

Firſt DIALOGUE.

Seneca, Marot.

Seneca. I'M overcome with Joy now you tell me the *Stoicks* are ſtill in being, and that in theſe later days you owned your ſelf to be of that Sect. *Marot.*

Marot. Without boasting I was a greater *Stoick* than either your self, or *Crisippus*, or *Zeno* our Founder. You might all of you play the Philosophers without any trouble; for your own part you were well stored with Riches: as for the rest, they were not, at least, dispatched away into Banishment, nor clapped up in Prisons; But I, I have been forced to undergo both Poverty, Banishment, and Imprisonment, and I have made it appear that all these same troubles did fix upon the Body, without being able to reach the Soul of a Wise Man. Discontent could never work upon me, in the least.

Seneca. I'm glad beyond measure to hear what you say. Your very speech declares you a great *Stoick*. And were not you the wonder of the Age you lived in?

Marot. I was so indeed. I did not think it enough to bear my miseries with an unusual constancy. I in-

insulted over them with jeers. Constancy would have been honourable enough in another, but I proceeded to mirth.

Seneca. O *Stoick* Wisdom, thou art then no *Chymera*, as People fancy. Thou art in being amongst Men, and here is now a Sage whom thou madest as happy as *Jove* himself. Come away, I must present you to *Zeno*, and our other *Stoicks*, I have a mind they should see the fruit of their most admirable Instructions.

Marot. You'l highly oblige me, in making me known to such famous Dead-men.

Seneca. How may I call you?

Marot. Clement. Marot.

Seneca. Marot? that Name I know. Have not I heard several Modern Princes that are here, speak of you?

Marot. That may be.

Seneca. Did not you make several small Poems to delight them?

Marot.

Marot. I did.

Seneca. You were no Philoſopher then?

Marot. Why not?

Seneca. It does not become a *Stoick* to write joking Stories.

Marot. Oh! Now I ſee you did not rightly underſtand the parfections of Joques. Therein lies hidden all Wiſdom it ſelf: A Man may pick out ſomething of *Ridicule* out of all things; I could, if I had a mind to it, eaſily pick ſome out of your Writings; but all things do not produce ſerioufneſs, and take my Writings in what ſenſe you will, I defie you to find any thing of that nature in them. Is not that as much as to ſay, that your *Ridicule* does rule over all, and that the concerns of the World were not deſigned to be manag'd in a *ſerious way*? I'm told here, that your *Virgil*'s divine *Æneid* has been turned into *Burleſque* Verſes. I'm glad of it at my heart, there could be no better way found out

out to make it appear, that State and your *Ridicule* are ſuch near Neighbours, that they e'en go hand in hand together. All reſembles thoſe Proſpective Glaſſes, wherein the diſperſed Figures do repreſent you, for example, a *Cæſar*, if you look upon them one way; change the caſt of your *Eye*, *there*, you have a Shab.

Seneca. I pity you, becauſe People did not conceive that your fooliſh Verſes were made on purpoſe to lead Men to ſuch profound reflections. You would have been more reſpected by far, had it been known how great a Philoſopher you were; but it was no eaſie matter to judge you were ſo by the writings you left the publick.

Marot. If I had writ huge Volumes to prove that Impriſonment, want of means, baniſhment, ought not, in the leaſt, to work upon the merry diſpoſition of a Sage, would they not have been thought worthy of a *Stoick*?

Seneca.

Seneca. No doubt of it.

Marot. And I have writ I know not how many Books which prove that in ſpight of Baniſhment, Impriſonment, want of Means, I ſtill retained my merry Diſpoſition, is not that better? Your Treatiſes of Morality are no other than Speculations upon Wiſdom; but my Verſes were a continual practice of it in my ſeveral conditions.

Seneca. I'm ſure that your pretended Wiſdom was not an Effect of your Reaſon, but of your Temper.

Marot. And that is the beſt kind of Wiſdom in the World.

Seneca. That's a good one. Thoſe are pleaſant Wiſe Men, indeed, that are ſo by Temper. If they are not Fools, no God a mercy to them. The happineſs of being Vertuous, may ſometimes ariſe from Nature; but the merit of being ſo can proceed from nothing but Reaſon.

Marot. That ſame thing which you call Merit, is commonly little

ſet

ſet by; for if a Man be indued with Vertue, and diſcovery made that is not Natural to him, little account is made of it. One would think, though that the great Diligences and Cares taken to purchaſe it, ſhould procure it more Credit: it's not a ſtraw matter, 'tis a meer effect of Reaſon, and no Man will truſt to it.

Seneca. There is leſs Reaſon to truſt to the inequality of your Sages temper. Their fits of Wiſdom depend upon their blood; one ſhould be acquainted with the interiour Diſpoſition of their Bodies, to know how far their Vertue would extend. Ah! is it not better far to put ones ſelf altogether under the Conduct of Reaſon, and become ſo independent of Nature, as not to apprehend the danger of her Surpriſals.

Marot. It were the beſt way, if ſuch a thing were poſſible, but, as ill-luck will have it, Nature does ſtill maintain her rights, ſhe influ-

enceth the motions in Man without controul, and there's no help for it; they often get the start of Reason; and when at last, Reason does its Duty, she finds all out of order: and 'tis a question too, whether she can settle things again. Indeed, I do not wonder that so *many* do undervalue Reason.

Seneca. 'Tis her right, though alone, to govern Men, and Rule all things in the World.

Marot. She is but in a bad condition to make her Authority known. I have heard say, that about an hundred years after your Death, a *Platonick* Philosopher did beg of the then reigning Emperour, a small ruined Town of *Calabria*, that he might build it up again, establish the Laws of *Plato*'s Common-wealth in it, and call it *Platonopole*; but the Emperour would not by any means grant the Philosopher his desire, and had not so much confidence in divine *Plato*'s reason, as to give him the

the Government of this petty Town. See by this, how much Reaſon is cried down. If it did deſerve to be eſteemed ever ſo little, who ſhould eſteem it but men; however, Men themſelves value it not.

Second Dialogue.

Artemiſia, Raymond Lullus.

Artemiſia. YOU ſay there is a Secret how to turn all Metals into Gold, and that this Secret is called the Philoſophers Stone, or the great Work of all. This is news to me.

R. Lullus. Ay, and I ſought it a long time.

Artemiſia. Did you find it out?

R. Lullus. No; but every one

thought I did, and does ſo ſtill. To tell you the truth, this Secret is but a Chymera.

Artimeſia. Why did you ſeek for it then?

R. Lullus. I found my Error, but ſince I came hither.

Artemiſia. There methinks you ſtaid a little too long.

R. Lullus. I ſee you have a mind to jeer me. We reſemble one another, though more than you think.

Artemiſia. Who I? I ſhould reſemble you? I, who was an example of conjugal Fidelity, drank my Husbands Aſhes, and builded him a moſt ſtately Monument; how could I reſemble a Man that had ſpent his time in ſeeking out a Secret, to turn Metals into Gold?

R. Lullus. Yes, yes, I know well enough what I ſay: after all theſe fine braggs, you became crack-brained, and you fell in Love with a young Man, that cared not for you. You ſacrificed this ſumptuous *Piece* unto

unto him, which might have redounded ſo much to your Glory; and *Mauſolus*'s Aſhes which you drank, were no good Receipt for a new faſhion.

Artimeſia. I did not believe you had been ſo well acquainted with my Affairs. This paſſage of my Life was private enough, and I thought no body had known of it.

R. Lullus. You'l own then that your Fate and mine have been ſomething alike, inſomuch as we have both been honoured beyond our Merit; you, in being thought always faithful to the memory of your Husband, and my ſelf, becauſe 'twas believed, I had found out the Philoſphers Stone.

Artem. I ſhall own it very freely. The People are deſigned to be the Cully of ſome certain things; and a Body muſt take advantage of their Diſpoſitions.

R. Lullus. But might there not be ſomething, elſe that were common to both?

Artem. Hitherto I am well contented to reſemble you. Come, out with it.

R. Lullus. Did not we both of us ſeek for a thing that is not to be found; you, the Secret how to be faithful to your Husband; and I, that of turning Metals into Gold? I believe there is no difference betwixt Conjugal Fidelity, and the Philoſophers Stone.

Artem. Some People are ſo preoccupated with an ill opinion of married Women, that they will perhaps ſay, that it is not impoſſible for the Philoſophers Stone to have a ſhare in this compariſon.

R. Lullus. Oh! I will warrant it you, as impoſſible as is needful.

Artem. But how chance Men ſeek for it, and how fell it out that you, who ſeem to have been a Man of Senſe, were given to that folly?

R. Lullus.

R. Lullus. It is true, that the Philoſophers Stone is not to be found, but it is fit Men ſhould ſeek for it. In ſeeking for it, there are many rare ſecrets diſcovered, which were not ſought after.

Artem. It were better to ſeek out Secrets, which may be found, and not think of a thing that will never be found.

R. Lullus. All Sciences have their Chymera, they hunt for it, and are not able to lay hold of it; but they pick up by the way other very ſolid Notions. If Chymiſtry has her Philoſophers Stone, Geometry hath its Circular ſquare, Aſtronomy her Longitudes, the Mechanicks their perpetual Motion; 'tis impoſſible to find all this out, but 'tis uſeful to look for it. I ſpeak to you of things which perhaps you underſtand not very well, but you may at leaſt, underſtand that Moral Philoſophy has its Chymera too: and that is, *a waving of ones private Intereſt,*

reſt, true Friendſhip. Man will never attain to this, but 'tis good to pretend to it; at leaſt in pretending thereto, he will attain many other Virtues.

Artem. Once more, I ſhould be of Opinion, that all Chymeras ought to be laid aſide, and that People ſhould be earneſt in their purſuit of Realities only.

R. Lullus. Would you believe it? In all things Men muſt propoſe to themſelves a degree of Perfection, which does not ſo much as come within their reach. They would never ſettle to any thing, if they believed they ſhould attain no more, than what they will really attain to; it is neceſſary they ſhould propoſe to themſelves an imaginary ſcope of things to egg them on. Whoever ſhould have told me, that Chymiſtry could not have taught me to make Gold, I would have forbore it. Whoever ſhould have told you, that the extream Fidelity, you ſo much

much ſtood upon, in reference to your Husband, was not Natural, you would not have taken the trouble upon you to honour *Mauſolus*'s Memory with ſo ſumptuous a Tomb. Men would be out of heart, if they were not ſupported by falſe Ideas.

Artem. There is no harm then in Mens being deceived?

R. Lullus. How, harm! If by miſchance Truth ſhould diſcover her ſelf, all were ſpoiled; but its manifeſt ſhe knows the importance of it, becauſe ſhe keeps her ſelf always hidden.

Third Dialogue.

Apicius, Galileus.

Apicius. AH! how ſorry am I, that I was not born in your time?

Galil. Conſidering your temper, I think you choſe a good Age to live in. You were minded to fare deliciouſly, and you happened to be in the World, and in *Rome* too juſt at the time when ſhe was Miſtreſs of the whole World; thither came from all parts the choiceſt ſort of Fowles and Fiſh; to be ſhort, the whole Earth ſeemed to have been ſubdued by the *Romans*, to no other end, but to ſupply them with neceſſaries for their good cheer.

Apic. But the Age I lived in was an ignorant Age; and had there been any Man like you, I would have

have gone to the Worlds end to ſeek him out. I made nothing of Voyages. Have you heard of that I made for a certain kind of Fiſh I eat at *Minternum* in *Campania*? I was told that this Fiſh was much bigger in *Africa*; I immediately fitted up a Veſſel, and ſailed away to *Africa*. The Voyage was difficult and dangerous. When we drew near to the Coaſt of *Africa*, away come ſeveral Fiſher-Boats to me, (for they had had notice of my coming) and bring me ſome of that kind of Fiſh; they proved to be no bigger than thoſe of *Minternum*; and in that very ſame inſtant of time, without being moved with the curioſity to ſee a Country I had never ſeen, and without any regard to the Intreaties of my Men, who deſired to go and refreſh themſelves one ſhore, I ordered the Pilots to ſail back again for *Italy*. You may believe, I ſhould willingly have undertaken the like trouble upon your account.

Gal.

Gal. I can't imagine what your deſign could be. I was a poor Learned wretch of a ſpare Dyet, always intent upon the Stars, and very unskilful in *Ragous*.

Apic. But you invented Proſpective Glaſſes; in imitation of you, ſome Body or other made as much for the Ears, as you had made for the Eyes, and my meaning is, that Trumpets were invented, they thicken the voice, and make it double again and again. In fine, you perfected, and you taught others to perfect the Senſes. I ſhould have intreated you to have uſed your endeavours for the ſenſe of Taſting, and fancied ſome Inſtrument that might have added to the pleaſure of Eating.

Gal. Very well; as though Taſting was not indued with its natural perfection.

Apic. Why has Taſte that priviledge above Sight?

Gal.

Gal. Sight is likewiſe very perfect. Men have excellent Eyes.

Apic. And which are then the bad Eyes, that ſtand in need of your Glaſſes?

Gal. Marry, your Philoſophers Eyes. Theſe People, whoſe buſineſs it is, to know whether the Sun be ſtained with Spots, or no; whether the Planets do turn upon their Center, or whether the milky way be made up of little Stars, have not Eyes good enough to diſcover theſe Objects ſo clearly, and ſo diſtinctly as is requiſite; but your other Men, who conſider all theſe things with indifferency, have an admirable Eye-ſight. If you will only enjoy things, nothing is wanting towards your enjoyment of them; but towards our knowing of them, you want every thing. Men in general ſtand in need of nothing, and Philoſophers want all things. Art has no new Inſtruments to beſtow upon the one, and ſhe can never ſup-

ſupply the others to the full.

Apic. I grant you, that Art does not furniſh the generality of Men with new Inſtruments, whereby to eat more deliciouſly; but I would have her afford *ſome* to your Philoſophers, in the ſame manner as ſhe gives them Glaſſes, that they may ſee better, and then I ſhould think them well rewarded for their labours in Philoſophy; for in ſhort, what good does ſhe do, if ſhe make no diſcoveries, and what need is there of diſcoveries, if they be not upon the ſcore of Pleaſures?

Gal. That matter has been ſifted over and over, and out of date long ago.

Apic. But Reaſon does often purchaſe new advantages, why ſhould the Senſes be debarred of that Priviledge? If they had it, it would prove of far greater conſequence.

Gal. It would leſſen them very much. They are ſo perfect, that they immediately found out all the plea-

pleaſures that could delight them. If Reaſon does find out new notions, ſhe is to be pitied; 'tis becauſe ſhe was naturally imperfect.

Apic. And were thoſe Kings of *Perſia* Fools, that did propoſe ſuch great Rewards thoſe, that could invent new Pleaſures?

Gal. Yes, they were Fools. I am certain they did not undo themſelves in theſe rewards. Invent new Pleaſures! They ſhould firſt have created new wants in Men.

Apic. How? Should each Pleaſure be grounded upon a Want? I ſhould e'ne leave the one for the other. Nature would have given us nothing then out of good will.

Gal. That's no fault of mine. But you, that blame my advice, it concerns you more than another, if it ſhould be true. If there were new pleaſures, how would you ever be contented, ſince you were

were not reserved to live in the later Ages, where you might have made your Advantage of the Discoveries of all former Ages? As for new notions, I know you'l not grudge those that have them.

Apic. I'm of your mind, it suits with my Inclinations more than I believed. I perceive the advantage of Notions is no great matter, since they are left to any that will catch them up; and since that Nature has not troubled her self to make Men of former and future Ages equal upon this account; but Pleasures are of greater value, it would have been a very unjust thing, if one Age had enjoyed more than another, so each Age shared alike.

Fourth

Fourth Dialogue.

Plato, *Margaret* of *Scotland*.

Marg. HElp, help, divine *Plato*, come and take my part, or I am undone.

Plato. What's the matter?

Marg. Here is a diſpute about an hearty kiſs, I gave a Learned Man, but huge ugly. And 'tis in vain for me to ſay the ſame for my juſtification now, as I did then, *That I had a mind to kiſs that mouth, which had uttered ſo many fine words*; here are I know not how many Shadows, that laugh me to ſcorn, and juſtifie it to my face, that ſuch favours are to be beſtowed upon handſome Mouths only, and not upon them that ſpeak well; and that

that Learning ought not to be paid in the ſame Coin as Love is. Come away and teach theſe Shadows, that the Eyes cannot diſcover *that* which is really worthy to ſtir up our paſſions, and that we may be Charmed with Beauty, though wrapped up in a very ugly Body.

Plato. Why would you have me vent theſe Stories? They are not true.

Marg. You have vented them already above a thouſand, and a thouſand times.

Plato. I have ſo, but I was living then. I was a Philoſopher, and I had a mind to ſpeak of Love; it would not have been handſome for one of my calling to ſpeak of it in tearms like the Authors of the *Mileſian* Fables; I hid thoſe matters under a Philoſophical Gibbriſh, becauſe the World ſhould not know what they mean'd.

Marg. I do not believe, you know what you ſay now. It muſt needs be

be that you ſpoke of ſome other Love, beſides ordinary Love, when you deſcribed, with ſo much pomp, thoſe Voyages which the *winged Souls* make in Chariots upon the lowermoſt vault of the Heavens, where they contemplate Beauty in its eſſence, their unhappy falls from thence to the very Earth, through the unrulineſs of one of their Horſes, the beating of their Wings, their abode in Bodies, their behaviour when they meet with an handſome Face, which they own to be a Copy of that Beauty which they beheld in Heaven, the growing again of their Wings which they they endeavour to make uſe of, to fly towards their *Beloved*; in fine, the Fear, Horrour, and Terror which ſeiſeth them, upon the ſight of the Beauty which they know to be Divine, the Holy Fury wherewith they are carried away; as al o their earneſt deſire to offer up Sacrifices to the Object of their

love

love, juſt as they do to the Gods.

Plato. I aſſure you, that the meaning of all this (rightly underſtood, and faithfully expounded) is, that handſome Perſons are apt to work ſtrange effects upon frail Nature.

Marg. But you will have it, that People are not touched with the Beauty of the Body, which does only put them in mind of a Beauty infinitely more Charming. How is it poſſible, that ſo many lively motions, as are deſcribed by you, ſhould ariſe from nothing but full Eyes, a little Mouth, and a freſh Complexion? Ah! let the Beauty of the Soul be their Object, if you will juſtifie them, and your ſelf too, for deſcribing them.

Plat. Shall I be plain with you? The Beauty of the Mind ſtirs up Admiration; the Beauty of the Soul Creates Eſteem; and the Beauty of the Body begets Love. Eſteem and Admiration are peaceable and

and quiet enough, Love only is turbulent.

Marg. You are grown a Libertin ſince your Death; for, whilſt you lived, you did not only ſpeak otherwiſe of Love; but you alſo put in practice thoſe ſublime Ideas of yours. Were you not in love with *Arqueanaſſa* the *Colophonite*, when ſhe was Old? Did not you make theſe Verſes of her?

The lovely Arqueanaſſa's *true,*
And has deſcrib'd my Faith in lieu.
You ſay ſhe's wrinckl'd, but whole ſholes
Of Cupids *wanton in thoſe holes.*
You who have felt her Youth, whilſt Harmes,
Like Armies muſter'd in her Charmes,
E're Curſed Age had plow'd thoſe Fallows,
And envious years thoſe little hollows.
What Pleaſure and what Pain 'twas ſure!
Ah what did you not then endure!

'Tis moſt certain, that this Troop of *Amours*, which lay ſporting themſelves in *Arqueanaſſa*'s wrinckles, were

were the pleaſing diſpoſitions, of her Mind, which Age had rendred more perfect. You pittied thoſe that had ſeen her in her Youth, becauſe her Beauty did work too ſenſibly upon them, and you loved her Merit, which Age could not deſtroy.

Plat. You oblige me very much, in that you are pleaſed to make ſo favourable an Interpretation of a ſmall Satyr, which I made upon *Arqueanaſſa*, who thought ſhe could have made me fall in Love with her, though grown in years. My Paſſions were not ſo Metaphyſical, as you fancy, and I can prove it by other Verſes which I made. If I were alive again, I would perform the vain Ceremony, which I make my *Socrates* uſe, when he begins to ſpeak of Love; I would cover my face, and you ſhould not hear me, but through a Vail; but in this place, thoſe Circumſtances are needleſs. Here are my Verſes.

When Agathis *who always us'd me hard,*
Allow'd me once a Kiſs for my reward;
No greedy Falcon with ſuch Joy does tower,
As my fierce Soul up to her Lips did ſoar,
To hunt, to chace, and the ſoft Pleaſure to
(devour.

Marg. Who's this I hear? *Plato.*

Plat. The ſame.

Marg. How, was *Plato* with his broad Shoulders, ſerious Countenance, and his Head brim full of Philoſophy, acquainted with theſe kind of Kiſſes?

Plat. Yes.

Marg. But do you obſerve, that the Kiſs I gave my Doctor, was altogether Philoſophical, and that yours which you gave your Miſtreſs, was in no manner ſuch; I acted your part, and you acted mine.

Plat. Herein I agree with you; Philoſophers are the *Gallants*, whileſt ſuch as were born to be *Gallants*, will needs be Philoſophers. We ſuffer thoſe People to run after the Chymeras

meras of Philoſophy, that underſtand them not, and we weary our ſelves about realities.

Marg. I find I miſſed of my aim, in calling upon *Agathis*'s Lover to ſtand up for the defence of my Kiſs. If I had had any kindneſs for this ugly Doctor, I ſhould ſtill have failed of my deſign with you. Nevertheleſs the Mind is able to create Paſſions by it ſelf, and that makes well for Women. They ſecure themſelves that way, if they are not handſome.

Plat. I know not, whether the mind does frame Paſſions; I only know, that it puts the Body in a condition to frame ſome without the aſſiſtance of Beauty, and ſupplies it with the delight which was wanting to it. And for proof of this, the Body muſt make one in the caſe, and muſt always contribute ſomething of its own, that is, ſomething of youth at leaſt; for if it do not help it ſelf at all,

at all, the mind is altogether unuſeful to it.

Mar. Always ſomething of ſubſtance in love concerns!

Pla. 'Tis the nature of it. Let it have, if you will, the mind only for Object, you'll do no good on't, you'll wonder to ſee how it runs upon ſubſtance. You lov'd your Doctors mind only; but why did you kiſs then? It is becauſe the body is deſigned to reap the benefit of thoſe Paſſions, which the mind does ſuggeſt.

Fifth Dialogue.

Strato, Raphael Urbin.

Strato. I Did not expect, that the Counſel, I gave my Slave, would have produced ſuch happy Effects. Yonder above it both ſaved me my Life, and got me a Kingdom; and here it procures me the admiration of all the Wiſe.

R. Urbin. And what was this Conſel?

Stra. I was of *Tyr.* All the Slaves of this Town revolted, and cut their Maſters Throats; but a Slave of mine had ſo much humanity in him, as to ſpare my Blood, and ſecure me from the Fury of the reſt. They agreed to chuſe him for King, who, upon a certain appointed day, ſhould firſt of them all diſcover the riſing

riſing of the Sun. They met together in a Field. This multitude of People did fix their Eyes ſteady upon the Eaſtern part of the Sky, where the Sun ſhould riſe; only my Slave, whom I had inſtructed, looked towards the Weſt. I ſuppoſe, you do not queſtion but they thought him a Fool for it. However, whil'ſt he was thus with his back turned towards them, he firſt ſaw the Beams of the Sun, which appeared upon the Top of a very high Tower, and his Companions were ſtill peeping towards the Eaſt for the whole body of the Sun. He was admired for his quick Wit, but he freely confeſſed, he was beholding to me for it, and that I was ſtill living, thereupon I was immediately choſe King, as though I had been ſome Divinity.

R. Urbin. I find your Counſel to your Slave proved very uſeful to you, but I ſee nothing that is admirable in it.

Stra. Ah! All the Philoſophers in theſe parts, will anſwer for me, that I taught my Slave the very thing, that all the Wiſe ſhould practiſe, would they find out the truth? Let them go contrary to the generality of the People, for common Opinions are the Rule of ſound Opinions, provided they be taken in a contrary ſenſe.

R. Urbin. Thoſe kind of Philoſophers, ſpeak like Philoſophers indeed. They make it their buſineſs to ſpeak ill of common Opinions and Prejudications, in the mean time, there's nothing more convenient, nor more uſeful.

Stra. One may judge by what you ſay, that you were no loſer by following them.

R. Urbin. I aſſure you, if I am for Prejudications, 'tis not for Intereſts ſake; on the contrary, whilſt I was in the World, they were a great *Ridicule* to me. They were trying at *Rome* to ſave ſome Statues, that

that were fallen under the Ruins, and I being a good Carver, and a good Painter, I was made choice of, to judge whether they were Pieces of Antiquity or not. *Michael-Angelo*, my Competitor, did privately make a Statue of *Bacchus*, and rarely well he made it. Having finished it, he broke off one of the Fingers, and buried it in a place, where he knew they would dig. They had no sooner found it, but I declared it to be a piece of Antiquity. *Michael Angelo* maintained it was a Modern Piece. I grounded my Judgment chiefly upou the Beauty of the Statue, which, according to the principles of Art, might pass for the Workmanship of some *Greek* Hand; and being strongly opposed, I run this *Bacchus* up to the time, wherein *Polycletes* and *Phidias* did flourish. At last *Micha-An gelo* shews the broken Finger, which was an Argument not to be opposed. I was laughed at for my

preoccupation; but what I could I have done without this preoccupation. I was Judge, and that quality forceth one to a Deciſion.

Stra. You might have decided the Diſpute according to Reaſon.

R. Urbin. And does Reaſon decide things? By conſulting her, I ſhould never have known, whether the Statue had been a piece of Antiquity or not, I ſhould only have known that it was a very fine piece. But Prejudication comes and tells me, that a fine Statue muſt be a piece of Antiquity; here's a Deciſion, and I Judge.

Stra. It is very probable, that Reaſon might not ſupply Men with undeniable Principles in matters of ſo little Conſequence, as this is; but in reference to all that concerns the Conduct of Men, ſhe is ſure in her Deciſions; the miſchief is, they do not conſult her.

R. Urbin. Let us conſult *her* a little in ſome point or other, to ſee how ſhe concludes. Let us ask *her*, whe-

whether we ſhould cry or laugh at the Death of Friends, and Relations. Here ſhe'll tell you, they can do you no farther good, you muſt Weep. Again, they are freed from the miſeries of Life, Rejoyce then. Theſe are the Anſwers of Reaſon; but the cuſtom of our Country tells us, what we muſt do in this caſe. We Weep, if the Cuſtom be ſuch, and that ſo bitterly, that we imagine it to be impoſſible we could laugh, upon that ſcore; or elſe we Laugh, and that ſo heartily, that we think it impoſſible we could weep.

Stra. Reaſon is not always thus irreſolute. When ſhe meets with a thing, that is not worth *her* concern in it, *ſhe* turns it over to Prejudication; but how exact are the Ideas, which *ſhe* frames upon a World of conſiderable things; and the Conſequences *ſhe* draws from them, are no leſs conſiderable.

R. Urbin. I am very much deceived, if theſe *exact Ideas* you ſpeak

of, are ſo many as you would have them to be.

Stra. 'Tis no matter. They only ought to be believed.

R. Urbin. That can't be.

Stra. Methinks, you make too poſitive a Concluſion. Why may it not be?

R. Urbin. Becauſe the infallible Maxims, which Reaſon propoſes to us, are too few in number, and our mind is made to believe more. Thus the ſurpluſage of *her* Inclination to believe redounds to the profit of Prejudications.

Stra. And may not a Man ſuſpend his Judgment? Reaſon is at a ſtand, when ſhe cann't reſolve which way to take.

R. Urbin. You are in the right; Reaſon has but one Secret to keep her ſelf from going aſtray, and that is, not to move a ſtep. When *ſhe* finds the way does ſeparate in two, *ſhe* is at a ſtand; but this is a violent State for the Mind of Man; it is

in

in motion, and must have its full career. 'Tis not every one, that knows how to make doubts, to attain to that, a man had need of a good insight into things, and strength to hold there. Moreover Doubt is void of Action, and Men are for Action.

Stra. Prejudications should not be customary neither, if one man would act like another; but if he will think as a wise man should, he must rid himself of the Prejudications of the Mind.

R. Urbin. It is better to keep them all. I see you do not know the two Answers which the Old *Samnite* made for his Country Men, when they sent to know of him what they should do after they had shut up the whole Army of the *Romans*, their mortal Enemies, in the Straits of *Candinium*, and had it in their power to do with them, as they pleased. The Old Man made answer, that they should put

all the *Romans* to the Sword. His Counſel ſeemed too hard and too cruel, and the *Samnites* ſent to him, to let him underſtand the inconveniences of it. The Old Man's anſwer was, that they ſhould ſpare the *Romans* Lives, without making any Articles. Neither of his Counſels was followed, and they ſmarted for it. It is juſt ſo with Prejudications, they muſt either be all preſerved, or all quite laid aſide. Otherwiſe, thoſe, which you have caſt off, make you begin to miſtruſt all your other Opinions. The unhappineſs of being deceived in many things has no amends from the pleaſure of being deceived without knowing it; and you neither enjoy the bright beams of Truth, nor the delights of Error.

Stra. If the Alternative, you propoſe, be unavoidable, a man need not ſtand ſtudying which ſide he'll take. Away then with all your Prejudications.

R. Urbin.

R. Urbin. But Reaſon will drive all former Opinions out of our mind, without ſupplying it with new ones. Wiſdom is a kind of *Vacuum*. And who can maintain that? No, no, with that little Reaſon men are indued, they muſt ſtill have their uſual allowance of Prejudications. They are the ſupplies of Reaſon. What is wanting in the one, is made good in the other.

Sixth Dialogue.

Lucretia, Barbara Plomberg.

B. Plomb. SInce you have ſuch difficulty to believe me, I will tell you once again. The Em-

all the *Romans* to the Sword. His Counſel ſeemed too hard and too cruel, and the *Samnites* ſent to him, to let him underſtand the inconveniences of it. The Old Man's anſwer was, that they ſhould ſpare the *Romans* Lives, without making any Articles. Neither of his Counſels was followed, and they ſmarted for it. It is juſt ſo with Prejudications, they muſt either be all preſerved, or all quite laid aſide. Otherwiſe, thoſe, which you have caſt off, make you begin to miſtruſt all your other Opinions. The unhappineſs of being deceived in many things has no amends from the pleaſure of being deceived without knowing it; and you neither enjoy the bright beams of Truth, nor the delights of Error.

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Sixth Dialogue.

Lucretia, Barbara Plomberg.

B. Plomb. SInce you have ſuch difficulty to believe me, I will tell you once again. The Em-

Emperour, *Charles* the Fifth, had an Intrigue with the Princeſs I told you of, and I was made uſe of for a Blind; but the concern went farther; beſides this, the Princeſs deſired me, I would be Mother to a young Prince newly born; to oblige her, I conſented. Now you'll wonder! Have you not heard ſay, that whatever our Merit is, we muſt ſtill be above that Merit, through the little eſteem we ought to make of it; that your Wits, for example, ought in this manner to be above their Talent in that kind? For my part, I was above my Vertue, I had more than I deſired.

Lucretia. That's a good one. You are fooliſh, one cann't have too much.

B. Plomb. Now I am ſerious, whoever would ſend me into the World again, upon condition I ſhould be a right accompliſhed Perſon, I do not think, I ſhould accept of the proffer. I know that in being

ing ſo very perfect, I ſhould be a cauſe of vexation to many perſons, I ſhould be always wiſhing for ſome defect, or ſome weakneſs or other, for the comfort of thoſe, I ſhould live withall.

Lucr. That is to ſay, that for the Womens ſake, who had not ſo much Virtue, you had qualified yours.

B. Plomb. I had qualified the appearance of it, leſt they ſhould look upon me, as to their Accuſer to the publick, if they had thought me more ſevere than themſelves.

Lucr. They were indeed much obliged to you, and more particularly the Princeſs, who was ſo happy as to find out a Mother for her Children. And did ſhe put but one upon you?

B. Plomb. No, but one.

Lucr. I wonder, ſhe did not make farther uſe of the opportunity ſhe had, for you mattered not Reputation.

Now I will ſurpriſe you. Know then, that my indifferency for Reputation was lucky to me. I do not comprehend, what the power of Truth is? but it was found out at laſt, that the Prince, that went for my Son, was none of mine; I have had more Juſtice done me, than I deſired, and it ſeems as if People did deſire to make me ſatisfaction in that manner, becauſe I made no ſhew of my Virtue, and becauſe I had generouſly waved the Eſteem, which was due to me.

Lucr. This is a fine kind of Generoſity; there is no diſpenſing with the Publick upon this account.

B. Plomb. You think ſo! It is very humorous, and ſometimes it ſtrives to fly in the face of ſuch, as would huff it into an eſteem of them. You ſhould know this better, than any one. Some perſons have been ſtrangely ſcandalized at your over-earneſt deſire of Glory; they have

have done what they could to undervalue their death.

Lucr. And what way did they find, to quarrel with ſo Heroical an Action?

B. Plomb. How do I know? They ſaid, you killed your ſelf ſomewhat too late; and that your Death had been far more creditable, had you not ſtaid for *Tarquin's* laſt Attempts; but that in all likelihood you would not kill your ſelf upon ſlight grounds without knowing wherefore. In ſhort, 'tis evident, People did you Juſtice with a very ill will; but they took a pleaſure to do me right; may be it was, becauſe you were too eager of Glory, whereas I let it come of it ſelf, without ſo much as wiſhing for it.

Lucr. Say too, that you did your uttermoſt to hinder it.

B. Plomb. But does modeſty go for nothing? I was ſo modeſt, as to be willing, that my Virtue ſhould be unknown. On the contrary,

you

you expoſed yours in great ſtate; nay, you would not kill your ſelf, but in the preſence of your whole Family. Is not Virtue contented with it ſelf alone, without deſiring Witneſſes? Is it not the property of a great Soul, to ſcorn this Chymera of Glory?

Lucr. Have a care of that. It would be too dangerous a piece of Wiſdom. This kind of Chymera is the only powerful thing in the World. It is the Soul of all things, it is preferred before all things, and do but ſee what a world of People it brings into *Elyſium*. Glory brings us more Perſons, than a Feaver does; I am of that number, ſo I may ſpeak by experience.

B. Plomb. You may well be taken for Bubbles then; you, here, that died of that Diſtemper, for at the very inſtant, that you come into theſe lower parts, all the Glory imaginable does you no good.

Lucr.

Lucr. That is a Secret of the place, where we now are. The Living muſt not be made privy to it.

B. Plomb. They are to be very much pitied, that they do not conceive how inſenſible we are. Did they know it, they would not depend upon an Immortality, that concerns them not.

Lucr. What matters it, whil'ſt they are alive, they ſtill enjoy the pleaſure, to believe it does concern them?

B. Plomb. Ay, but this Pleaſure which they enjoy before hand, is all they will ever enjoy; they had better rid themſeles of an Idea that deceives them.

Lucr. Farewell all Heroical Actions.

B. Plomb. Why ſo? The conſideration of doing their Duty, would put men upon them; that is, a far more noble conſideration. It is grounded upon Reaſon only.

B. Plomb. And that is the very thing that makes it too insufficient. Glory is grounded upon nothing but the Imagination, and is far more Powerful. Reason her self would not allow that Men should submit themselves to her Conduct alone. She knows but too well, that she stands in need of the help of the Imagination. When *Curtius* was just going to sacrifice himself for his Country, and was ready to leap, armed as he was on Horseback, into that Gulf which broke out in the middle of *Rome*, if one should have said to him, *You ought in duty to cast your self into this Precipice; but rest assured, that no body will ever speak of your Action:* in earnest, I am much afraid, *Curtius* would have made his Horse go back again. For my part, I cannot say, that I should have killed my self upon a bare Consideration of my Duty. Why, kill my self? I should have believed that my Duty was not

not injured through the Violence that was offered me: at the uttermoſt, I ſhould have thought to have made ſatisfaction with Tears: But to make my Name Famous, I ſtabbed my ſelf.

B, Plomb. Shall I tell you what I think of the Matter? Theſe Actions were as good let alone, as executed out of a Principle as falſe as that of Glory.

Lucr. You are a little too quick. All Duties, if rightly conſidered, are fulfilled though not by way of Duty; all thoſe brave Feats which Men ſhould perform, are duly performed: In fine, the Order eſtabliſhed by Nature in the World has its Courſe ſtill: All that is to be ſaid, is, That what Nature could not have obtained from our Reaſon, ſhe hath it of our Folly.

DIALOGUES
OF SOME
MODERN DEAD.

First DIALOGUE.

Soliman, Julietta of Gonzaga.

Soliman. AH! What's the reason I have not seen you till now? Why did I lose all those Pains I took in my Life-time to seek after you? I had had the Beauty of *Italy* in my *Seraglio*, and now I see a Shadow onely, without Features, and no ways differing from the rest.

Julietta. I cannot express my due Thanks

Thanks to you for the Love you conceiv'd for me upon the Reports of my Beauty. It added much to the Reputation I had of being Beautiful; and I am bound to you for thoſe Moments wherein I took moſt delight. It will ever be a Pleaſure to me to think of that Night, above all other, when the Pyrat *Barbaroſſa*, whom you ordered to take me up, thought to have ſurpriſed me in *Cajetto*, and forced me out of Town all in diſorder.

Soliman. What moved you to fly, if you were glad that I ſent to ſeek you?

Julietta. I was pleaſed that I was ſought for; and I was yet better pleaſed they could not lay hold on me. Nothing was ſo pleaſing to my Thoughts, as that I was wanting to *Soliman's* Happineſs, and that I was eſteemed worth ſpeaking of in the *Seraglio*, a Place ſo repleniſhed with Beauties: but I wiſhed for no more. The *Seraglio* is pleaſant to none but

ſuch

ſuch as are wiſhed for there, and not for them that are ſhut up in it.

Sol. I ſee now what you were afraid of; ſo many Rivals would not have ſuited with your Humour. You were apprehenſive too, perhaps, that among ſo many Lovely Women, moſt of them might ſerve onely for an Ornament to the *Seraglio*.

Jul. You charge me here with very pretty Thoughts.

Sol. What was there then in the *Seraglio* that was ſo dreadful?

Jul. There I ſhould have been ſtrangely offended at the Vanity of you *Sultans*, who, out of oſtentation of your Grandeur, do ſhut up therein I know not how many fine Creatures, whereof the greateſt part are of no uſe to you, and yet are loſt to the reſt of the World. You force them into a Fidelity to you, which does you no good; and Fidelity, even that which might be voluntary, ſeems contrary to Nature: She did not intend that the Proceedings of

Women

Women ſhould be carried on in a ſtreight and even manner, for the ſame reaſon that ſhe did not intend the Courſe of Rivers ſhould be ſtreight.

Sol. And why is not the Courſe of Rivers ſtreight?

Jul. Becauſe if they were, but few would be the better for them. Judge you by this, how much Injuſtice you commit in the *Seraglio*, out of a fooliſh vanity of not being betrayed, love or love not. Moreover, who could bear the intolerable Pride of a *Sultan*, whoſe ſole Declarations of Love are indiſpenſible Commands, and who makes his abſolute Authority paſs for languiſhing Complaints? No, I was no ways fit for the *Seraglio*: You needed not to have commanded a Search for me, I ſhould never have made you happy.

Sol. How can you be ſo ſure of that?

Jul. Becauſe I know you could not have made me happy. *Sol.*

Sol. I do not very well understand the Consequence. Is it any matter whether I had made you happy or not?

Jul. How? You fancy one may be made happy in Love, by a Person that does not partake of that Happiness; that there are solitary Pleasures, as I may call them, and such as need not be communicative; and that one may enjoy them, when one does not bestow them? Oh! these Opinions cause Horrour in well-disposed Hearts.

Sol. I am a *Turk*; therefore I may be excused if I am not so tender-hearted as I should be. However, methinks I am not so much in the wrong. Did not you just now highly blame Vanity?

Jul. Yes.

Sol. And is not this Desire to render others happy, a Motion of Vanity? Is it not an intolerable Pride in you to refuse to make me happy, unless I will make you happy too?

A *Sultan* is more modeſt; he receives Pleaſure from many very lovely Women, without concerning himſelf to afford them any. Don't laugh at this manner of Argument, it has more ſolidity in it than you are aware of. Think of it, conſult the Heart of Mankind, and you'll find that this Tenderneſs which you value ſo much, is but a kind of a proud requital. Men will be clear of all Ties of Obligations, they will owe nothing.

Jul. Well then, I grant you, that Vanity is neceſſary.

Sol. Juſt now you condemned it highly.

Jul. That which I ſpoke of, I did condemn; but I like this very well. Have you any difficulty to conceive that the good Qualities of Man do hang by others that are bad, and that it would be dangerous to cure him of his Failings?

Sol. But one does not know what to fix upon. What muſt we think of Vanity?

Jul. In one certain degree, 'tis a Vice; a little more on this ſide, 'tis a Vertue.

Second Dialogue.

Paracelſus, Moliere.

Moliere. IF it were but for your Name ſake alone, I ſhould be in love with you. *Paracelſus*! A Man would take you to be either a *Greek* or a *Latin*, and he would never bethink himſelf that *Paracelſus* was a Philoſopher of *Swizerland.*

Paracelſus I have rendred that Name as famous, as 'tis graceful. My Writings are a great Help to all that are deſirous to dive into the Secrets of Nature, and moſt eſpecially to thoſe that aim at the Knowledge of *Genius*'s, and thoſe other Elementary Inhabitants.

Mol. I

Mol. I eaſily conceive that thoſe are the true Sciences. To know thoſe Men one ſees every day, is nothing; every Body can do as much: But to know the *Genius's*, which one does not ſee, is clear another thing.

Par. Doubtleſs it is. I have ſet forth in an exact manner their Nature, their Employments, their Inclinations, their different Degrees, as alſo what their Power is in the World.

Mol. How happy were you in having all theſe Inſights! For it ſtands to reaſon, that you perfectly underſtood Man, and yet a great many could not ſo much as attain to that.

Par. Oh! Every petty Philoſopher did attain to it.

Mol. I believe as much. You met with no farther Difficulty, than in what concerned the Nature of Mans Soul, her Functions, her Union with the Body?

Par. To be free with you, It is impoſſible but there muſt always be ſome Difficulties remaining about theſe Matters; but, in ſhort, a Man knows as much of them as is poſſible to be learn'd of Philoſophy.

Mol. And you know no more?

Par. No: Is not that enough too?

Mol. Enough? 'Tis juſt nothing at all: And you hopp'd thus over Men, whom you knew not, to get to the *Genius* of them.

Par. Your *Genius* hath ſomething extraordinary in it, that does egg on Natural Curioſity.

Mol. It has ſo; but we ought not to mind them, till firſt we are aſſured, that Man has nothing farther in him that is worth our ſtudying. It ſeems as if the Wit of Man had drained every thing, conſidering how it frames to it ſelf Objects of Sciences, that perhaps have nothing of Reality in them, and wherewith it does intangle it ſelf by way of ſport: Yet it is aſſured, there are

real

real Objects enough to entertain it.

Par. The Mind does naturally wave the plainer ſort of Sciences, and hunts after thoſe that are obſcure and Myſterious. Theſe onely are able to make Work for its Activity.

Mol. The Mind has the worſt of that; what you ſay, redounds to its Infamy. Truth offers her ſelf to it; but becauſe ſhe is plain, it diſowns her, and entertains ridiculous Myſteries in her room, meerly becauſe they are Myſteries. I am apt to believe, that if moſt People did ſee the Order of the World ſo as in effect it is, by neglecting to take notice either of Vertues of Numbers, Properties of Planets, or of the Fatalities attending ſome certain Seaſons or Revolutions, they could not forbear ſaying, *What, is this all?*

Par. You turn into *Ridicule* theſe Myſteries, which you could not dive into, and which indeed are reſerved for none but Men of great Parts.

Mol. I prefer thoſe that do not underſtand theſe Myſteries, far before thoſe that do underſtand them; but by misfortune, Nature has not made every one incapable of underſtanding them.

Par. But you, that take upon you to decide things with ſuch Authority, what Trade did you follow when you were living?

Mol. A Trade very different from yours. You ſtudied the Vertues of Mans *Genius*, and I ſtudied the Follies of Men.

Par. A fine Study indeed. Is it not well enough known, that Men are ſubject to commit but too many Follies?

Mol. We know it in groſs, and confuſedly; but we muſt come to Particulars, and then we are ſurpriſed at the extent of this Science.

Par. And in concluſion, what uſe did you make of it?

Mol. I gather'd together, in a certain Place, as many People as I could;

could; and there I let them ſee they were all Fools.

Par. Your Arguments were terrible, ſure, ſince you could perſuade them to ſuch a Truth.

Mol. Not at all.: Nothing ſo eaſie. There needs no ſuch great Eloquence, nor premeditated Arguments, to prove their Follies. What they do, is ſo ridiculous, that 'tis but doing the ſame thing over again before them, and you'll preſently ſee them burſt out into Laughter.

Par. I know your meaning; you were a Stage-player. For my part, I can't imagine what pleaſure there is in Plays. People go thither to laugh at the Humours and Manners which they repreſent; but why don't thy laugh at the Manners themſelves?

Mol. To laugh at the Paſſages in the World, a Man muſt, as it were, be out of it; and Plays do withdraw you from it. They expoſe *all* to your ſight, juſt as if you were no Party concerned.

Par. But a Man is not long before he unites himſelf again to this *all*, which he laughed at, and he begins to make a part of it again.

Mol. You need not doubt it. Whilſt I was diverting my ſelf the other day, I made here a little Tale upon that Subject. A young Gooſe did fly with that uncomelineſs as is uſual to the Kind; and during this Flight, of a moments laſting, which raiſed it about a Foot high from the Ground, it inſulted over the reſt of the Back-yard Inhabitants. *Ah! you wretched Creatures,* ſays it, *that I ſee underneath me, and that know not how to make your way through the Air!* But at the ſame time the Gooſe fell down again.

Par. What is the Benefit then of thoſe Reflexions which your Plays ſtir up in Man, ſince they are like the Flight of this Gooſe, and ſince at the very ſame moment he falls again into all common Follies?

Mol. 'Tis a great matter, that a Man

Man mock'd himſelf. Nature has made us very apt to it, that ſo we might not become our own Bubble. How often does it happen, that whilſt one Part of us is doing any thing with eagerneſs, another Part laughs at the former; and, if need were too, a third Part might be found out that would laugh at both the two firſt. Does not Man ſeem to be a Compound of Contraries?

Par. All this will not much trouble a Mans Brain. Some ſlight Reflections, ſome merry Conceits, that are many times ill applied, ſuch as theſe indeed deſerve no greateſteem; but how muſt a Man ſtrain his Thoughts to treat of higher Subjects?

Mol. You come back again to your *Genius's*, and I keep to my Sots. However, though I have done nothing but labour in theſe Matters, ſo expoſed to the Eyes of the whole World, I can foretel you, that my Plays will laſt longer than your

ſublime Writings. All is ſubject to the Changes of the Mode; the Productions of the Mind are not ſecure from the Fate of Clothes. I have ſeen I know not how many Books, and ſeveral ſorts of Writing, buried with their Authors; like as, in ſome Parts of the World, they bury with the deceaſed every thing they moſt delighted in whilſt they lived. I perfectly know what may be the Revolutions of the *Empire of Learning*; and beſides all this, I dare warrant the continuance of my *Pieces*. I can tell you the Reaſon of it. He that will paint to laſt for ever, muſt paint Sots.

Third

Third Dialogue.

Mary Stuart, *David Riccio*.

D. Riccio. NO, I ſhall never be ſatisfied with my Death.

M. Stuart. Me thinks, though, it was good enough for a Muſician. The chiefeſt Lords of the Court of *Scotland*, and the King my Husband too, were fain to plot againſt thee; and never ſuch Meaſures were taken, nor ſo much ado made to put any Prince to death.

D. Ric. A Death ſo glorious as that, was not intended for a poor Player on the Lute, whom Poverty had driven out of *Italy* into *Scotland*. You had better have let me paſs away my Days in quiet, as one of your Muſicians, than raiſe me to the Dignity of a Miniſter of State, which

which doubtleſs did ſhorten my Life.

M. Stu. I ſhould have never believed that thou wouldeſt prove to be ſo little ſenſible of my Favours towards thee. Thou alone didſt ſit every day at my Table with me; was that but a ſmall diſtinction? Believe me, *Riccio*, a Favour of that kind was no prejudice to thy Reputation.

D. Ric. It did me no other harm, but that I was to die for receiving it too frequently. Alas! I ſate Cheek-by-Joul with you at Dinner, when I ſaw the King come in, attended by the Gentleman that was choſen out to be one of my Murderers, becauſe he was naturally the frightfulleſt *Scot* that ever was born; beſides, he had been newly cured of a Quartan-Ague, which made him look more frightfully. I can't tell whether he beſtowed any Blows upon me; but as much as I can remember, the very fright he put me in, ſtruck me dead. *M. Stu.*

M. Stu. I honour'd thy Memory ſo far, as to make thee be entombed with the Kings of *Scotland.*

D. Ric. I am entombed with the Kings of *Scotland?*

M. Stu. Nothing more true.

D. Ric. I have been ſo little ſenſible of the good that did me, that you now tell me the firſt News of it. But, O my Lute, was I ſo unlucky as to forſake thee, and mind nothing but how to govern a Kingdom!

M. Stu. Thou complaineſt! Know then, that my Death was a thouſand times more unfortunate than thine.

D. Ric. Oh! but you were born in a Condition that was ſubject to great Turns and Changes; but for me, I was born to die in my Bed. Nature had ſettled me in the beſt Condition in the World; no Eſtate, of mean Extraction, ſomething onely of a Voice, and a little Wit to play on the Lute.

M. Stu. Thy Lute does ſtill ſtick

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in thy Stomach. Well then, thou didſt meet with one unlucky Moment; but before that, how many pleaſant Days didſt thou enjoy? What wouldſt thou have done, if thou hadſt never been other than a Muſician? Thou wouldſt have been weary of ſo low a Condition.

D. Ric. I would have ſought my Happineſs in my own ſelf.

M. Stu. Go, thou art fooliſh. Thou haſt ſpoiled thy ſelf ſince thou haſt been dead, either by thy idle Reflections, or by the Converſation thou haſt had with the Philoſophers that are here. 'Tis a likely matter, indeed, that Men ſhould be happy in their own ſelves.

D. Ric. They want onely to be perſuaded, they may be ſo. A Poet of my Country did deſcribe an Enchanted Caſtle, wherein Lovers of both Sexes do ſeek for one another with great concern and eagerneſs; they meet together at every turn, and never know one another.

There

There is a Charm of the ſame nature upon the Happineſs of Men: They have it in their Thoughts, and do not know it, it offers it ſelf a thouſand times to them, and they wander afar off to ſeek it out.

M. Stu. Lay aſide the Jangling and Chymeras of Philoſophy. When there is nothing to help to make us happy, are we of a diſpoſition to take the pains to be ſo by our Reaſon?

D. Ric. Yet Happineſs does very well deſerve as much as that from us.

M. Stu. We ſhould labour in vain, our Reaſon and *It* can't agree together. We ceaſe to be happy, ſo ſoon as we feel the Strifes we are put to, to be happy. If any one did feel how each Part of his Body does labour to keep it ſelf in good temper, do you think he would be well in health? For my part, I ſhould take him to be ſick. Happineſs reſembles Mans Health; he muſt have it

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in him, without his own putting in; and if Reaſon does contribute any Happineſs to him, it is like Health that is maintained by force of Remedies, and is always very weakly and uncertain.

Fourth Dialogue.

The Third Falſe Demetrius, Deſcartes.

Deſcartes. SUre I ſhould know the Northern Countries almoſt as well as you. I paſſed a good part of my time in *Holland*, where I did nothing but play the Philoſopher; and at laſt I went and died in *Suede*, ſtill a greater Philoſopher than ever.

Demetrius. I ſee, that according to the Relation you make me of your Life, it has been very eaſie; it

was

was wholly applied to Philoſophy. I was far from living ſo quietly.

Deſc. 'Twas your own fault. How come you to think of making your ſelf Great Duke of *Muſcovy*, and of taking thoſe ways to compaſs your Deſign, as you did? You undertake to paſs for Prince *Demetrius*, who has Right to the Crown; and you have already before your Eyes the Example of two Falſe *Demetrius's*, who having taken that Name upon them one after the other, were found out what they were, and periſhed moſt miſerably. You ought at leaſt to have bethought your ſelf of ſome newer Cheat: It is not likely, that that, which had been already worn out of date, ſhould take effect.

Dem. Betwixt you and I, the *Muſcovites* are no ſuch *Wits*: They are ſo weak, as to pretend to be like the ancient *Greeks*; but God knows what Ground they have for it.

Deſc. Yet they are not ſuch Sots, as to let themſelves be bubbled by three

three False *Demetrius*'s one after another. I am sure, that when you began to take that Quality upon you, they almost all said, in a scornful manner, *What, still more* Demetrius's?

Dem. Notwithstanding all this, I made my self a considerable Party. The Name of *Demetrius* was beloved, People always ran after the Name. You know what the People are.

Desc. And did not the ill Success of the other two *Demetrius*'s make you afraid?

Dem. It encouraged me. Who could believe, that any but the true *Demetrius* would have dared to appear, after what had hapned to the other two? It was a Presumption too, had he been never so much the True *Demetrius*.

Desc. But suppose you had been the first that had taken that Name upon you, with what Face could you take it, unless you had been assured

ſured that you could make it good by ſome colourable Proofs?

Dem. But you, that put ſo many Queſtions to me, and are ſo hard to pleaſe, how did you dare to make your ſelf the Author of a New Philoſophy, which was to contain all the Truths that were unknown till then?

Deſc. I had made diſcovery of many things that were probable enough, and I ſooth'd my ſelf up with a fancy they might be true; they were, beſides, ſo new, that they might eaſily make up a Sect by it ſelf.

Dem. And did not the Example of ſo many Philoſophers (whoſe Opinions ſeem'd as ſolid as yours, yet were reckoned at laſt but ſorry Philoſophers) ſtartle you? A Man might name you a vaſt number of ſuch; but you can tell me but of two Falſe *Demetrius*'s beſides my ſelf: I was but the third of my kind, that had undertaken to gull the *Muſcovites*;

vites; but a thouſand more, beſides your ſelf, did make it their ſtudy how to impoſe upon Men.

Deſc. You knew you was not Prince *Demetrius*; but I never publiſhed any thing but what I believed was true, and I did not believe it without good Grounds. I was not cured of Philoſophy till I came hither.

Dem. 'Tis no matter. Notwithſtanding your good Belief, you muſt needs be very bold, to affirm ſo confidently, That you had found out the Truth. People have been deceived already by ſo many others that did aver the ſame, that when any new Philoſophers do offer themſelves, I wonder they do not all cry out in one Voice, *What, ſtill more and more Philoſophers and Philoſophy!*

Deſc. There is ſome Reaſon for People to be always cheated with the Promiſes of Philoſophers; there is a diſcovery made from time to time of ſome ſmall inconſidera-

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ble Truths, that amuſe the World a little; but, I confeſs, there is little Progreſs made into the depth of Philoſophy. I believe alſo, that in ſome conſiderable *Points* the Truth is now and then found out; but the miſchief is, Men do not know they have found it: For Philoſophy (I think a dead Man may ſay what he liſt) is like a Play which Children uſe, where one amongſt them runs blindfold after the reſt: If he catches any of them, he is obliged to name him, elſe he muſt let him go, and then run again. Not but that we Philoſophers, though our Eyes be very cloſe hid, do ſometimes lay hold of the Truth: But what? we cannot juſtifie it to *her* that 'tis *ſhe* we have laid hold of, then at that very inſtant *ſhe* gives us the ſlip.

Dem. It is but too apparent, that Truth is not made for us: So, at laſt you'll ſee, there will be no ſeeking after her, Men will be out of heart, and be at eaſe.

Desc. I assure you, your Prediction is not right. Men are huge eager of those things which they once take a fancy to. Each one believes, that which is denied all others, is reserved for him alone. Within these four and twenty thousand Years, there will come Philosophers, that shall make it their Braggs, That they will root out all those Errours that were in being for the space of thirty thousand years; and there will be *those* that will believe, that then will be the time indeed that Men shall begin to open their Eyes, and see clear.

Dem. What? 'twas a great Venture to try to deceive the *Muscovites* a third time; and it shall be no Venture at all, for a Man to endeavour to deceive all Mankind for the thirtieth thousand time? They are then greater Bubbles than the *Muscovites*?

Desc. Yes, in point of Truth. They are more in love with *it*, than the

the *Muſcovites* were with the Name of *Demetrius*.

Dem. If I were to begin again, I would not be a Falſe *Demetrius*, I would become a Philoſopher: But how if People ſhould chance to fall into a diſlike of Philoſophy, and deſpair of ever finding out the Truth? I ſhould ſtill fear this.

Deſc. You had far greater reaſon to be in fear when you were Prince. Believe it, Men will never be diſcouraged. It would be great pity they could fall into ſuch Deſpair. Since your Modern People make as little diſcovery of the Truth as your Ancient did, it is but juſt, they ſhould at leaſt have as great hopes of diſcovering it. This Hope is pleaſing, though it be but a vain one. If Truth be no Right of th' one, nor of th' other, at leaſt, they Both have a Right to Errour.

Fifth Dialogue.

The Dutcheſs of Valentinia, Anne of Bullen.

Anne of Bullen. I Admire your good luck. *S. Valier* your Father commits a Crime, as it were on purpoſe to raiſe your Fortune. He is condemned to loſe his Head, you go and beg his Pardon of the King. To be pretty, and beg Favours of a young Prince, does engage a Perſon to grant ſome: And thus you became Miſtreſs to *Francis* the Firſt.

Dutcheſs. My greateſt happineſs in this, is, that my Love to my Father did bring me into this *Gallantry*. My Inclinations might eaſily lie hid under ſo favourable a Pretence.

A. of B. But the Iſſue of your Inclinations did quickly diſcover whither they tended; for your *Gallantries*

tries out-lasted your Fathers Danger.

Dutch. That's nothing. In Love-concerns, the Beginning is all in all. The whole World knows, that he that makes one Step forward, will make many more. The main Point is to begin this first Step well. I fancy my Conduct was pretty suitable to the Opportunity Fortune did offer me, and that History will not record me for an half-witted *Creature.* 'Tis look'd upon as a great matter, that the Lord High Constable *Montmorency* should be a Minister of State, and a Favourite, to three Kings: But I was Mistress to two Kings; and I reckon that a greater matter.

A. of B. Far be it from me to question your able *Parts*; but I think I out-did you. You held out as a Mistress a long time; but I made my self a Wife. A King follows you close, so long as his Heart inclines towards you; that's no

trouble to him: If he makes you Queen, 'tis but when he is out of hopes of satisfying his Passion otherwise.

Dutch. But a Lovers Passion must be nourished still, and entertain'd; and a Mariage once made up, puts us off of all farther Concern. Love is easily exasperated, when one ceases to comply with it; and 'tis a very hard matter to quench it, when one yields to it. In fine, It was your part to refuse still with your wonted severity; and I was forced to be still yielding, and study new ways to please.

A. of B. Since you follow me thus close with your Reasons and Arguments, I must tell you farther, That if I made my self a Wife, 'twas not because I was over-loaded with Virtue.

Dutch. And if I purchas'd my self a constant Love, 'twas not because I was so very faithful.

A. of B. I will tell you yet more;

I had neither Vertue, nor Reputation of Vertue.

Dutch. I thought as much before; for I ſhould have taken Reputation for Vertue it ſelf.

A. of B. Me thinks you ſhould not reckon up, in the number of your Advantages, ſome Infidelities you committed againſt your Lover, and which, in all likelihood, were very private? They cannot add to your Glory. But when I began to be beloved of the King of *England*, the People who had been made acquainted with my Adventures, did not keep them ſecret, and yet I got the better of Reputation.

Dutch. I could perhaps make it appear to you, if I would my ſelf, that I was unfaithful to *Henry* the Second, though not with ſo much myſtery as to redound to my Honour; but I will not inſiſt upon this Point. The want of Fidelity may either be hid, or the Breach made up again; but how is it poſſible to

hide or repair the want of Youth? However, I overcame it. I was full of Tongue, and I made my self be adored; that's nothing; but I was grown in Years. You, you were young, and suffered your Head to be cut off. Though I was a Grandmother, I should not have suffered my Head to be cut off.

A. of B. I confess, that is the only Blemish of my Life; let us say no more of it. I cannot yield to you about your Age neither, which you make such a Business of, that was not so hard to disguise as my Course of Life was. I must needs disturb the Brains of him that resolved to make me his Wife; but it was enough for you, that you had prepossessed the Eyes of him that still thought you handsom, and accustomed them by Degrees to the Alterations of your Beauty.

Dutch. You are not well versed in the Humours of Men. When a Woman appears lovely to their Eye,

Eye, ſhe ſeems to their Mind what ſhe pleaſes her ſelf; Vertuous, if you will, though ſhe be nothing leſs: The onely difficulty is to appear lovely to them ſo long as ſhe would her ſelf.

A. of B. I yield, you have convinced me; but tell me your Secret, how you did repair your Age. I am dead, and you may teach it me, without any fear that I ſhall make an Advantage of it.

Dutch. In earneſt, I do not know my ſelf. We do all great things, without knowing how we do them, and we are ſurpriſed when we have done them. Ask *Cæſar* how he made himſelf Maſter of the World, he may perhaps be put to it how to anſwer you.

A. of B. A glorious Compariſon!

Dutch. It is a juſt one. I ſtood in need of *Cæſar's* good Fortune, to be beloved at my Years. The greateſt Happineſs is this, that to Perſons who have perform'd ſuch great

things as he and I have, (the Feat once done) People do not fail to attribute infallible Designs and Secrets to them, and honour them far beyond what they deserve.

Sixth Dialogue.

Ferdinando Cortez, Montezuma.

F. Cortez. OWn the Truth. You were very dull People, you *Americans*, when you took the *Spaniards* for Men that came down from the Fiery Sphere, because they had Cannons; and when their Ships seem'd to you to be great Birds that flew upon the Sea.

Montezuma. I own it: But I must ask you, Whether the *Athenians* were a fine accomplished People, or not?

F. Cort.

Fr. Cort. How? They inſtructed the reſt of the World.

Montez. And what think you of the Means which *Piſiſtratus* the Tyrant made uſe of to get into the Citadel of *Athens* again, out of which he had been beaten? Did not he dreſs up a Woman like *Minerva*? (For 'tis ſaid, that *Minerva* was the Goddeſs Protectreſs of *Athens*.) Did not he ride up and down the Town in a Chariot, with this Goddeſs of his own making, ſhe holding of him by the Hand, and ſaying to the *Athenians, Here I bring you* Piſiſtratus, *and I command you to receive him*? And did not theſe People, which paſs for ſuch Wits, ſubmit themſelves to the Tyrant, becauſe they would pleaſe *Minerva*, who had declared her Mind to them with her own Mouth?

E. Cort. And who made you ſo well acquainted with the *Athenians* Concerns?

Montez. Since my abode here; I

betook my ſelf to the Study of Hiſtory, by the Converſation I have had with ſeveral of the Dead. But you will, in fine, grant, that the *Athenians* were greater Bubbles than we. We had never ſeen Ships, nor Guns; but they had ſeen Women: and when *Piſiſtratus* undertook to ſubdue them by the means of his Goddeſs, he made it appear, he valued them leſs than you valued us, when you ſubdued us with your great Guns.

F. Cort. There are no People but may be overſeen once in their Life-time. Men are ſurpriſed; the Multitude overſways the more underſtanding ſort. What ſhall I ſay to you? There are beſides other Circumſtances which a Man can't think of, and which perhaps he would not take notice of, though he ſhould diſcover them.

Montez. But was it by ſurpriſal that the *Greeks* did believe in all times, that the knowledge of future things

things was kept in a little Hole under Ground, from whence it diſperſed it ſelf into Exhalations? And what tricks did they uſe to perſuade them, that when the Moon was eclips'd, they could bring her to her ſelf again by making an hideous Noiſe: And how chance a few Perſons only did dare to whiſper it into one anothers Ear, that ſhe was darkned by th'interpoſition of the Earth? I ſhall take no notice of the *Romans*, nor of thoſe Gods they invited to eat with them upon their Days of Rejoycing, nor of thoſe Holy Chickens whoſe Appetite did determine all in the Head-City of the World. In ſhort, tell me of any one Folly committed by our *Americans*, and I will preſently match it with a far greater one of your Country-men; and I will be bound to reckon you none but *Greek* and *Roman* Follies.

F. Cort. Notwithſtanding theſe Follies, the *Greeks* and the *Romans*

were the Inventors of thoſe Arts and Sciences which you did not ſo much as dream of.

Montez. We were very happy in our not knowing that there were any Sciences in the World: We ſhould not perhaps have had ſo much Reaſon, as to have avoided being Learned. People are not always in a capacity to follow the Example of the *Greeks*, who took ſuch care to preſerve themſelves from th' infection of their Neighbour's Sciences. As for Arts, *America* had found out ſuch ways to live without them, as were perhaps more wonderful than the Arts of *Europe* themſelves. When one can write, 'tis an eaſie matter to make Hiſtories; but we knew not how to write, and yet we made Hiſtories. It is eaſie, for ſuch as can build in Water, to make Bridges; but the difficulty is, to build Bridges, and not know how to build in Water. You muſt remember, that in our Grounds the *Spaniards* met with

with a great many things that ſurpaſſed their Underſtanding: I mean, for Example, Stones of ſuch a prodigious bigneſs, that they did not conceive how they were rais'd up to that height as they were, without the help of Engins for the purpoſe. What think you of all this? Me thinks that hitherto you have not made it very well appear what the Advantages of *Europe* are over *America*.

F. Cort. They are ſufficiently proved by all that may diſtinguiſh Civilized People from Barbarous People. Civility reigns amongſt us; there is no room for Force and Violence; Power is moderated by Juſtice, Wars are grounded upon lawful Cauſes: See beſides how very ſcrupulous we were; we did not make War upon your Country, till we had ſtrictly examined whether we had any Right to it, and decided the Queſtion in our own behalf.

Montez. Doubtleſs you did there-

in

in treat Barbarians with more conſideration than they deſerved. I believe your Civility and Juſtice to one another, is anſwerable to your ſcrupuloſity with us. Take away from *Europe* her Formalities, ſhe will differ little from *America*. Civility meaſures all your Steps, dictates all your Words, embroils all your Diſcourſes, and plagues all your Actions; but no news of her in your Principles; and all that Juſtice which ſhould attend your Deſigns, is no where met with but in your Pretences.

F. Cort. I cannot anſwer for Mens Hearts; we onely ſee their Outſide. An Heir that loſes a Father, and gets ſtore of *Means*, puts on Mourning Clothes: Does he grieve much? In all appearance, he does not. Yet if he did not put himſelf into Mourning, he would injure Reaſon.

Mont. I underſtand your meaning. Reaſon does not rule among you, but

but ſhe makes a Proteſtation, That things ſhould be carried on in another manner than they are; That Heirs, for example, ſhould lament their Parents: They admit this Proteſtation; and for better proof thereof, they clothe themſelves in Black. Your Formalities ſerve onely to ſhew a Right which Reaſon has, and which you will not let her execute; and you do not do, but you repreſent what you ſhould do.

F. Cort. And is not that very much? Reaſon bears ſo little ſway among you, that ſhe cannot ſo much as come to give you the leaſt hint of what you ſhould do.

Montez. But you think of her to as little purpoſe, as ſome of your *Greeks* did think of their firſt beginning. They were ſetled in *Tuſcany*, a Barbarous Country as they thought; and they had by little and little ſo accuſtomed themſelves to the ways of that Country, that they had

had forgotten their own ways: Yet they ſeem'd concerned at their being grown Barbarous, and they met together every year, upon a certain prefix'd day; they read over their ancient Laws in *Greek*, which they had laid aſide, and ſcarce ſo much as underſtood them; they wept, and then ſeparated: They no ſooner came out of that Place, but they merrily betook themſelves to the manner of Living of the Country. They ſtood upon the *Greek* Laws, as you do upon Reaſon: They knew there were ſuch Laws in the World, they ſpoke of them, yet ſlightly, and without any benefit. Notwithſtanding, they did in ſome manner grieve for them; but you are not concerned that you have forſaken Reaſon; you have taken an habit to know her, and deſpiſe her.

F. Cort. By this means a Man may, at leaſt, be more enabled to follow her, than better'd in the knowledge of her.

Montez.

Montez. And herein onely we yield to you? Ah! How unhappy were we, that we had not Ships to go and discover your Countries? And why did not we bethink our selves of determining the Case, and declare, That they belonged to us? We should have had as much Right to conquer Them, as you had to conquer Ours.

FINIS.

A Catalogue of some *Novels* and *Plays* Printed for *R. Bentley* and *S. Magnes.*

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1 *Zelinda*, a fam'd *Romance.*
2 *Happy Slave*, in three Parts.
3 Count *Brion.*
4 Count *Gabales.*
5 *Halige*, or the Amours of the King of *Tamaran.*
6 Mad *Lavalier* and the King of *France.*
7 Madam and the Duke of *Guise.*
8 Mad. *Colonna*'s Memoirs.
9 Queen of *Majork*, two Parts.
10 Don *Sebastian* King of *Portugal.*
13 Heroine Musquetier.
12 Princess of *Cleves.*
13 Obliging Mistress.
14 Fatal Prudence.
15 Princess of *Fez.*

16 Disorders

16 Disorders of Love.
17 Triumph of Love.
18 Victorious Lovers.
19 *Almanzor* and *Almanzaida*.
20 Earl of *Essex* and Qu. *Elizabeth*.
21 *Neopolitan*, or, the Defender of his Mistress.
22 *Nicostratis*.
23 Amorous Abbess.
24 *Homais* Queen of *Tunis*.
25 Pilgrim, in two Parts.
26 *Meroveus*, Prince of the Blood-Royal of *France*.
27 Life of the Duke of *Guise*.
28 Extravagant Poet.
29 *Memoires Gallant*.
30 Instruction for a Young Noble-Man.

PLAYS.

1 *Tartuff*, or the *French* Puritan.
2 Forc'd Marriage, or the Jealous Bridegroom.
3 *English Monsieur*.
4 All mistaken, or the Mad Couple.
5 Generous Enemies, or the Ridiculous Lovers.

6 The Plain-Dealer.
7 *Sertorius*, a Tragedy.
8 *Nero*, a Tragedy.
9 *Sophonisba*, or *Hannibal's* Overthrow.
10 *Gloriana*, or the Court of *Auguſtus Cæſar*.
11 *Alexander* the Great.
12 *Mithridates* King of *Pontus*.
13 *Oedipus* King of *Thebes*.
14 *Cæſar Borgia*.
15 *Theodoſius*, or the Force of Love.
16 Madam *Fickle*, or the Witty Falſe One.
17 The Fond Husband, or the Plotting Siſters.
18 Eſquire *Old-Sap*, or the Night-Adventures.
19 Fool turn'd Critick.
20 Virtuous Wife, or Good Luck at laſt.
21 The Fatal Wager.
22 *Andromache*.
23 Country Wit.
24 *Caliſto*, or the Chaſte Nymph.
25 Deſtruction of *Jeruſalem*, in two Parts.
26 An-

26 Ambitious Stateſman, or the Loyal Favourite.
27 Miſery of Civil War.
28 The Murder of the Duke of *Gloceſter*.
29 *Thyeſtes*, a Tragedy.
30 *Hamlet* Prince of *Denmark*, a Tragedy.
31 The Orphan, or the Unhappy Marriage.
32 The Soldiers Fortune.
33 *Tamerlain* the Great.
34 Mr. *Limberham*, or the Kind Keeper.
35 Miſtaken Husband.
36 Notes of *Morocco*, by the Wits.
37 *Eſſex* and *Elizabeth*, or the Unhappy Favourite.
38 Virtue Betray'd, or *Anna Bullen*.
39 King *Leare*.
40 *Abdellazor*, or the *Moor*'s Revenge.
41 Town-Fop, or Sir *Tim. Tawdery*.
42 *Rare en tout*, a *French* Comedy.
43 *Moor* of *Venice*.
44 Country Wife.

45 City Politicks.
46 Duke of *Guiſe.*
47 Rehearſal.
48 King and no King.
49 *Philaſter*, or Love lies a Bleeding.
50 Maids Tragedy.
51 Grateful Servant.
52 Strange Diſcovery.
53 Atheiſt, or the Second Part of the Soldiers Fortune.
54 Wit without Money.
55 Little Thief.
56 Valiant *Scot.*
57 *Conſtantine.*
58 *Valentinian.*
59 Amorous Prince.
60 *Dutch* Lovers.
61 Woman Rules.
62 Reformation.
63 *Hero* and *Leander.*
64 Love Tricks.
65 *Julius Cæſar.*
66 Fatal Jealouſie.
67 Monſieur *Ragou*

INSTRUCTIONS
FOR A
Young Nobleman:
OR, THE
IDEA
OF A
Perſon of Honour.

Done out of *French.*

LONDON,
Printed for *R. Bentley*, and *S. Magnes*, in *Ruſſel-ſtreet* in *Covent-Garden*, 1683.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To my Lord *Ruthyn*, Eldeſt Son to the Right Honourable the Earl of *Kent*.

My Lord,

HOw *differing ſoever have been the Sentiments of Mankind in points of Decency and good Manners, every Nation has*

entertain'd and eſtabliſhed certain Maxims, as the Standards of a Wiſe and Prudent Conduct, and as things conducing nay neceſſary to render the Commerce of life as well agreeable as advantageous. But what People have been moſt happy in the choice of ſuch General Rules, is not very eaſy to determine; and ſhould We allow the advantage to thoſe who in each Age have laid moſt Claim to

Polite-

Politeneſs, yet perhaps we may remain in ſome Perplexity thro' the number of the Candidates. Amongſt the Foreign Modern **P**retenders, *the French ſeem to have the moſt General Vogue, which was the moſt prevalent Motive towards my putting theſe* Inſtructions *into* Engliſh, *being the Eſſays of one of that Nation, and thought worthy of being dedicated to their King. But I know*

not whether they be conſiderable enough to attone for the preſumption in making them an offering to your Lordſhip, *but muſt be forced to have recourſe to your* Native Goodneſs *for my* Pardon. *My Ambition to have your* Lordſhips Name *in the Head of them, was, that the* Idea of a Perſon of ſo much Honour, *would be the means of recommending them unto the* Good Opinion *of the World,*

World, and of making way for their reception, by ſetting before them the Model of what they only Copy. And indeed, though Greatneſs of Spirit, Capacity in Affairs, Solidity of Knowledge and of Judgment with Courage and Loyalty, in defence of our King and our Country, ſeem to be the Birthright of your Family; Yet the Modeſty, Prudence, Penetration and Affability, which already appear

pear in all your Actions, ſhow you endued with no leſs Charming Qualities than thoſe which have acquired to your Family the Popular Glories you Inherit. Thus I can hardly forbear Taxing my ſelf as a Criminal to a High Degree, for aſpiring to Conſecrate ſo ſmall an Oblation to a Perſon ſo every way Conſpicuous: But the early Teſtimonies your Lordſhip has given of your Generoſity

rosity and Disposition to Countenance all Mankind in things that tend towards the promoting the Empire of Virtue, made me Flatter my self that your Lordship would not deny me your Protection in this Occasion. And brought me to give way to the inclination I had to Houour your Merits: And thongh an Homage of this Nature may in no wise be capable to proclaim your Virtues, yet I could no

longer

longer hold from falling in with the General acclamations, nor forbear ſhowing the Zeal and Ambition I have to be accounted,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhips

Moſt Humble and

Moſt Devoted Servant,

F. S.

IN-

INSTRUCTIONS FOR A Young Nobleman.

THE Love and Fear of God, is the first thing a Person of Quality ought to take into Consideration; for this the Laws of Christianity not only lay upon him, as an indispensable Obligation; but it is also certain, God will not bless his Designs and Endeavours, if he abandon and have not recourse to him in all the actions of his Life. Thus his respect for Holy and Religious matters must be such, as may be proof against all Temptations. He must be inseparably

wedded to Religion, and ſhun, as Peſts, ſuch Libertines as dare oppoſe theſe Maximes.

After God, nothing ought to be ſo dear to him in this Life, as his Honour; he muſt be mindful that the loſs thereof is irreparable; that the World is Judge in the Caſe; that the World pardons nothing, much leſs in Perſons of great Rank, than in thoſe whoſe Birth or ill Fortune have placed in a lower Sphere, as well by reaſon Envy does naturally faſten upon things the higheſt exalted, as becauſe the greater Quality a Perſon is of, the more Merit he ought to have; and a Man of Birth and Fortune, without Eſteem, is more worthy of Compaſſion than of Envy.

I know very well, Reputation is ſubject to the Caprices of Fortune, as well as the reſt of things, and that it ſometimes happens, prejudice is done to Deſerts; but this

this cannot laſt, for ſooner or later Merit does make it ſelf Conſpicuous, and 'tis impoſſible Fiction or Lying ſhould ſubſiſt; for which reaſon we ought to examine our ſelves often, call our Hearts and Actions to a rigorous account, and when after a Scrutiny of this nature, we are ſatisfied with our Thoughts and Conduct, we may march on boldly, and promiſe our ſelves one day, the eſteem of all mankind.

To attain to ſo great a bleſſing, our Nobleman muſt have an inexhauſtible ſtock of Goodneſs and Juſtice, without which he can neither be Generous, Acknowledging, nor Faithful, which are the eſſential Qualities of a Gallant man; for when I ſaid he was to be careful of his Repute, I did not pretend to confine it to one Quality alone. Valour is not ſufficient to make

a Man of Honour; he must have Probity, be faithful to his Friend, true to his Word, seek to oblige all Mankind, pity the unfortunate, especially those who do not deserve so hard a Fate; and take delight in easing and comforting them, when an occasion is offered for so doing; in a word, he must have an upright Heart. Happy is he who has such an one as to be sensible of the Pleasure there is in doing good to others! Whose Heart is faulty, sins in the principal, and carries along with him the original of all Vices.

Vanity must above all things be avoided: It is one of the greatest weaknesses the Soul of a Gentleman can be capable of, and it is commonly the Wrack of Noble Persons in their Youth. When they see themselves attended by a numerous splendid Retinue, they disown and look with Contempt upon all former acquaintance.

tance. Inſtead of conſidering this as a trouble, which the Circumſtances of their Condition does oblige them to comply with, they make it a piece of Grandeur, and ſeem to have ſet there the confines of their Merit. True Glory is very oppoſite to this Conduct, and it is not by ſuch means as theſe that Perſons of Honour diſtinguiſh themſelves in the World.

Not but that a Noble man is to keep his Rank, of which he muſt be even jealous, and ſupport its advantages with the higheſt Rigour and Haughtineſs, againſt thoſe who ſhall be ſo bold as to diſpute 'em with him. But when people conteſt nothing with him, pay him what they owe him, and do not boaſt and erect themſelves up to him, it is becoming and genteel to ſtoop ſometimes down to them. He muſt gain, if poſſible, the love

of all People; and it is not without reaſon that our Fore-fathers have ſaid, *That good Wine makes good Vinegar, that there are no ſmall Friends, nor ſmall Enemies.* Thus let his Nature and Carriage be tempered with Sweetneſs and Courtiſie, ſince that is the way to win the Affections of thoſe he Converſes with, and to acquire the Eſteem of all the World.

He muſt be careful to avoid ill Companies, for as the frequenting of ſuch is pernicious, becauſe People are inſenſibly led away by ill Examples, ſo it is certain that the World will judge of him, according to the Maxime of the *Spaniſh* Proverb, *Dime con quien bives y te dire quien eres, Tell me whom thou Converſes with, I will tell thee who thou art.* Thus he is only to ingage with ſuch Perſons as whoſe Reputation may anſwer for his own, let him give ſometimes good impreſſions of his diſ-

diſpoſitions and behaviour, and remember that on the firſt Paces we make at our entrance into the World, does commonly depend the good or ill Opinion that People have of us all the reſt of our Life.

But as in the Current of the World, there may happen to be ill Perſons amongſt thoſe of his Condition, with whom he cannot diſpenſe himſelf from having ſome Commerce; yet let it be no further than what Civility and Neceſſity do exact from him. Rid himſelf of them he muſt, both handſomely and with ſpeed, and be very Cautious how he contracts Friendſhip with men of that temper. We live in a time that prudent Perſons are loved and eſteemed, and if we make Reflections, we ſhall ſee that the King, whoſe Sentiments ought to ſerve for a Rule to all the World, did never honour any

others with his Favour than Perſons of his Character.

But when I adviſe him to be prudent and diſcreet, I do not mean that ſort of Wiſdom which degenerates into pettiſhneſs. Wiſdom and civil Pleaſures are not incompatible. It would be even dangerous for a man, when he is ſo young, to affect ſeeming overwiſe, and it is the way of the Sir *Formals*, and the Sir *Foplings*, which are two Characters he muſt carefully ſhun. True Wiſdome does not conſiſt in a certain out-ſide, which ſavours more of the Pedant than the Gentleman; he may in ſome certain occaſions allow himſelf to ſay ſuch things as are indeed but weak and trivial, but never to commit a ſilly action.

Let him have a noble boldneſs, let it imprint in his looks a certain honeſt Confidence which we ought to have in our ſelves, when we know our hearts to be

true

true and upright. Let him ſtick to that, be cautious that this be not ting'd with Preſumption, nor with contempt of thoſe who approach him. Pride is capable of ſpoiling the beſt things: Mankind has ſo general a hatred for the Proud, that it ſometimes proceeds to the doing them injuſtice in their beſt Qualities. The Boaſting Bullies may ſerve for a proof of what I ſay: Many of them do not want Courage, nevertheleſs People take delight in doubting of their Valour; it is the like with Wit and other Qualities. Let him be wary how he falls into this fault, ſince it is capable of producing very ill effects.

Let him hate all vices in general, principally Lying and Drunkenneſs: the firſt can only have entrance in a ſordid mind; and as people commonly Lye only for excuſe, we may conclude, that a man who is ſubject to lying

is ſubject to commit Faults. For Drunkenneſs, as of all Vices there is none leſs in the mode than it, and that the Ladies whoſe Commerce ſo much contributes to the poliſhing a Gentleman, cannot bear with it, ſo it produces the worſt effects imaginable. It diſturbs the Reaſon, and when a man falls into the Company of People in the ſame Condition, it is a hard matter to come off without ſuch inconveniences, as we ſometimes repent of all the reſt of our Lives. A Drunkard becomes a ſloven, ſtupid, incapable of ſecreſie; a Quality of all Qualities the moſt neceſſary in War, and at Court, to a man who aſpires to high things; for what likelihood is there that great Employments ſhould be confided in a Perſon, who is always upon the point of loſing his Reaſon: The *Marſhal de Rantzaw*, who was otherwiſe

a Great man, had the cruel displeasure by not being Master of himself in his Drink, to fail in his interprise upon *Ostend*, the Conquest whereof would have been so much to his Glory and Renown.

Neglect he must not, any of those exteriour Qualities, that may serve to render him pleasant and grateful; for though he may be a man of Honour without having them; it is nevertheless true that those who possess them have great advantages over others. I place in this File, a genteel behaviour, and a certain graceful air, which we may call the *I know not what* of good meen, Dancing, Singing, sports of Exercise, and the Instruments suitable to a Person of Quality; now as for other Exercises, as Riding and Fencing, they are of an absolute necessity, since they serve to preserve both Life and Honour.

Above

Above all, he must Cultivate his Wit. It is much finer to please by it, than by any other talent and thing. But when I give him this advice, I do not desire he should confine himself all the day long to his Closet, and plunge himself into the profound Sciences: Every one must know and act in his own Province, that is not his. I mean by Polite Learning, that which consists in the knowledge of History, Mathematicks, Geography, Chronology, Languages, Heraldry, Genealogy, and the Beauties of Poetry. Yet I do not pretend he should be ignorant of the other Sciences, to the point of being obliged to keep silence, when any of them are the Topick of the Company. A man of the World ought to be Universal, and tho' he know not things to the bottom, yet he ought to know so much of them, as to be able to speak

ſpeak his Opinion without claſhing with good Senſe, and liſten with delight to thoſe who ſpeak upon any Subject whatſoever.

Let all he ſays be natural and eaſie: Let him not go beyond his Character, but remember that the beſt of all Books, is not to be compared with the knowledge of the World. This is what he ought to ſtudy moſt, for that purpoſe he muſt addreſs himſelf to what is greateſt, both for underſtanding and quality in both Sexes, and not deſpond for meeting with difficulties, which diſcourage thoſe who begin to enter into the World. There are none but perſons of ordinary merit, with whom it is ſo eaſie to make acquaintance. Others are ſomething more ſhy and reſerved; but it is much better he conſtrain himſelf for ſome time with theſe, than to receive the advances which might be made by thoſe others.

Railery

Railery is alſo a great help to pleaſe in the World, but the practice thereof is difficult and dangerous. It muſt be finely drawn, nice, and rejoyce the Company, and not gaul and wound the perſon who is railied. It is a very ſlippery ſtep, in caſe the Railery be ſharp and bitter; or that it attacks people by their weak ſides, it degenerates into Offence. True it is, that there are ſuch as are innocent: Nevertheleſs, as Railery is a Combat of Wit, wherein the Heart ought to take no further ſhare, than what concerns Joy, how innocent ſoever it may be: He who Railies ought to ſtop, when he perceives it diſturbs the Perſon who is railied: For as naturally People do not love to be overcome, it happens when the mind does not furniſh wherewith to anſwer, that Spight ſucceeds to the Confuſion they have of being obliged to yield; and inſen-

ſible

ſibly they make a ſerious buſineſs of a thing, which in the beginning was only a trivial matter. All well conſidered, it is ſo difficult a matter to Raily well, and ſo many meaſures are to be kept in ſuch an occaſion, that there is no great hurt in abſtaining from it altogether. With how much greater reaſon judge of what we ought to think of Detraction, which is the moſt common and moſt dangerous of all Vices.

Drolling is alſo another way of Railying, whereof there are two ſorts: The firſt conſiſts in a certain turn that is given to things, which both ſurpriſes and rejoyces at the ſame time; this, provided it be without Affectation, is commendable and entertaining: the other is not the like. As it commonly turns upon dull Equivocations, and upon a kind of punning and playing with words, which can only bring Contempt

tempt upon their Authors, it is unworthy of a Perſon of Quality. In caſe he finds his Wit inclined that way, he is only to make uſe of that as can pleaſe People of a good Taſte. 'Tis dangerous to divert the Publick, and to take it rightly, when a man is of a certain Quality, the perſonage of a Droll, how well ſoever he may perform it, is a perſonage he ought ſeldom to act.

Whatſoever I may have ſaid againſt Railery, it is nevertheleſs neceſſary to underſtand it throughly and aright. Railery has been in all Ages; and a man would paſs for a Clown, if he did not bear with it in certain Ren-counters; the principal is not to confound it with offence. It is one of the circumſtances of our Life, wherein we ſtand moſt in need of our Judgment. The incertainties in this Caſe are troubleſome. It is from them that

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ariſe thoſe Scruples of honour, which are moſt commonly the cauſe of the quarrels we ſee happen in the World; for it is very rare that People have a poſitive reaſon to be offended; though the number of the Fiery and Paſſionate be great, we find few who are ſo to that degree as to give us thoſe cruel Affronts, wherein we have only to conſult our Hearts.

To avoid theſe niceties, he muſt, as I have already ſaid, know how to diſtinguiſh the things which do, from thoſe which do not oblige us to have Reſentment; now for ought I know, there is as much hurt in being unſeaſonably pettiſh and angry, as in not being ſo when there is occaſion. When Railery is innocent, a Man muſt be a Brute to complain thereof; when it is too ſharp, the Party Railied ought to let the Perſon who Railies know,

know, by an air ſomewhat ſerious, that it does not pleaſe him; and after that, he muſt be void of Reaſon, if he does not change his ſtile.

As for things which are poſitively offenſive, it is not the like. According to the Maxims of the World, which yet I do not adviſe him to prefer, before thoſe of the Goſpel, they cannot be repulſed with too much vigour; but there are many which are thought to be of this nature, which are not ſo; and it is principally in thoſe ſort of occaſions, that we ought to know the Reaſons which deſerve our proceeding to ſuch like extremities. Blows, the Lye, reproaches of Treachery, Baſeneſs and Cowardiſe are of this number; as for theſe, I have nothing to ſay to him. I preſuppoſe that a man who has received any of theſe affronts, is not Maſter of his Reſent-

Reſentment ; and I have reaſon to believe, that ſince God has the goodneſs to pardon the firſt Motions, thoſe who exerciſe the Laws will not be more Rigorous.

The Conduct he is to hold for the avoiding ſuch like misfortunes, is to live very ſeriouſly, and not have any Commerce, if poſſible, with ſuch Perſons, as lye under the imputation of being quarrelſome ; for how large a ſhare ſoever he may have of Wiſdom, he can never have enough to live peaceably with Fools and Mad-men ; and though he ſhould abound in Prudence, nothing ſeems to me more troubleſome, than to be obliged to conſtrain our ſelves for Perſons who do not deſerve the pains. I know very well there are unlucky moments, wherein notwithſtanding all the precaution that can be taken, a misfortune cannot be avoided,

voided, but they muſt alſo grant that this is rare, and that of twenty quarrels which happen, two thirds of them might have been avoided, if Prudence had been uſed.

Amongſt other things, my Nobleman muſt diſtruſt indiſcreet Zealots. There are Perſons who cannot indure that the leaſt thing ſhould be ſaid of their Friends, and who take fire upon the leaſt jeaſt that is made upon them. I own this departs from a good Principle: But People do not think, that in making a quarrel upon their Friends account, they bring him in too, and that the beſt ſervice we can render our Friends, is not to ingage them. He may repartee for them without doubt, when the occaſion is worth the trouble; but this ought to be after ſuch a manner as affords them Protection, without pinching him who has ſtarted them in diſcourſe. This

This Maxime is principally neceſſary, in regard of Ladies. Their Honour is ſo nice a point, that the beſt Service we can do them, is never to bring them into play. Herein it is good that there be neither Tenant nor Aſſaillant, this Combat, be the iſſue what it will, would turn to their diſadvantage. We are no longer in the time of the ancient Chevalry, wherein people judg'd favourably of things. The age we live in is ſomewhat leſs Charitable, and the world will hardly forbear believing, but that a man who draws his Sword in the quarrel of a Woman, was obliged thereto by ſome acknowledgment. The Defender in ſuch an occaſion, would be more to be feared, than the Offender; and I believe a Lady who loves her Reputation, would have much more reaſon to complain of the former.

Perſons

Perſons who ſpeak much, are commonly ſubject to theſe ſorts of indiſcretions, and we may ſay that they are not fit for the Court. It is very difficult to ſpeak ſo much without diſcovering more than we ought, and without ſaying many idle and impertinent things; but though they ſhould ſay nothing that is blame-worthy, for ought I know, a little leſs prolixity would produce a better effect; the beſt things have their exceſs; voices and the Lute are attended with many Charms, nevertheleſs to hear always ſinging and thrumming, one would grow weary at length. Judge then what a penance it is to be with a Perſon who ſpeaks much, and who for one good thing, ſays a thouſand that are flat and tireſome.

Converſation is not of the nature of Harangues and Speeches. Every one ought to liſten and

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ſpeak in his turn. It ought neither to be too eloquent and florid, nor too ſtarch'd and ſtudied; it muſt be managed by hazzard; every one muſt paint himſelf in his diſcourſe; in a word, it muſt be natural.

It ought likewiſe, as much as poſſible, to turn upon indifferent matters, eſpecially amongſt Courtiers, who are commonly the Spies of one another. I own it is troubleſome to conſtrain ones ſelf with ſo much rigour, and that thereby we deprive our ſelves of one of the greateſt Comforts of Life. Happy is he who can find a Friend, who is another himſelf, and more happy he who can find him amongſt his own Kindred: He may boaſt of having found an ineſtimable treaſure; but when do people meet with thoſe Friends, and thoſe Relations, with whom it is ſafe to ſpeak on all things with

with an open Heart? It is not ſufficient that they love you, they muſt alſo be capable of Secreſie, which is a Talent God has not beſtowed upon all Man-kind.

My Perſon of Honour muſt nevertheleſs indeavour to gain ſuch a Friend as may be faithful; for ſo exact a reſervedneſs is a heavy burden: The beſt precaution that can be taken in ſo nice a matter, is to allow a great deal to the general approbation. We ought to believe that the Eyes of the Publick are not ſo ſubject to be miſtaken as our own, and that we live in a time, as does not ſo flatter People, as to give them ſuch Qualities as they are not poſſeſs'd of. Let a man have never ſo much Wit, yet it is a hard task to be without a Friend. Our own intereſts do blind us in ſome Rencounters, and men of the greateſt Senſe and Parts, do ſtand in need of Council. Half of

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the Faults that are committed, proceed from the want thereof, and who takes all his Reſolutions in his own Head, is in danger of being miſtaken.

Hiſtory, for want of a Friend, is a conſiderable help and advantage. It is a ſource from whence excellent Counſels may be drawn; it inſtructs us at the expence of the dead, without fearing their betraying us, or revealing our ſecrets. As there is nothing to be feared nor hoped for from them, they do not flatter us, they cite our Faults without diſguiſe. It is a ſpacious Theatre where a vaſt number of Tranſactions are to be ſeen, by which we may regulate our Conduct. Neither does the Books of Morality, nor the Sentiments of Philoſophers inſtruct us after ſo beneficial a manner; but if the reading thereof is neceſſary for all people, it is principally ſo for ſuch

Perſons who ſtand fair by their Rank, or their Services one day to command Armies; there is nothing which ſo much illuſtrates the Wit, and forms and ripens the Judgment more: it has given views to the greateſt men; it enters into Councils of War; and it is difficult to be a good General, unleſs a man poſſeſs it to perfection.

It is of no leſs uſe in Embaſſies: It teaches the Ranks and Preſidences of Crowns, ſhews the advancement of Families, the Erection of Dutchies, of Parliaments, and great Offices, acquaints us with the Manners, the Religions, the Cuſtoms, and intereſts of Princes; inſpires noble Sentiments, has its place in Converſations; and though it ſhould only ſerve to ſatisfy the curioſity of thoſe who read it, it would well deſerve not to be neglected.

Let not a Nobleman be too impatient

patient to ſhew his Wit, in what kind ſoever it may be; the diſappointments in that caſe are dangerous; and it commonly happens, that thoſe who would go on ſo faſt, inſtead of advancing, loſe Ground. He muſt acquire a free and eaſie pronunciation; the terms he makes uſe of ſhould be proper and ſignificative, neither too lofty, nor too mean: Let there be a noble ſimplicity in his Diſcourſes: let good Senſe always preſide therein: It is for it to hold the Rudder, and without it he can neither have that exactneſs nor rightneſs of Wit, which are ſo neceſſary for our good behaviour in Life.

I know not what to ſay to him upon Love. It is a paſſion which may produce both good and ill effects, the property of Love being to transform the Object which Loves into the Object beloved; this depends on the deſerts, or

the bad qualities of the Perſon he fixes upon: Be it as it will, we muſt never allow this Paſſion to make us neglect our Duty, nor to get the Maſtery of our Honour. Hiſtory teaches us how fatal it proved to *Mark Anthony*, by having ſuffered it to lead him away with too much blindneſs, when he abandoned his Fortune and his Honour to follow *Cleopatra*. Nevertheleſs, it is the part of a Gentleman to reſpect and honour Ladies, whoſe Commerce is both pleaſant and uſeful. A reprimand from a beautiful perſon, whom we have a deſire to pleaſe, is often more effectual than all the Counſels in the World, and I know ſuch men as are indebted to the fair Sex, for the beſt part of their Breeding and Merit.

Let him indeavour betimes to become of a ſupple humour: Thoſe who abound in their own ſenſe, and decide with a tone of Authority,

Authority, how much reaſon ſoever they may have on their ſide, do hardly ever prevail with any Body to be of their Senti ments. Not but that we ought to maintain our Opinion, when we think it juſt, but it muſt be with a certain temperament, which may render him who diſputes againſt us, ready to yield without Spight and Reluctance. If the Reaſons he alledges make us ſenſible we are in the wrong, let us not obſtinately perſevere in a bad Cauſe. Be the firſt to Condemn our ſelves, by that means we may come out of that Labyrinth with Honour, and ſet ſuch a value upon our ſelves, as few people are capable of.

A Perſon of Honour is never to commit any Faults, if they are poſſibly to be prevented; but if he is ſo unhappy as to commit a- ny, let him indeavour, at leaſt, to make the beſt of them.

Let them oblige him to take precautions againſt himſelf, by fortifying the weak places of his Breaſt. It ſeldome happens that Faults are committed out of Ignorance; Reaſon always Condemns what is not well. But it often happens, that not being ſo ſtrong as the paſſion which oppoſes it, it has not the power to curb the Will. For this Reaſon we muſt almoſt ever be upon our Guard, againſt the weak places. It is with the Heart of a Man, as with Towns of War, there are ſome places that are ſo ſtrong that they defend themſelves: A Liberal man has no need of being upon his Guard againſt Covetouſneſs, a Sober man againſt Intemperance, a Cold man againſt Choler, a Stout man againſt Fear, and ſo on with the reſt, there needs no more, than to ſuffer our ſelves to be guided by our own Conſtitution. But it is not ſo

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with thoſe places which Nature has not taken care to defend; there it is that a Wiſe man ought to give Teſtimonies of the force of his mind, that if in caſe he cannot attain to the Correcting of his ill Inclinations, he may nevertheleſs act in ſuch manner, that they may be only known to himſelf. I know that this is a difficult matter; but after all it is not impoſſible, when we are watchful upon our Conduct.

One of the things which moſt contributes to this deſign, is to have a Propenſity to judg well of all the World, and not to be a Critick: This Character is odious; People examine us ſo ſtrictly, that they pry into our Imperfections, and though we had none, yet ſuch a man would be accuſed of many. Not that I diſapprove of Criticiſm, it ſerves to inform us at other Peoples Coſts; but I would only

have it paſs within the circle of our own Breaſts, otherwiſe the Conſequences thereof are dangerous. When we have Friends, we are very much to blame not to have Reaſon; but a Man will gain but few, by turning a publick Cenſurer. We ſhould ſee all, make good uſe of our Obſervations, and ſay nothing.

We muſt be alſo careful how we let our ſelves be ſurprized by Envy. We ſhould take delight in commending what deſerves Commendation: Nothing ſhews more the meaneſs of a Heart, than repining at the Praiſes that are beſtowed upon others. It is a ſign of Malignity and Weakneſs, which can only depart from an ill bottom. There is a ſuperiority in praiſing; becauſe, as *Plutarch* ſays: *He who gives is preſumed richer than he who receives*; and moreover we ought always to render Juſtice to Merit,

Merit, though it were in the Perſon of our Enemies.

We muſt have an aim in all we undertake: None but ſhallow Wits, and Hearts void of Ambition, live without deſign; but what advantage ſoever a man may reap thereby, he is never to practice nor attain it, but by ſuch means as are generous and noble. He muſt root it ſtrongly in his mind, that the greateſt of all Bleſſings is, to have nothing to reproach ones ſelf with, and that we purchaſe things too dear, when they coſt us a Repentance, which is almoſt ever attended by a great Contempt of ones Self. Though we may uſe never ſo much care to hide our bad places from us, yet there are few days but that they offer themſelves to our view in all their deformity; and there is no Breaſt ſo Corrupted, but has ſtill ſome tincture of good, which in ſpight of it, inclines it to hate Vice.

A Nobleman muſt be often mindful that he is ſprung from an Illuſtrious Family, which has produced Great Men, and that it would be a ſhame for him not to imitate ſuch Patterns, and is to take the moſt conſiderable of his Anceſtors for a Model. Let him inform himſelf carefully of the actions which rendered him Conſpicuous in the World, and of the means he made uſe of to attain to the Reputation he acquired. Inform himſelf too he muſt of his failings, that ſo he may avoid them; and if poſſible, let there not a Day paſs without making ſome Reflection upon himſelf.

Advice touching the Court.

AFter his having acquired Eſteem, it is but reaſonable to think of the advancement of his Fortune. Generous Perſons cannot have too much Riches, becauſe they always make a good uſe of them, and inſtead of loving them for their own ſake, they only conſider them as means that may ſerve to ſhew their Merit. For this Reaſon we ought to apply our ſelves to the Court, ſince it is there that Favours are diſtributed; but we muſt look upon it as a ſtormy Sea, full of Banks and Rocks, whereon it is eaſie to be Shipwrackt, unleſs our Conduct be dexterouſly managed.

The firſt thing we ought to apply our ſelves to, is to know perfectly the different Intereſts of the

the Court we enter in; for though all Courts are alike; tho this has much reſemblance to thoſe which preceded it; and that there be certain general Maximes which have always been, and which will always be; it is nevertheleſs certain, that whoſo keeps to theſe general Maximes, will not much promote his Fortune. It is not ſufficient to be Secret, Circumſpect, Regular, Aſſiduous, Complaiſant, and Flattering: Thoſe Qualities, though eſſential, may not be of any uſe, if Judgment does not fit them to occaſions. The importance is to know how to nick and make uſe of an Opportunity. For that purpoſe my Gentleman muſt above all things ſtudy the mind of his Maſter; unleſs he know it throughly, it will be a difficult matter to prevent committing miſtakes, which by occaſioning us pettiſh anſwers, do raiſe in us diſguſt

diſguſt, and vexations, which often contribute to the loſs of our Fortune.

Not that after all the precaution that can be uſed for the begging of Boons and Favours, he can be aſſured of obtaining them; there may be Rivals and Candidates who deſerve them; and in that caſe we may ſee that preference depends upon the Stars; but at leaſt by demanding in that manner, if he is refuſed, it is with gentleneſs, and the Repulſe he meets with, ſets him fair for the firſt Favour that is offered.

Spight and Impatience are things the moſt injurious in the World at Court; for as they do not only take away a certain air of Joy, Chearfulneſs, and Freedome, which renders us agreeable, they alſo abandon the Heart to motions which are ſo much the more dangerous, as they almoſt ever give ſome blemiſh to reſpect.

I know very well the Court does not always ſeem juſt in the diſtribution of its Favours, whether that it be ſometimes obliged to defer Rewards, or that it has peculiar views beyond our knowledge, or that people are born under ſo unlucky a Star, as is not to be overcome by Perſeverance and Merit; but though it ſhould be capable of committing injuſtices (which we ought not to believe) when we conſider that it is to no purpoſe to fret and fume againſt a Maſter, and that this only ſerves to incur his hatred: We find the beſt Courſe is to lay aſide our aims till another ſeaſon, and to ſuffer with reſpect what indeed we cannot hinder.

The Life of a Courtier ought to be a continual ſtudy of ſubtlety of Spirit. No falſe ſteps are made at Court, but what are taken notice of. As intereſt reigns there more than all things, we

we ought to be perſwaded that thoſe who ſteer the ſame Courſe with us, are as many ſpies upon our Conduct, who fail not to take advantage of our failings. We muſt be Eternally upon our Guard, not only againſt thoſe who ſurround us, but likewiſe againſt our ſelves; be of a plying and flexible temper, and always propoſe to our ſelves an aim that may lead us to ſomething as may augment our Fortune, or our Glory.

For the bringing this deſign to paſs, my Gallant man muſt, according to the different employs he is called to, do his Duty with extream induſtry, and application, that his Maſter, or thoſe in whom he repoſes the choice of Perſons, may find in him a ſubject worthy of their favour; for let the Prince and his Miniſters have never ſo much inclination for him; he cannot pretend to their favour, unleſs he give them

a Lawful pretence to prefer him before an infinite number of Perſons, who have right to lay claim thereto.

Neither muſt a Courtier, be he who he will, truſt in his own merit, and in his Services, to the Degree of believing they cannot be without Him. We live in a time wherein there is no want of Subjects capable of ſupplying vacant places; and how rich ſoever the Court is, for ought I know, we may ſay, that it has leſs favours to beſtow, than there are perſons who deſerve them.

Let him Cultivate the Protection of Miniſters of State, and have a care of being infected with the diſtemper of certain reſtleſs Spirits, who are ever condemning their Conduct. This is openly to blame the choice which their Soveraign has made of their Perſons, and by an inexcuſable retort, wound the

Reſpect

Reſpect we are obliged to pay our Prince. Private perſons are ſo far remote from Affairs, that be their ſuggeſtions never ſo great, all their Diſcourſe upon ſuch matters muſt be with great incertainty. Affairs make Men, and upon this principle we ought to conclude, that though thoſe Perſons who have been called to the Miniſtry, had but little capacity at their firſt entrance into that Province, they will have rendred themſelves able therein by experience.

It is a Maxim eſtabliſhed in all times, that we muſt never Cabal againſt the Miniſters. As it is their Office to pry into particulars, and that it is almoſt of an indiſpenſable neceſſity, that things of the moſt importance are referred to their Judgment; they have a thouſand means to do us an injury if they do not love us. Wherefore he muſt indeavour

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to ingage them in his Intereſts; yet without debaſing himſelf to ſerviſe Compliances; theſe are of thoſe things which are not exacted from perſons of certain Quality. It is ſufficient that he Honours their Merits, and the dignity of their Employments, pays them his Reſpects, and Courts with application and vigilance the occaſions of ſhewing them how ſenſible he is of the favours he has obtained by their means.

A Courtier muſt alſo be extraordinary careful to avoid pretending to the ſame things with his Maſter: Jealouſie is a venome eaſily Contracted. Thoſe who are born to be above others, cannot endure to be equalled in Qualities they value themſelves upon; and jealouſie with them, is ſo near a Neighbour to averſion, that the one ſucceeds the other in a moment.

There is more Wit than People imagine,

imagine, in concealing ones mind. It is good to be Sagacious, forthat it gives a man proſpects which he may take advantage of, and that by ſeeing all, he is upon no occaſion a Cully; but muſt ſee without ſeeming to have ſeen. We do not naturally love thoſe who pry againſt our Wills into our ſecrets. When we once paſs for Cunning, we are no longer ſo. We are look'd upon as Spies; are dreaded, ſhunn'd, and ſo many precautions are uſed againſt our Diſcoveries, that all our Arts and Cunning become uſeleſs and abortive.

He muſt alſo be cautious how he falls out with Ladies, and never be a Party in any Slander, or Detraction that is caſt upon the fair Sex; they are dangerous Enemies: but though he ſtand never ſo well in their Favour, let him not rely upon it in any manner: Moſt Women are inconſtant, and

there

and there are few of them in whom we may confide a Secret. If for the interest of his Fortune, he is obliged to pay particular Respects to one of them: Let his Head govern his Heart; there are few occasions wherein he will stand more in need of a prudent Conduct.

There is no less need of prudence in the well managing of his Estate. The common Expences at Court are great, and many unforeseen, so as if he gives any loose to Passions and Extravagancies, he will be obliged, for want of Stock, to retire with loss, and to renounce those hopes which might have proved effectual, had he been in a Condition to have waited.

For this Reason, a man who has Ambition, and a great Rank to support, ought to be extreamly careful of his Conduct; for since the Multitude of Persons, which the Court is obliged to

recompence

recompence; does delay Favours, and that through the Corruption of the Age, Merit without Fortune, is a Merit without Luſtre. An honeſt man has a great deal of intereſt to preſerve to himſelf the means of ſhewing himſelf in the World, and of putting himſelf in a Condition to wait from time the rewards he hopes for.

Oeconomy is no dazling Quality, but there are few more ſolid: It holds an honeſt Medium between Covetouſneſs and Prodigalities; and though it only ſpares for to ſpend, it is nevertheleſs good Husbandry. It is a miſtake to believe that Avarice is the ſupport of Families: Moſt ruined People are of a ſtingy humour, and in caſe we came but to particulars, we ſhould ſee that never any perſon was ruined by Liberality.

The reaſon whereof is eaſie to find, ſeeing all that bears the Cha-

racter

racter of Virtue, has Order and Conduct, and that Vice which is inſparable from Diſſolution, does produce Effects conformable to its Nature: The ſtingy cannot without extream violence part with their Money; they love rather it ſhould coſt them a hundred Guineys in a year, than give fifty to day: Oeconomy is with them an uſeleſs knowledge; they paſs inſenſibly from Hardneſs to Injuſtice, from injuſtice to an univerſal denyal, and from all theſe things to the publick averſion.

We ought equally to avoid Prodigality, though the Principle thereof be not ſo ſhameful, the Conſequences thereof are no leſs dangerous. There is folly and madneſs in giving more than we ought; He who gives muſt diſtribute his Favours with Order and Diſcretion, and conſider what he gives as a Sacrifice he makes

to

to his Ambition and his Honour. I do not for all this pretend he ſhould diminiſh either his Train or his Table, I mean he ſhould charge upon himſelf the maintenance of his Liberalities, by depriving himſelf of ſuperfluous things, or of thoſe which are not abſolutely neceſſary: Is it not better to play at ſmall Game, than not to play at all, or if he will, let him retrench himſelf of ſome other thing, and imploy the Money it would coſt, in doing actions of generoſity, which may acquire him Friends and Servants, who often contribute to his advancement? Oh! the excellent Husbandry in him who takes ſuch a courſe as augments his Eſteem, and gains the good word of all People. It is by ſuch a Conduct, as this, That a Great man really merits the Character of a Perſon of Quality, procures the Love and Eſteem of all the World, and purchaſes

chaſes to himſelf infinite Benedictions.

I know that the Language I ſpeak is a *Gothick* ſtile to moſt Great men; that they imagine it is ſufficient to paſs for ſuch, by being of an Illuſtrious Extraction, and having a great Eſtate. Nevertheleſs, if they did but ſeriouſly take it into Conſideration, they would grant, that a Man is only Noble, in proportion to the Greatneſs and Generoſity of his Soul and Temper; they would do more, they would look with more reflection, than they do, into the knowledge of their Affairs, and would ſee that with the Squanderings and Diſſipations which happen in their Families and Eſtates, through their neglect, they might be in a Condition to make Creatures.

At leaſt they would thereby avoid the Injuſtices, which the diſorder of their Affairs ingages them

them in, and their Honour would be more ſecure; for in ſhort we ſeldome meet with ſuch a Virtue as is proofagainſt neceſſity. People cannot reſolve to diminiſh their Expences, as occaſions ſhall require, and if we could pry and read in Peoples Hearts, we ſhould ſee that this Obligation, which ſome have laid upon themſelves, of ending as they began, is one of the things which has done the moſt injury to their Honour.

The worſt I find in this, is that ones Conſcience ſuffers thereby, and that inſenſibly they grow ſo very much hardned in Injuſtice, that it troubles them not in the leaſt; yet the Conſequences hereof are not inconſiderable, if we are perſwaded as we ought to be, and as all the World undoubtedly is, that after this Life, we ſhall be rewarded or puniſhed according to our Works.

The remedy to ſuch great Evils, is to reconcile in our ſelves the Chriſtian and Moral Virtues. It has not been without Reaſon obſerved, that they have a certain Concatenation between them, by which they ſupport one another. And indeed, have Prudence, one has Juſtice; have Juſtice, one has Honour; have Honour, one has Conſcience. This is an Abbreviation of the Qualities of a Noble man; and who takes the contrary Byaſs, runs upon falſe Principles. Moſt People imagine, that to be in eſteem in the World, it is ſufficient to be indued with a Wit that's agreeable and charming, and to live at a high rate, and that Honour and Conſcience ought to be reckoned for nothing, or at leaſt be of very ſmall account. Nevertheleſs, thoſe ſame Perſons would have us believe they have Honour and Probity,

Probity, though they do nothing but what is repugnant to those Qualities; and this I do not well understand the reason of, unless there be priviledged Virtues, which the most dissolute would not dare openly to renounce.

We see People who boast highly of their Debauches, and who also speak Sparkishly enough of Holy Matters: But we see none who boast of being Treacherous, Ungrateful, or having neither Probity nor Honour. Not a Man Condemns himself upon those Points, though there be an infinite number Condemnable.

It is not so with Wit; those who have most, are those who who affect in that the greatest Modesty. Nevertheless, they would be sorry People should believe them; which they take care

to prevent by the courſe they take to defend themſelves: They only make a ſhew of renouncing it for that they very well know, Credit will not be given to their words, and that a *Virtuoſo* never wants occaſion to diſplay his Talents.

But they pretend to Judgment, though it be their weak ſide; or rather becauſe it is their weak ſide, their Domeſtick Affairs are of too ſmall an extent for their Capacity; they judge of all after a Soveraign manner, and there are few things but paſs their Cenſure: From hence we may judge to what a Degree Judgment, Probity, and Honour, are Qualities eſtimable, ſince thoſe who have them not, and who are not over-fond to hide or leſſen themſelves in other matters, yet are proud of being poſſeſs'd of theſe, and cannot be brought

brought to own their want of them: But, to ſpeak the Truth, their diſguiſes are to no purpoſe. We live in an underſtanding Age, wherein People do not long ſuffer themſelves to be deceived by appearances, and ſooner or later we diſcover, as in our true Colours, who we are.

Wherefore let him act in all the actions of his Life, as if People read in the bottom of his Heart, and not imbroil himſelf with that inward Judge, who lets nothing eſcape his Knowledge. Though he ſhould reap no other Fruit of his Knowledge, than that of being content with his ſelf, he will not ſtand in need of Pity. *It does not depend on us to be happy, but it depends on us to merit being ſo.*

Inſtructions how to Write.

ABſence does almoſt make the only difference there is between Speaking and Writing; there is indeed more order and exactneſs in Letters than in Converſation; but after all it is ſtill Speaking; and this was the reaſon that made thoſe ſay, who are the greateſt Criticks in this matter, *That People ought to write as they ſpeak*; This method, which is undoubtedly the beſt, becauſe it is the moſt natural, was not formerly in uſe. People took long Circumlocutions before they came to the ſubject they meant to ſpeak of, and went as far about before they got out of it? inſomuch that the commerce of Letters, which ſo much contributes to rejoycing and diverting

diverting the mind, did only ſerve to put it upon the Rack: One of the firſt whom the *French* were obliged to for this change, was *Voiture*, and ſince People have ſo well underſtood he was in the Right, that thoſe who have followed him, have indeavoured to imitate his Model.

The *French* write either by Letter, or by Billet, or Note. The way of writing by Letter, was only practiſed in the beginning, by Perſons who wrote for Example, from *Paris* to *Paris*; commonly too they wrote in the Third Perſon: Theſe Notes were not, for the moſt part ſigned, and they contented themſelves with ending by a, *I am wholly Tours*, or ſome ſuch like thing.

Since, as Letters have ſomething more Ceremonious and Painful, that they ſubject Peo-

ple to distinctions, which oblige inferiour Persons to treat others with more respect, whether by leaving a greater Interval between the Inscription and the first Line, or giving by Example, *Your most Humble and most Obedient Servant*, to Persons who would content themselves with giving us *Your most Humble*; most People, to avoid this distinction, have bethought themselves to write by Note, and they hardly write after any other manner. Nevertheless this does not hinder, but that in the Body of the Billet, we may manage the Respect that is owing to our Superiours, and keep some mark of distinction with those who are our Inferiours; for though we ought to be Civil, we must not treat all the World alike; there is nothing so just as Subordination, and we must keep it more Regularly in Letters, than in Conversation, because

becauſe Words fly away, and Written things remain.

People write to their Superiors, their Equals, or their Inferiours. All which are to have their differences, which are to be regulated by Judgment: We muſt neither do too much, nor too little; but if we were to incline on one ſide, it would be better to be too Civil than to be wanting in Civility.

Now to make an exact diſtinction, he muſt underſtand the force of thoſe Qualities that are given in Subſcriptions. Amongſt thoſe Qualities there are both plain and redoubled, which go at leaſt according to the Rank which I give them in this writing; the plain are, *Your moſt Humble, Your moſt Obedient, Your moſt Obliged, Your moſt Acquired, Your moſt Affectionate, Your moſt Af-*

fectionate to ſerve you, your moſt Affectionate to do you Service.

The re-doubled are, *Your moſt Humble and moſt Obedient, Your moſt Humble and moſt Obliged, Your moſt Humble and moſt Acquired, Your moſt Humble and moſt Affectionate*; for when we give *moſt*, we no longer ſay *to ſerve you*, nor *to do you Service*. And indeed only Perſons very inferiour are treated in this manner.

There is ſtill another Remark, which concerns moſt, which it is neceſſary to make, which is, that though the term of *Obedient* be above that of *Affectionate*, the Quality of *moſt Humble*, joyn'd to that of *moſt Affectionate*, is more ſubmiſſive than that of *moſt Humble and Obedient*, by reaſon of two *moſts* which are in the former. Moreover the Date muſt always be put at the bottom

tom of the Leaf, when we write to dignified Perſons. Let my Gentleman be careful to give the ſame Qualities in the Subſcription, as thoſe that are given him, when the Perſons are equal, and not make Compliments for a Third, in thoſe Letters he writes to Perſons to whom he owes Reſpect.

There are five ſorts of writing, Letters of Buſineſs, Familiar Letters, gallant Letters, Love Letters, and Letters of Compliment.

When we write about Buſineſs, we muſt fall immediately upon the Subject, make uſe of terms proper for the matter in hand, explain our minds clearly and without Confuſion; and if we are to ſpeak of more than one Affair, as it is not neceſſary that the

ſtile

ſtile be ſmoothe, and of a thred in that kind, ſo it is beſt to write by Articles.

Familiar Letters carry their Title along with them, they ought to be all of a piece; we muſt ſo order the buſineſs, that when our Friend receives them, he may imagine he is ſpeaking with us, may ſay, *I ſee him, methinks I hear him; this is his Character.* Now though it be not neceſſary, they ſparkle with Wit; yet the terms muſt be juſt and fitting, and a certain turn of Quality be obſerved therein, which Perſons of mean Rank do ſeldom attain to.

Gallant Letters have a peculiar Character, they muſt have Wantoning and Facetiouſneſs in ſuch places as are ſuſceptible thereof. The ſtile muſt be ſmooth and fluent; praiſe nice and finely drawn;

drawn; raillery flattering and inſinuating; the Periods muſt be ſhort and conciſe, becauſe the more there are of them in a Letter, the more thoughts it contains; there muſt be nothing flat or languiſhing; and as thoſe Letters are only made to pleaſe, we muſt be careful they do not prove tedious.

As *Love Letters* are the work of the Heart, there muſt be more tenderneſs in them than Wit; there muſt be a certain reſpectful and touching Languiſhment, which raiſes the Compaſſion of the Perſon we write to; they muſt not be long, neither muſt any thing in them ſeem ſtudied. But the Inſtructions I might give him upon this point, would be more proper to make him diſtinguiſh the real from the falſe, than teach him how to make them. As ſoon as a Perſon is deeply ſmitten, he needs only ſuffer himſelf

to

to be guided by the Sentiments of his Heart: It only belongs to him to know the Language of Love to Perfection.

Letters of Compliment have for Object, certain Devoirs which civil Society obliges us to pay to one another in the different occaſions that are offered. They are called Letters of Compliment, becauſe we do not obſerve therein that real Character of Friendſhip, which gives to underſtand that he who writes them is ſenſibly concerned for the Good or Evil which happens to us. Theſe Letters ought to be Civil and Obliging, and little longer than the Compliments that are made upon Encounters. Nevertheleſs meaſures muſt be kept in the expreſſion; Compliment and Diſſimulation have ſo great an affinity, that it is dangerous to be miſtaken therein. We muſt take the ſame courſe that prudent People do with the Mode,

Mode, they follow it becauſe it is an uſe eſtabliſhed by Cuſtome: but they do not exceed it.

Poetry is alſo another ſort of Writing; to be excellent therein, it is neceſſary to have the proper Genius, and we muſt renounce it, if it has not pleaſed him who diſtributes Talents to grant us that Gift. Not that there is a neceſſity of making Verſes; and it would be imprudence to expoſe our ſelves to it, unleſs we find we have thoſe diſpoſitions which are requiſite for that purpoſe: But though the Muſes were never ſo favourable to us, and that we had all the Genius that can be deſired to excel therein, I would not adviſe him to undertake long Works. It would be pity a man of Quality ſhould loſe much time in ſuch like trivial things: He may make a Song, or a Madrigale upon occaſion, and I will allow him as far as Elegy, when he is in love with

a Perſon, who may do him an Honour in the World; but for to Rhime for the firſt Comer, and to play the Lover, is not the part of a Gallant Man. Neither muſt he prophane his Incenſe, nor turn Poetaſter, eſpecially he muſt never make Satyrs: Nothing creates ſo many Enemies as that, and nothing is ſo low and ſordid; for if People have not done us any miſchief, why do we do them any? And if he has reaſon to complain of them, he muſt remember that ſuch like Arms are very diſhonourable in the hands of a man of Honour.

But above all, in what kind ſoever he writes, he muſt keep always within his Character. Every one may pleaſe in his Province, provided he cultivates it. A Melancholly Man who would imitate the ſtile of one that is Facetious, would faulter, and never

never do it well. It is the ſame with the Facetious, who ſhould undertake to imitate the ſerious humour of a Melancholly Perſon. We muſt never diſplace our ſelves, nor become the Copiſts of others.

Chriſtian

CHRISTIAN AND Moral Maxims.

1.

BE Devout without Affectation; and do not pretend to ſeeming ſo, unleſs you be ſo indeed, for thereby you would fall into Hypocriſie, which being put directly upon God, is a kind of Sacriledge.

2.

Who indeavours to diſguiſe himſelf before God, takes pains to deceive himſelf.

3.

To pray to God without attention, is to pray to him without hopes.

4.

Who prefers the pleaſures of his

his Body, before the Salvation of his Soul, ſuffers the Man to be drowned while he is ſaving his Cloak.

5.

If you have not more care to adorn your mind with good Qualities, than to deck your Body with fine Cloaths, you incenſe an Idol, and abandon a God.

6.

He who takes delight in his Sin, makes his Pleaſures his Executioner.

7.

An habitual Sin is nouriſhing a Serpent, which at length ſtings a Mans own Boſome.

8.

Who goes ſlowly in the Practice of good Works, runs ſwiftly in the way to Hell.

9.

If you would have God hearken to your Requeſts, liſten to thoſe of the neceſſitous.

Who

10.

Who is uneaſie at the thought of Death, will be in deſpair at Death it ſelf.

11.

There is no better School for a good Life, than the frequent thought of a Holy Death.

12.

The ſerious thought of Eternity, cauſes a good uſe to be made of Time, and takes away the greateſt part of the bitterneſs of Death.

13.

A Man is not Convinced of the importance of his Salvation, when that he knows his Sin, and yet defers repenting of it.

14.

Who ſpends his Life without Devotion, cannot end it without Deſpair.

15.

If in your Proſperity you do not hear the voice of God, you have reaſon,

reaſon to fear he will not hear yours in your neceſſity.

16.

Who has no fear of God during his Life, ought to fear his Judgments after his Death.

17.

Be officious to all, familiar with few, and intimate with but one.

18.

Who takes delight in frequenting with the Wicked, is in pain at the preſence of the Juſt.

19.

Who confides in himſelf without Knowledge, runs a riſque of repenting without Reaſon.

20.

He who begins an Affair without Judgment, ought not to be ſurprized if it ends without Succeſs.

21.

What you undertake above your Power, cannot but produce effects below your hopes.

22.

He who is discouraged from a glorious enterprize, only by the knowledge of the difficulties, knows not the value of Glory, nor does he deserve it.

23.

If the Precipitation in the design, and slowness in the Execution, produce favourable successes, it is only by chance.

24.

If you look upon your Labour as a trouble, you will look upon your Duty as a punishment.

25.

Who in a low Fortune frames too lofty Designes, attempts with Wings of Wax to fly towards the Sun.

26.

Who falls by having raised himself too high, ought to seek for no other reason of his fall than his own extravagance.

Those

27.

Thoſe who ſhew too much fondneſs for ſmall matters, declare themſelves uncapable of great.

28.

If Juſtice guides you in the purſuit of profit, Tranquility will accompany you in the enjoyment.

29.

If you look upon with Envy another mans Eſtate, you render your ſelf unworthy of poſſeſſing your own.

30.

The Soul is only given to Man for Action, and thoſe who out of lazineſs keep it in a continual ſloth, ſhew that it is only in their Body, as a grain of Salt to keep them from Corruption.

31.

Pride is a puffing up of the Spirit, which no leſs Corrupts all the good Qualities that a proud man can have, than the ſwelling of the Stomach does alter all the good Diſpoſitions that a Body can be poſſeſs'd off. Though

32.

Though Anger be but a ſhort Fury, its effects prove nevertheleſs long Follies.

33.

Avoid great Meals, if you are afraid of long Diſtempers.

34.

Who ruines his Health by the exceſs of his Diſorders, is to blame to complain of the exceſs of his Sufferings.

35.

An able Cook is more to be feared in your Health, than an ignorant Phyſitian in your Sickneſs.

36.

An honeſt Sobriety, and moderate Labour, are the beſt Cooks upon Earth.

37.

The Fumes of Wine diſturb the Brain, thoſe of Vanity the Mind, and thoſe of Love, both.

38.

Who fills his Heart with the Love

Love of Women, changes a Sanctuary deſtined to the Holy Ghoſt, into a Temple of Idols, whoſe Worſhip leads him to Damnation.

39.

Divine Love only makes uſe of its Flambeau to inlighten us, and Prophane Love only lights his to blind us.

40.

Humane Love cannot have too narrow bounds; but if Divine Love is limited, it is faulty.

41.

Love is repreſented to us naked, not only to ſhow us its Effrontery; but alſo to teach us that it ſtrips thoſe of all who follow it.

42.

The Covetous man ſpares things neceſſary, to furniſh ſuperfluous to others who conn him no thanks for 'em.

43.

Thoſe who in their actions con-

ſult only Self-Love, make a Blind man their Guide, and ſtumble at every ſtep.

44.

Who gives too much to his Pleaſures, deprives himſelf of the means of furniſhing to his Neceſſities.

45.

If you ſubmit your Judgment to your Pleaſures, you will burn your ſelf with a Torch that was given you for your Guide.

46.

Who only conſults his Reaſon for his Pleaſures, is not to expect any help from it in his Troubles.

47.

A too great paſſion for ſuperfluous things, does often plunge a man into extream Indigency of thoſe which are neceſſary.

48.

He who ſuffers himſelf to be governed by his Paſſions, abandons his Freedom to the Caprice of his Slaves. Who

49.

Who fills his Heart with his Paſſions, leaves no room in it for *Piety*, and changes his Quality of a *Chriſtian* into that of an *Idolater*.

50.

Since the *Paſſions* are the Diſtempers of the *Mind*, *Temperance* alone ought to be their Phyſician.

51.

Who loves *Gaming* to exceſs, makes it his buſineſs to dye a *Beggar*.

52.

Winning in Play is the Bait, which Fortune lays for our ruin.

53.

Thoſe who Game to recover what they have loſt, add to the loſs they have already undergone, that of their Reaſon, of their Time, and moſt commonly of the Money they have left.

54.

The exceſs of Sleep, and that

of Play, fills the Stomach with Crudities and the Purſe with Wind.

55.

Conſider more than a Moment of what you mean to ſay, and more than two of what you mean to promiſe, for fear you come to be troubled for what you have promiſed with too much raſhneſs.

56.

In many occaſions you may forbear promiſing without Scruple, but in none can you diſpenſe your ſelf from performing your Promiſe without ſhame.

57.

Never ſpeak of what you are ignorant, ſpeak little of what you know; and whether you ſpeak, or ſay not a Word, let it be with Judgment.

58.

Raillery does ſometimes keep alive the Converſation, but it almoſt ever creates a difference amongſt

mongſt the *Railleurs*, which ought to oblige thoſe who hate Quarrels to avoid it as a ſnare which their Wit lays for their Repoſe.

59.

If you are not eaſie to bear with the weakneſſes of others, you render your own inſupportable.

60.

Who ſees with indifference other Peoples misfortunes, ought not to think it ſtrange if his own be looked upon without Compaſſion.

61.

If you mean that the Civility and Honeſty of thoſe you Converſe with, ſhould become a Duty towards you; give 'em an Example of it, by your own Conduct towards them.

62.

Lay under your Feet the Favours you beſtow, and thoſe you receive upon your Heart.

63.

Who forgets the obligations that are done him, does not deſerve to receive any.

64.

Be not ſlow to ſerve others, if you would have them fond and zealous to do you a kindneſs.

65.

If you are not ſo generous as to prevent your Friend by your Benefits, be not ſo baſe as to receive his without indeavouring to make returns.

66.

A ſincere intention, though of no uſe, is a better return for a Favour, than a forced acknowledgment.

67.

Who proclaims a Favour he has done, does much leſſen the merit of it, becauſe he ſhows by his Indiſcretion, that he ſhared himſelf between his Vanity and his Friend.

Who

68.

VVho only gives to receive, makes one of the moſt ſordid Commerces in the World of Generoſity, which is one of the moſt laudable Qualities of a well Bred Man.

69.

If you take delight in Lying, Truth will become a Burden to you.

70.

Who excuſes his Fault by a Lye condemns himſelf by two Reaſons.

71.

If Lying be common with you, diſtruſt all that others tell you.

72.

Who makes uſe of Cunning and of Lying to gain his Neighbours Eſtate, imitates the Example of the Devil, who imployed both to ruin the innocence of the firſt man.

73.

The ill uſe of our Bleſſings in this Life, will in the other prove one of our greateſt Stings.

74.

Who is not content with a handſome Fortune, takes often great pains to render it leſs, by indeavouring to augment it.

75.

Who regulates his deſires by the neceſſities of Nature, confines them within a very narrow Compaſs; but who meaſures 'em by Covetouſneſs, gives 'em no bounds.

76.

Be not very fond of knowing other Peoples Secrets: Be very reſerved in Communicating your own; you are no longer Maſter of them, from the time you have imparted them to another, and your Example juſtifies his Infidelity, if he ſhould diſcover them to a third Perſon.

77.

Who makes Parade of his good Qualities, takes away all the merit of them by his Pride; and he who conceals his own, raiſes their price by his modeſty. High

78.

High Places make weak Brains giddy, and extraordinary Fortunes diſturb the Noddles of thoſe who have not a ſtrong Judgment.

79.

A Man ſtands in need of all the aid of Conſtancy in Adverſity, that ſo he may not be wanting in what is owing to himſelf: And of all the aid of Moderation in Proſperity, to acquit himſelf of what is owing to others.

80.

Proſperity ſhows us to others in our true Colours, and Adverſity makes us know our ſelves who are our real Friends.

81.

Thoſe who only come to us for our Fortune, are like Birds of Prey, who only fly for Prey.

82.

Who miſtakes his Friends in his Proſperity, does not deſerve to meet with any in his misfortunes.

83.

Who relies too much upon the Friendſhip of Great Men, finds ſooner or later that he leaned upon a broken Reed.

84.

God by an extream Goodneſs, acknowledges by extraordinary Bleſſings, the leaſt Cares that we pay him; but moſt Great Men who are Gods upon Earth, fancy they have overpayed by the leaſt of their Words, the greateſt of our Services.

85.

Whoſo takes much care to keep the Friendſhip of Great Men, knows often in neceſſity, that he has taken great pains to cultivate an ungrateful ſoil.

86.

A Man whoſe Wit is adorned with all the fine Sciences, and yet puts 'em not in practice, is like a good Sword that is never drawn out of the Scabbard.

87.

Who adviſes Virtue to others, augments thereby the reaſons he has to practiſe it.

88.

Who Prays only to pleaſe, makes his Judgment

Judgment the Cully of his Complaiſance.

89.

The readineſs we have to adviſe others, is oftner a ſign of our preſumption, than a proof of our kindneſs.

90.

Who confines himſelf with bemoaning our ſufferings when he can remedy them, is not really concerned for them; and only affords us the Tears of a Crocodile.

91.

In our greateſt troubles, our firſt Tears are of Juſtice, the ſecond of Decency, but thoſe which follow, are neither of Reaſon, nor of Decency.

92.

Who only Weeps becauſe he thinks he muſt Weep, has tender Eyes, but not a ſenſible Heart.

93.

Who imploys his Authority in doing or maintaing ill Actions, cuts his Throat with his own Sword.

94.

Phyſicians often poyſon our Bodies by their Remedies, and Flatterers often poyſon our Minds by their Diſcourſes.

95

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Who makes uſe of too ſtudied Diſcourſes to perſwade us into a Crime, imploys a perfumed Poynard to ſtab our Hearts. 97.

The infection of the Peſtilence is not ſo much to be feared for the Body, as the poyſon of ill Company for the Mind. 98.

If you mean to dye like a faithful Perſon, live as a Reprobate would have wiſhed to have lived at the hour of his Death.

99.

Who out of exceſs of Complaiſance frees his Friend out of trouble by being his Bail, does commonly pull worſe upon his own Head, which ſooner or later lets him know his want of Judgment.

100.

Who reads to be inſtructed, and reads good things to be profited thereby, has the reliſh of his mind no leſs depraved than that of the Body of a ſick Perſon who finds himſelf near a Table well garniſhed, without being able to eat.

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A Catalogue of PLAYS, *printed for* R. Bentley.

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3. Engliſh Monſieur.
4. All miſtaken, *or the* Mad Couple.
5. Generous Enemies, *or the* Ridiculous Lovers.
6. The Plain-Dealer.
7. Sertorius, *a Tragedy.*
8. Nero, *a Tragedy.*
9. Sophonisba, *or* Hannibal's overthrow.
10. Gloriana, *or the* Court of Auguſtus Cæſar.
11. Alexander the Great.
12. Mithridates, *King of* Pontus.
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15. Theodoſius, *or the* Force of Love.
16. Madam Fickle, *or the* Witty Falſe One.
17. The Fond Husband, *or the* Plotting Siſters.
18. Eſquire Old Sap, *or the* Night Adventures.
19. Fool turn'd Critick.

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20. Virtuous Wife, *or* Good Luck at last.
21. The Fatal Wager,
22. Andromache.
23. Country Wit.
24. Calisto, *or the* Chaste Nymph.
25. Destruction of Jerusalem *in two Parts.*
26. Ambitious Statesman, *or the* Loyal Favourite.
27. Misery of Civil War.
28. The murder of the Duke of Glocester.
29. Thyestes, *a Tragedy.*
30. Hamlet Prince of Denmark, *a Tragedy.*
31. The Orphan, *or the* Unhappy Marriage.
32. The Soldiers Fortune.
33. Tamerlain the Great.
34. Mr. Limberham, *or the* Kind Keeper.
35. Mistaken Husband.
36. Notes of Morocco by the Wits.
37. Essex and Elizabeth, *or the* Unhappy Favourite.
38. Virtue Betray'd, *or* Anna Bulleign.
39. King Leare.
40. Abdellazor, *or the* Moor's Revenge.
41. Town-Fop *or* Sir Tim. Tawdery.
42. Rare en tout, *a French Comedy.*
43. Moor of Venice.
44. Country Wife.
45. City Politiques.
46. Duke of Guise.
47. Rehearsal. 6 AU 55
48. King and no King.
49. Philaster, *or* Love lies a Bleeding.
50. Maids Tragedy.
51. Grateful Servant.
52. Strange Discovery.
53. Atheist, or the Second Part of the Souldiers Fortune.
54. Wit without Money.
55. Little Thief.
56. Valiant Scot.

Vertue Rewarded;

OR, THE

IRISH Princeſs.

A NEW

NOVEL.

She ne're ſaw Courts, yet Courts could have undone
with untaught Looks, and an unpractis'd Heart;
Her Nets, the moſt prepar'd, could never ſhun,
For Nature ſpread them in the ſcorn of Art.
Gond. lib. 2. Cant. 7.

LONDON,

Printed for *R. Bentley*, at the Poſt-houſe in *Ruſſel-ſtreet*, in *Covent-Garden*. 1693.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

Dedicatory Epiſtle

To the Incomparable

MARINDA.

Madam,

THIS Novel throws it ſelf at your Feet, and pays you Homage as its Maſter's Repreſentative: It has been the product of ſome leiſure hours, and will I hope do me this ſecond kindneſs, to divert you in the Reading, as it did me in the Making. I need not, as others, give any reaſon for the Dedication; ſince to be made by me, is ſufficient to entitle it yours: But that is not the only claim it can lay to your Favour; for in deſcribing the *Ma-*

rinda of this Novel, I borrow from you, not only her Name, but ſome of the chief Beauties I adorn her with: Though you may imagine ſhe had no mean ones of her own, ſince (being but a private Gentlewoman) ſhe could by their help alone make ſo ſudden a Conqueſt over the Heart of a Prince, who had certainly (in ſo many Courts as he had been in) ſeen very agreeable Faces, ſet off with the additional Splendor of Quality, yet none of them had that effect over him, which hers gained without thoſe advantages. Beſides, her true Character ſuits very well with you: She was an Innocent Country Virgin, ignorant of the Intrigues and Tricks of the Court Ladies; her Vertue, like yours, untainted and undecayed, needed none of their Artificial Embelliſhments to guild it over; and that Innocence which appears eminently in both of you, as little wants theſe Ladies Artifices to ſet it off, as you do their *Fucus*

for

for your Faces; since true Innocence is as far beyond Dissimulation, as your Colour is beyond all the Paint of the Town; in both of these you give Nature as signal a Triumph over Art, as ever she had in any two things whatsoever. I wish I could liken you to her in one thing more; that is, That your Servant were of as high Quality as hers; but this wish is made meerly for your sake: For to me, as you are more precious than a Crown, so is the Title of a Prince inferiour to that Glorious one, of being the

Humblest of your Servants.

The PREFACE TO THE Ill-Natur'd READER.

THE Dutcheſs of Suffolk, *entertaining once at her Table the Bloody* Bonner, *Biſhop of* London, *ſate firſt by the Duke her Husband, but the Duke removing her thence, ſhe went and ſate by the Biſhop, ſaying, That ſince ſhe could not ſit by him ſhe loved beſt, ſhe would next him ſhe loved worſt: So dear dogged Reader, from writing an Epiſtle to her I love beſt, like the Dutcheſs, I change and remove to you whom I love worſt; for Writers hate none ſo much as Ill-natured Readers: Perhaps you'll ask, why then this Epiſtle to you whom I hate, and not rather to the Good-natured? Why for the ſame reaſon that the Dutcheſs ſate by* Bonner, *meerly to paſs my Jeſt on you; though another may be given, which is, That ſince Prefaces were partly deſigned to make the Reader Indulgent and Favourable*

vourable to the Book he is going to read, there's no need of a Preface to others, ſince the Good-Natured will be kind to it of themſelves; but 'tis you, that put us to the trouble of Prefacing. Therefore to indear it the more to you know, that the main Story is true, I heard of a Gentleman who was acquainted with the Iriſh *Princeſs, and knew all the Intrigue, and having from him ſo faithful a Relation of it, I made the Scene the very ſame where it was tranſacted, the time the ſame, going on all the way with the Truth, as far as conveniency would permit; I only added ſome few Circumſtances, and interlined it with two or three other Stories, for variety ſake, which is as neceſſary to the ſetting off the true Relation, and making it pleaſant, eſpecially to you nice Readers, as Sauces are to the dreſſing up a Diſh of Meat, to provoke the ſickly Appetite it is deſign'd for. I Printed it for the eaſe of her whom it was made for; if you like it, much good*

may do you; if you will not believe it, you have Liberty of Conſcience; but whether you believe, or diſbelieve, like, or diſlike, is indifferent to me, ſince in ſuch a trivial thing as this, I no more fear diſcredit by writing a bad one, than I could hope for Fame in writing it well. But I believe you are eager to ſee what is in the Book, and therefore I'll detain you no longer.

Farewell.

Vertue Rewarded;

OR, THE

IRISH Princeſs.

AS that mighty River which overflows *Ægypt*, and, with its prevailing Torrent, often drowns thoſe Provinces, which Nature only deſign'd it to water, yet proceeds at firſt from ſuch mean beginnings, that moſt Geographers have been unable to trace it to its Spring: So Loves ſwifter and more violent Stream has its firſt riſe from ſuch ſmall Channels, ſuch trifling circumſtances, that the Heart it ſelf can ſcarce perceive its Original; nay very often does not diſcern its progreſs, till it is too ſtrong for it, and ſo the ſudden vigour of its Torrent ſurprizes the unwary Lover, juſt as the *Zudder* Sea, driven with a North-weſt Wind, breaks the Diques, and overwhelms the drowzy *Hollander*, before he

ſuſpects any danger. Yet ſo Natural is Self-conceit, and ſo Univerſal our pretence to Knowledge, that few there are who will be ſo Modeſt, as to own themſelves wholly Ignorant of any thing which you ſhall ask them a Reaſon for. Hence it is, that, among other things, Love too is underſtood by all, and not one but will give his Verdict of it as ſoon as you ask him: The States-man will tell you it is cauſed by want of Ambition; the Merchant for want of Self-Intereſt; the Souldier for want of Action, and a thirſt after Honour; and the Scholar will prove to you, that 'tis gotten by Idleneſs: But it is with this, as with the Philoſophers Stone, whoſe myſterious Nature all gueſs at, and none know what it is, for it very often breaks all the Rules that are preſcribed againſt it: Sets upon the States-man at Court, and overcomes his Ambition; ſeizes on the Merchant in his Counting-Houſe, and weighs down his Intereſt; finds the Scholar in his Study, and teaches him a new Syſtem of Philoſophy, which baffles all the old; wounds the daring Souldier, even when he is clad in Steel, and makes him tamely ſubmit to Captivity, in the very midſt of his Conqueſts: The Story that I am going

to

to relate will be an excellent proof of this, being an Inſtance of an extraordinary ſort: It makes Love triumphant at once over two of theſe his greateſt Enemies, the Noiſe of War, and the Vanity of Ambition; and ſhows you a Prince of great Valour, guarded equally by both of theſe, could not defend himſelf from the Powerful Eyes of a Forreigner, and one as far beneath him in Quality, as Love afterwards placed her above him, when he lay at her Feet imploring her Mercy. When our preſent King had fought the Battel at the *Boyn*, and drove the Routed Enemy into *Limerick*, he endeavoured to root up the War, by Reducing that obſtinate City, that durſt hold out alone againſt the force of three Kingdoms, united in a Royal Army; he had then amongſt his Forreign Troops ſeveral petty Princes, who fought under him; ſome as Volunteers, to learn the Art of War under ſo Great, ſo Experienced a Maſter; ſome as Souldiers of Fortune, who thought by their Valour to recommend themſelves to his Favour, and obtain by that means ſome Important Charge in the Army, the Honour and Profit of which might exalt and maintain them ſuitable to thoſe High Characters,

Characters which their Titles deserved. Among the latter sort may be reckon'd the Prince of *S———g*, the smallness of whose Principality not affording him an Income agreeable to his High Title, and Higher Mind, he was resolved to acquire that Plenty which his Fortune had denied him, and show by his Valour, that he was nothing beholding to her for giving him Titles, but rather that she was unkind, in not giving him as plentiful a Revenue, as suited with the largeness of his Heart, and the vaster extent of his Merit. To this intent he came over Sea in a small Command, if we consider him as a Prince, though in a Post eminent enough to give him some occasions of publishing his Valour; 'twas in this Station he was, when our Forces were from all parts drawing together to invest *Limerick*, in order to which our Prince was to march through *Clonmell*, a City in the County of *Tipperary*, scituated in a large Plain near the *Sewer*, now grown obscure, formerly famous for the great Battel fought just by it, between two Brothers who were Competitors for the Crown of *Mounster*; when that famous Island had five Crowned Heads to Govern its Inhabitants. It was the Chief Street of

of this Town our Prince was marching through, on Horſe-back, at the Head of his Men, bowing low to both ſides, which were fill'd all along with People, who crowded thither to ſee thoſe Arms which were to ſecure them from the Enemies of their Liberty and Religion; when lifting up his Eyes towards the Windows, which were fill'd with the chief Gentry of the City, he eſpied in one of them a Beauty which fixed his ſight, as if ſhe alone were worthy his Attention: He continued looking that way, and turned not his Eyes off the Window, till the fieryneſs of his Horſe (which could not indure to ſtand ſtill) had carried him beyond the Houſe, and left the delightful Proſpect behind him; and afterwards he was ſo wholly taken up with the thoughts of what he had ſeen, that he rode on without regarding which way, till one of his Officers rode up, and told him that his Highneſs was paſt the Houſe which was deſigned him for his Lodging: The P. at this began to recollect himſelf, and giving Orders concerning the good Behaviour of his Souldiers, gave them leave to repair to their ſeveral Quarters, whilſt he by the Head Officers was Conducted to his; after ſome Ceremonies

paſt

paſt they repaired to their reſt, and left the Prince at liberty to take as much of his, as the inquietude of his Thoughts would permit him. He found himſelf tired with Travelling, and deſirous of reſt, yet incapable of taking any: He found his Thoughts much diſorder'd, and went to Bed to ſee whether Sleep would compoſe them: His Soul, like the Bodies of thoſe that have the Rheumatiſm, ſeemed very weary; yet as their Limbs are ſtill uneaſie, though on the ſofteſt Beds, ſo was his Mind; and coveted ſleep as much as their Limbs do reſt, and could as little obtain it. O Love, thou moſt dangerous Diſtemper of the Soul! moſt dangerous becauſe we do not perceive Thee, till Thou art too far gone to be cured: Thou ſubtle Enemy! who takeſt the ſtrongeſt Hearts, becauſe Thou always uſeſt Surpriſe; and undermining our Reaſon, never appeareſt in the light, till Thou art too far enter'd to be driven out: 'Twas thus, Treacherous Deity, Thou didſt overcome our Prince, by attacking him when he leaſt was aware of Thee; he little feared Hoſtility in a Town which he enter'd as a Friend; nor did he expect that one, and that of the weaker Sex, ſhould offer him Violence

at

at the head of his Battalion. He ſuſpected the true Cauſe ſo little, that he wonder'd at his own inquietude, and could not imagine what it was that could keep him awake on a ſoft Bed, who uſed to ſleep ſo ſound in the Camp on a hard Quilt, and often on the Ground: However, awake he lay all night, and did not once cloſe his Eyes, till day-light ſhone in at his Window: At the Sun's firſt appearance he got up, quite weary of his Bed, where he had the worſt Nights reſt he ever took in his Life; for though he had indured the hardſhip of many a cold night in Winter Camps; yet they all ſeemed eaſie and pleaſant, in compariſon of this one Night's Fatigue; for all the thoughts in thoſe Camps of Blood and War, the dread of a neighbouring Enemy, and the next day's Battel, were not ſo troubleſome to his Repoſe, as thoſe of his coming into this Town: The whole Scene of his entrance intruded into his Thoughts; the Noiſe and Hurry of the People was ſtill in his Ears; and the Window, and the Charming Spectator that looked out of it, ſeemed ſtill before his Eyes: Though he ſcarce miſtruſted that it was gone ſo far with him, as to be in Love; yet he was very

deſirous

desirous to come in Company with that beautiful Stranger, who had been so much in his Thoughts, and to satisfie himself whether she was really so Lovely, as she appeared at a distance: But neither knowing her Name, nor the place where she lived, he imagined that nothing but accident could bring him to a second sight of her; but as he was musing upon the difficulty of finding her out, *Celadon*, the Gentleman of his Horse, came to bid him Good-morrow, and acquainted him, That two or three great Officers were below, waiting for admittance to speak with him: The Prince, who was glad of any thing that might be an amusement to his troubled Mind, sent for them up, and received them with a great deal of Civility: After the first Complements, the Prince told them, He had Orders to await the King's coming to the Town; and after some discourse of the Progress of Affairs in general, they began to talk of the pleasure of Company, and how they should spend those few days which they were to pass in the Town: One proposed Training the Souldiers, another the Tavern, and the third a Consort of Musick; and when every one had past their Votes, the Prince bad *Celadon* give his:

his: This *Celadon* was a young briſk *Engliſh* Cavalier, of a ſmall Stature, but a Soul ſufficiently Great, and which diſdain'd to think that the littleneſs of his Body made him inferior to any one, either in open Valour in the Field, or the management of an Intrigue at home: And certainly never was any ones Humour more equally divided, between Love and War, than his: He was an exact Volunteer in both, and as he would hazard his Perſon any time, and fight for him that would give him the beſt Promotion, ſo was he no leſs a Souldier of Fortune in Love than War; would change his ſide often, offer his Service to every Lady that would accept of it, and ſtill was moſt hers, who was readieſt to reward him: He was the Younger Brother of a good Family; and having gone into Forreign Camps for a Livelihood, he had by his Courage, Wit, and Good Fortune, raiſed himſelf ſo high into the Prince's favour, as to be made his Gentleman of Horſe; he being to ſpeak in his turn, told the Prince, That ſince they had left him a deciding Vote, he was for trying each of them by turns; and if they would begin with the Muſick firſt, he would add to it one of his own

moſt

moſt delighting Divertiſements, the Company of Women; and to that purpoſe, if the Prince pleaſed to be that Night at the Ball, he would take care to invite all the young Gentry of the Town to it: The Prince told him he was the ſame he always thought him; that *Celadon* that took Love to be as important an Affair of Life, as either Eating or Drinking, and accordingly provided for it as carefully; this raillery brought on other diſcourſe, which laſted while *Celadon* went to make preparations for the Ball; at laſt he came back and told them that all things were ready, and the Company invited. On one ſide of the Town ſtood a large Country Houſe, which though not built after the *Dorick* Order, or the exacter neatneſs of Courtly Lodgings, yet its largeneſs gave liberty to gueſs at the Magnificence and Hoſpitality of the Owner: It belonged to the Great *Moracho*, famous all over the Kingdom for his Riches, particularly in his flocks of Sheep, as numerous as thoſe of the mighty *Scythian*, whoſe Son was the Terror of the World; or that Rich Man of the Eaſt, whom the *Turkiſh* Chronicles make Steward to *Alexander* the Great: All his Ground

Ground, far and near, was thick covered with his fleecy Wealth: You would have thought by their bleatings that you were in *Arcadia*, and Shepherdiſm coming in faſhion again: 'Twas this Houſe which was pitched upon for the Ball; and what place ſo fit for Dancing and innocent Mirth, as a ſpacious Hall, whoſe Building, Size, and Furniture, altogether ruſtical, imprinted ſuch lively Idea's of Country Freedom, and Country Innocence: Hither *Celadon* conducted our Prince and his Martial Company; their Muſick was as good as the Town could afford, and their Reception ſuitable to the Riches and Hoſpitality of him that entertain'd them. The Prince, who went thither, rather to ſhun his former thoughts, than out of any inclination to the Company, or the Dancing, ſat by, a Looker-on: Some of the Officers who were not ſo ſeriouſly bent, took out thoſe whoſe Face, Meen, or Shape pleaſed them the beſt, and in their ſeveral Dances either ſhewed their Skill, or at leaſt pleaſed themſelves with the conceit that they did ſo. *Celadon*, who always employed ſuch a time as this well, was not idle now; but gazed on one, talked to another, bowed to the third, and left

none

none of the Ladies unregarded; and as a cunning Hound, when he comes among a Herd of Deer, ſingles out the beſt, and never changes Scent, till he runs him down, ſo our skillful Hunter, who knew all the Mazes, Turnings, and Doublings in the courſe of Love, ranged through all the Company of the fairer Sex, till he lighted on the handſomeſt. He would not leave her, till he had prevailed with her to be his Partner in a Country Dance; and tho' till ſhe was drawn out few obſerved her, becauſe either Chance, or her own Modeſty had placed her in a dark part of the Room, yet when ſhe came into the light, ſhe alone drew the admiration of all the Men, as ſhe did the envy of the Women: Her face was oval and ſomewhat thin, as if grief had but newly left it, yet her looks were as chearful, as if it had not left the leaſt impreſſion on her mind; ſome ſigns of the Small-pox were juſt perceivable, yet they and her thinneſs, inſtead of leſſening, ſerved rather to increaſe the repute of her Beauty, while they ſhew'd how it had triumphed over thoſe two great deſtroyers of the handſomeſt Faces: Her Forehead was high and ſmooth, as if no Frown had ever deformed it to a wrinkle;

kle; and as much beyond the whiteneſs of the reſt of her Sex, as theirs is beyond the browner Complexion of ours; her Neck, and all the parts of her Face were equally Snowy, except her Cheeks; but they, as if they received their colour from the Rays which her Eyes darted down on them, were of ſuch a lively Carnation, as if that and the reſt of her Face were at a ſtrife, which of thoſe two Colours were the beſt. Her Eyes were of the ſame azure of the cleareſt Summer Skyes, and, like them too, ſo ſhining, that it would dazle you to look on them, and her Brows, which grew over them in an exact Arch, were inclining to a light colour, as if they got it from the brightneſs of thoſe Beams which ſhone from beneath them. Her Stature was neither ſo low as that Sex uſually is, nor ſo tall as to ſeem too maſculine; her Shape was curiouſly ſlender, and all her Limbs after a feminine delicacy, but ſhe had withall a Deportment ſo Great and ſo Majeſtick, that the comelineſs of the ſtronger Sex was mixed with the graces of the weaker: And that the ſtatelineſs of her Carriage ſeemed to command that Love and Adoration, which the ſweetneſs of her Face did invite to. I will

not

not describe how she was drest, let those Ladies be set off with such helps, who like Peacocks owe their Pride to their Feathers; hers were no part of her Beauty, they were put on for Modesty, not for Ornament; and served her as Clouds do the Sun, to screen her more glorious Beauties from the Eyes of weak Mankind, who would else be as infallibly ruined by the sight of the one, as by the excessive heat of the other. The Prince, who sate looking on the Dance, no sooner saw her, but he knew her to be the same whom he had seen in the Window, and whom he so much longed to come acquainted with, he was overjoy'd that he had gotten an opportunity he so little expected; he was so eager to speak to her, and so impatient till the Dance was over, that any one who had observed him might easily have perceived it: As soon as the Dance was ended, he call'd to *Celadon*, and telling him that he could not but be weary, proffered to supply his place: *Celadon*, with a great deal of submission told him, that he was willing to resign any place to his Highness, and so sate down: In the mean time a Tune began, and the Lady waited for her Partner; but when she saw

ſaw the Prince come, ſhe bluſh'd, and deſired his Highneſs would pardon her, if ſhe pray'd him to chuſe another, becauſe ſhe was weary: The Prince would not allow of that excuſe; but when ſhe Danced ſeveral times wrong, and put the Company out, and was out of Countenance her ſelf, he thought her bluſhing proceeded from her not underſtanding the Dance, and ſo accepted the excuſe, and ſate down with her. Having a mind to diſcourſe with her, and not having ſo good a command of the *Engliſh* Tongue, he ſpoke to her in *French*, and asked her, did ſhe underſtand him? ſhe anſwered him again in the ſame Language: 'Sir, I have juſt ſuch a ſmattering of it as 'you have of *Engliſh*, but your Highneſs 'ſhows me ſo wiſe a Preſident, of not ven-'turing to diſcourſe in a Language which 'I cannot expreſs my ſelf well in, that I 'ought to follow it, and dare no more 'ſpeak *French* to your Highneſs, than 'you will *Engliſh* to me. Madam, *ſaid* 'the Prince, though you ſpeak the *French* 'Tongue ſo prettily, that one does not 'know which becomes your Mouth bet-'ter, that, or your own, yet e're a one 'of them is thrown away on you; for 'that tempting Face ſpeaks ſo much of

'it

'it ſelf, that had Nature ty'd up your 'Tongue, yet your Looks alone have 'power enough to lead all Mankind a-'ſtray, and draw them more attractive-'ly after you by their Eyes, than the 'moſt perſwading Eloquence can by the 'Ears. Sir, *replyed the Lady*, Had your 'Highneſs made theſe Compliments to 'ſome celebrated Beauty, cuſtom would 'have prepared her an Anſwer; but to 'one that is ſo unuſed to them as I am, 'they come ſo unexpected, that I muſt 'deſiſt Diſcourſing, as I did juſt now 'from Dancing, not ſo much becauſe I 'am weary of it, as becauſe I do not 'know how to go on; and really, with 'us Country Maids, our Tongues walk 'like our Feet, and as our Country 'Dances follow an eaſie methodical way, 'ſo does our Talk; whilſt your Court 'Wit, like your dances, are ſo made 'up of Art in one place, a cunning Jeſt, 'or a hard Step in another; your Fan-'cies, like your Feet, do caper ſo high, 'and are ſo nimble, that our plainneſs 'ſeems ridiculous in both, and yours is 'ſo difficult to us, that it gives us no 'hope of ever arriving to as much as a 'faint imitation. Dancing, *ſaid the* '*Prince*, was deſign'd in imitation of

'Courtſhip,

'Courtship, the Ladies flying off from 'the Man to shew her Coyness; her some-'times coming forward, and sometimes 'retiring, her Inconstancy; and their 'meeting at last signifies their Marriage; 'now if the Fashion be here as 'tis in our 'Country, to kiss at last, i'faith, Ma-'dam, I'll leave Poets and Dancing-Ma-'sters to shew their Skill in Talking and 'Dancing, and care not how unskillful-'ly I go on in either, so that I may be 'sure of my reward in the end: If you 'go no farther than a bare kiss, *replyed* '*the Lady smiling*, few would refuse your 'Highness that reward, to have the ho-'nour of Dancing with you; but if you 'carry on the Simile so far as to relate to 'Marriage, your Highness should con-'sider, that the sport of Courtship, like 'that of Dancing, is quite gone when it 'comes to the kiss; and no more plea-'sure remains afterwards to the poor 'tired Dancers, than that of thinking 'it over again; for then, as an old say-'ing of ours has it, our dancing days 'are gone. As she spoke these words, the Dance ended, and some of the Com-pany coming up to hearken to their dis-course, the Lady rose from her Seat, and took her leave; the Prince could neither

perſuade her to ſtay, nor to give him leave to wait on her home; then he deſired to know where ſhe lived, but ſhe begg'd his Pardon: The Prince, who was reſolved to know her, ſent his Page to obſerve her, and to take notice where ſhe lodged, and ſo fell in talk with the other Company, continuing it with one or other, till the lateneſs of the night broke up the Ball, and ſent every one to his ſeveral home; the Prince had not been long at his, e're the Page came and brought him word, that he had houſed the Lady in the High-ſtreet, that ſhe lived there with a Gentlewoman who was her Mother-in-law: The Prince who was ſo uneaſie before, and ſo deſirous to ſee her, ſince he had that interview he wiſhed for, began to be more at eaſe, though more in Love than before, and whereas his thoughts were formerly diſtracted ſeveral ways, now they ran all on her; the Ball, the Dancing, and all the reſt of the Entertainment was as faintly remembred, as if he had only ſeen them in a Dream; but what ſhe had ſaid or done, was as freſh, as if it were that very moment acting over again: One while he fancied he ſaw her Dancing, another, that he

ſaw

ſaw with what a grace ſhe ſpake, and every word of her diſcourſe was as ready in his memory, as if they were the only ones engraven there; no wonder if thoſe who will not give credit to the Stories of Apparitions, ſay, the Perſons are deluded by the exceſs of Fear, and the ſtrength of their own Fancies, for the force of imagination is as ſtrong in Love as it is in Fear, and makes the cheated Amouriſt ſtill think he ſees the Fair one, and though ſhe be an hundred mile off, yet her Face, her Ayr, her Meen, and every thing that formerly pleaſed his ſight, ſeems ſtill to dance before it: And as the guilty Conſcience of the Murderer preſents the Fantom of the Murdered to his view, ſo Lovers are haunted with Spectres too, only the Murderers appear in a dreadful, the Lovers in a pleaſing Form. This Night had our Prince ſeveral of theſe delightful Viſions, which were ſo intruding, that neither his Reaſon could baniſh them while he was awake, nor Sleep free him from them in his Dreams; as ſoon as he waked he ſent for *Celadon*, and having ordered him to ſhut the Door, and ſit down on his Bed-ſide, he ſpake thus to him. 'When you went with me to the

'Emperour's Court, do you remember 'how many excellent Beauties we saw 'there? What variety too, Black, 'Brown, and Light, yet all fair to Per-'fection; you may remember how in-'different I was to them all, that I ne-'ver threw away an hours discourse on 'them, unless it were to rally the Pride, 'the Hypocrisie, the Ambition, and the 'other Vanities which that Sex is given 'to; and then though I seem'd in Jest, 'yet I took what I spake to be truth, nor 'did I think that the low opinion I had 'of Woman-kind would ever let me 'shew them any regard beyond bare 'Complaisance: But I was deceived, for 'I have in these two days had a greater 'alteration in my humour, than I be-'lieved my whole life could produce: 'By your words, Sir, I should guess, 'said *Celadon*, that you are in Love, but 'the consideration of the place where we 'are corrects that thought, since in this 'Island there is scarce one worthy your 'high Affections. I wish you could per-'swade me to that, *reply'd the Prince*; but 'will not you recant your own Opinion, 'when I recall to your mind the Beauti-'ful Partner you last Night danced with? 'The young Gentlewoman, *reply'd he*,

'had

'had as large a ſtock of Beauty, as the 'moſt Romantick Lover can either wiſh 'or imagine in a Miſtreſs; and indeed, 'if your Highneſs has a mind to Intrigue 'away this Winter that's coming on, I 'could not wiſh you a pleaſanter than 'ſhe is likely to make, if her Wit be 'anſwerable to her Beauty: By what 'ſmall tryal I have had of her, *anſwered* '*the Prince*, I believe it falls very little 'ſhort of it; and if my Love for her en-'creaſes a little longer, at the ſame rate 'as it has done ſince its birth, I fear 'twill out-live more Campaigns with 'me, than I ſhall Winters with her: 'Why ſure, *ſaid* Celadon, your High-'neſs does not deſign any more than a 'Jeſt in't; for though her Perſon de-'ſerves a higher ſtation in the World, 'yet, ſince Fortune has given her nei-'ther Quality nor Riches ſuitable to it, 'you are not ſo prodigal a Lover as '*Mark Anthony* was, to quit your Princi-'pality, and your Honour beſides, for a 'Miſtreſs: There's no need of that, *ſaid* '*the Prince*; don't lay ſuch Blockadoes 'in my way to her; for be it ever ſo 'long, or difficult, I will uſe both Pa-'tience and Diligence to overcome it; 'for ſome way or other I am reſolved to

'enjoy her; and if you will assist me, 'I shall not think all that ever I can do 'for you will make you too large a re- 'compense. Your Highness, *said* Cela- 'don, never yet gave me an opportuni- 'ty to shew my diligence in serving you; 'but if you please to tell me how you in- 'tend to bring this about, I will follow 'your directions to the utmost of my 'Power: All that I would desire of you 'at present, *said the Prince*, is to make 'me an *English* Song, because I am not 'well enough acquainted with the 'Tongue; make it to the Tune we 'heard sung to Count *Epithalamium*, and 'with your Violin and my Guittar we'll 'go this Night and Serenade her: I'll 'take my leave of you now, *said* Cela- 'don, and in the Afternoon I'll wait on 'you with the Song. *Celadon* fail'd not his promise, but came in the Evening, and sat drinking with the Prince till Mid- night, and then they sallied out, to go to the place where they meant to Sere- nade, taking the Prince's Page with them, both to carry their Instruments, and shew them the House. When they were come under the Window, they play'd a while in Consort, till they thought they had awaken'd those of the House, and

then

then the Prince bad *Celadon* give over, and ſetting his Guittar to anſwer his Voice, with a paſſionate Air he ſang this Song,

WHy ſhould my fair Enchantreſs ſleep,
And yet not dream at all of thoſe,
Whom Love of her in torment keep,
And hinders from the leaſt repoſe:
She has kindled fires in my breaſt,
Which keep me ſtill awake,
And robs her Lover of that reſt,
Which ſhe her ſelf does take.

When he had Sung thus far he heard the Caſement open, and one whiſper out of it: 'Who are you that diſtruſt your 'own Perſon and Wit ſo much, that you 'make your Court by Muſick, to help 'out the one; and chuſe Mid-night for 'the time to pay your viſits in, that 'Darkneſs may conceal the defects of the 'other? The Prince (becauſe 'twas a Woman's Voice, and becauſe he would willingly have it ſo) concluded that it was his Miſtreſs, and therefore anſwered her: *Thoſe, Madam, who have ſuch Beauty as yours to plead with, ought in their own defence to come in the dark, becauſe in the light, the ſight of you would take up ſo*

much of their thoughts; that when they have most need of them, to expreſs the greatneſs of their paſſion, they'd then be at the greateſt loſs what to ſay: You little think how much you are in the right (ſaid ſhe) *for could you ſee me 'twould ſpoil your Complementing; for there's nothing ſo much a bugbear to Wit as an ugly Face:* Saying this ſhe clapt to the Window, and nothing which the Prince could afterwards ſay gain'd any return. He, thinking his Sport over for that Night, looked about for *Celadon*, but no *Celadon* to be found, nor could the Page give any tydings of him: The Prince thought he might be gone home before him, and therefore followed him, in expectation to know how he came to leave him, and to tell him of his Diſcourſe with the Lady. Here perhaps the Reader may charge *Celadon* with Incivility, in running home before the Prince, when he had promiſed to keep him company; but let the haſty Cenſurer have as much patience as the Prince himſelf, who did not expect to ſee *Celadon*, till he got to his Lodging, and when he came there, was as far to ſeek for him as ever; but the next morning, the firſt who came into his Chamber was *Celadon*, his Complexion was wan,

wan, and looked as if he was much out of order: The Prince, who gueſſed he had been upon an Amour, asked him, what made him look ſo ill. 'After having begg'd your Highneſs's Pardon, '*ſaid he*, for my rudeneſs in leaving you, 'I'll tell ſuch an accident which befell me 'ſince, that your Highneſs will think a 'ſufficient puniſhment for it: While 'you were Singing, I ſaw at a little di'ſtance ſomething, which, by the white'neſs, I gueſſed to be either a Ghoſt, or 'a Woman, and as I am not afraid of 'either, my Curioſity prompted me to 'ſee which it was, I walked that way, 'and found it to be, not a Ghoſt, but 'which was worſe, a Shee Devil in a 'Night-rail, by which I concluded it to 'be of that Sex which I had moſt incli'nation to keep company with at that 'time of Night; the place too ſeemed to 'favour the Temptation, being an old 'Abby, where there was no body nigh 'to interrupt us: When I came near 'her, ſhe broke ſilence firſt, and ſaid, *O Lord, Sir, you have ſtaid very long, I have been waiting for you this hour*: 'Tho' 'at firſt, by her ſtanding there, I thought 'her Common, yet theſe words made 'me take her for ſome Lover who had

'made an Aſſignation; I was reſolved 'to perſonate him whom the meeting 'was deſigned for; and leſt ſhe ſhould 'know my Voice, I anſwer'd in a low 'tone, that buſineſs hinder'd me, but 'I would ſoon make amends for my ab-'ſence: Juſt as he ſpoke this laſt word, he runs to the Chamber-door, and having ſeized a Maid of the Houſe, he hall'd her in, crying out, *This is the Jilt that play'd me the trick, but I'll be revenged on her:* The Maid half dead with fear, could ſay nothing for her ſelf, but cry'd to the Prince for help; he ſeeing her gentilely dreſt, and thinking 'twas his Landlord's Daughter, interpoſed his Authority, and ordering the Door to be ſhut, commanded *Celadon* to be calmer, till he enquired into the matter, and asked the Stranger whether ſhe knew what was the reaſon of his Anger: The Maid deſiring that his Highneſs would hear her, and then judge between them, began thus: 'I 'perceive by this Gentleman's Anger, 'that he has been groſly abuſed; that 'I have been in ſome ſort the cauſe, I 'am ſorry; but to ſhew you I am a very 'innocent one, I'll give you a relation 'of ſome paſſages of my life, which 'though

'though publickly known, yet never 'ſhould have been told you by me, were 'it not on ſuch an important account as 'this, the allaying this Gentleman's 'rage againſt me, and the hindering 'him from noiſing any thing abroad, 'which might be to the prejudice of my 'Reputation: My Father is a Country 'Gentleman, deſcended from a good 'Family, but his Anceſtors were ſo im-'provident, as to ſpend moſt of their 'Eſtate, and leave him but a ſmall re-'mainder to maintain a great many 'Children: I am the youngeſt of all, 'the Favourite both of Father and Mo-'ther, whoſe greateſt care has been to 'Match me ſo, that they may live to ſee 'me happy. I had choice enough; for 'theſe three or four years I have had lit-'tle reſt from Suitors, who from all 'parts of the Country ſollicited me: My 'Fortune, I believe, they did not court 'me for, becauſe I ſaw ſeveral who had 'far greater were neglected; People 'flatter'd me indeed with the title of a 'Beauty, and Fame, who is moſt com-'monly a great Lyar, did liſt my Name 'among her wonders; whether ſhe was 'in the wrong or no, I could wiſh ſhe 'were, for it has put me to more trou-

'ble

'ble than a good Face is worth, to bear 'with the ſeveral impertinencies of my 'young Country Servants; though to 'have ſeen their ſeveral humours would 'have been as good as a Comedy to me, 'had I been meerly a Spectator, but I 'loſt the pleaſure becauſe I was an 'Actreſs in it my ſelf: Every one of them 'had a particular behaviour, yet every 'one ſomething of the *Harlequin* in it; 'and their Courtſhip was different, ac-'cording to their diverſity of humours: 'One had Confidence, and thought that 'would gain me, and he'd be the moſt 'troubleſome, becauſe he'd touze me 'and hale me about, and I had much 'ado to defend my ſelf from his rude-'neſs; him I avoided as I would the 'Devil. Another would think to gain 'me by his over-civility, and he'd come 'a great way juſt to ask me how I did, 'and how my Father and Mother did, 'ask me what a Clock it was, and what 'time of the Moon, and where I was at 'Church laſt *Sunday*; and after ſome 'ſuch wiſe diſcourſe, he'd take a kiſs 'and be gone; he was my Chip in Por-'ridge, I neither ſhunn'd his Company, 'nor cared for it. A third, puffi up 'with the good ſucceſs of having gotten

'his

'his Father's Maid, or Tenant's Daugh-
'ter with Child, believed the ſame Me-
'thods would conquer me, and there-
'fore thought to entertain me with im-
'modeſt diſcourſe; my Vertue made me
'deaf to all he could ſay, and for my
'Reputation ſake I avoided him. Then
'a Widower came, a Couſen, addreſſed
'to me, deſiring to be nearer a-kin, and
'thought to touch my heart, but indea-
'voured it after ſo rude a manner, as if
'he forgot that 'twas a Maid, not a
'Widow, he was Courting: But it ap-
'peared, for all his long practiſing Mer-
'chandiſe, that he did not underſtand
'how to Purchaſe, for all that he had in
'the World could not buy my conſent to
'give him mine. A fifth was opiniona-
'tive of his ruſtick valour, and he'd aim
'at conquering his Miſtreſs the ſame
'way as Knights Errant did of old, by
'quarrelling and beating every one he
'came near: But I thought ſuch an o-
'ver-boyling Courage, which would ſtill
'expoſe me to fears for him, was fitter
'for a Bravo, than a Husband. The
'ſixth was my true Country Courtier,
'who was all Innocence; he had ſcarce
'Courage enough to keep him from
'ſwooning, when he came into my

'Compa-

'Company, unleſs his Spirits had been 'raiſed before-hand, by a dram of the 'Bottle, or a belly full of ſtrong drink; 'then he'd ſay, his Mother ſent him to ask 'me whether I'd have him; and tell me 'a long ſtory of his Ground, his Dairy, 'and his Cattle; I deſpiſed this Milk-'ſop, and thought it a hard bargain to 'give my ſelf in ſubjection to the chief 'Beaſt, only to be Miſtreſs of the reſt. 'This was my condition, when a young 'Gentleman, a Stranger, came down 'into our Country to ſome Friends he 'had there; and no ſooner ſaw me, 'than he encreaſed the number of my 'Captives, and profeſſed himſelf my 'Servant, but when he firſt told it me, 'twas with all the Rhetorick which 'an ingenious paſſion could invent, his 'Eyes, his Actions, and every geſture 'ſo gracefully ſeconded his Story, that 'the Lover's part, which the others 'acted ſo ridiculouſly, became him ſo 'well, as if he were only made for Love. 'When he paid a viſit, if any of the 'reſt chanced to come at the ſame time, 'the Breeding which he brought from '*Dublin*, elevated him ſo far above them, 'in his Diſcourſe, his Carriage, and all 'he did, that they did look like our

'wild

'wild *Iriſh* to him; but when alone he 'talked to me of Love, the Muſick of 'his Tongue was ſo enchanting, I could 'have ſtaid and liſten'd for ever to him. 'Sir, I will ſay no more in his commen- 'dation, for methinks Lovers are ſo 'much a part of our ſelves, that their 'praiſes look fulſome where they come 'from one another, I will only tell your 'Highneſs that we were but too happy 'in one another, till Fortune, who is 'never conſtantly kind, contrived a 'way to part us aſunder: But why ſhould 'we curſe our ill Fortune, or lay the 'fault on the Devil, when any miſchance 'does befall us? Whereas poor *Beelze-* 'bub is wrong'd, for he could not do us 'half the miſchiefs we receive, unleſs 'we helped him againſt one another, and 'of all people I think the Envious are 'his principal Agents, of which this is 'a remarkable inſtance: There lived in 'the ſame Houſe with him, one *Capella*, 'a ſtale Maid, of a good Family, but a 'decayed Fortune, and ſhe, it ſeems, 'hearing of our Amour, envied the hap- 'pineſs of it: I can't ſay 'twas out of 'any violent Love to him, for her being 'pretty far advanced in years, and ſick- 'ly beſides, do make me think her Lo-

'ving

'ving time was past, at least I'm sure it
'should have been, for her grey Hairs,
'her Dwarfishness, her Sickliness, her
'Pale Ill-favoured Face, and her want
'of a Fortune to gild all these Imper-
'fections, might have hindered her
'from thinking of Marriage, if she had
'any Wit to consider them; but she will
'repent the want of it, when the foolish
'desire of Intriguing in her old Age, has
'rendered her ridiculous to all the Gen-
'tlemen, and after wasting her Youth
'in Pride and Disdain of those that more
'than deserved her, make her take up
'at last, for want of a better, with a
'Ploughman, a Groom, or a Footman. I
'fear your Highness will think this a very
'illnatur'd Character, but I will beg you
'to consider, that it proceeds from her
'own deserts, and the resentment an in-
'jured Love does usually raise in our
'Breasts, against those who are the chief
'causes of our unhappiness; as certainly
'she was of mine, for the Nets she often,
'and in vain, spread for others, were
'now laid for him: And because she
'thought the Love of me diverted him;
'after having with Jeers and Perswasi-
'ons, Scorn and Flattery, Anger and
'Kindness, and all the different ways

'she

'ſhe could think on, in vain attempted
'to ſhake his Conſtancy; ſhe was reſol-
'ved to make me loſe him, though ſhe
'loſt him her ſelf by it; and getting
'ſome of her Relations to repreſent me
'to his, as diſadvantageouſly as they
'could, they (leſt he ſhould loiter a-
'way his Youth in Love, and not pur-
'ſue that Preferment to which his Geni-
'us was likely to raiſe him) called him
'up to *Dublin*. I, partly to huſh the
'diſcourſe which her Malice had raiſed
'of us, about the Countrey, partly, be-
'cauſe it made me melancholly, to ſee
'thoſe deſerted Shades, where I had for-
'merly been ſo happy, quitted that
'place, and choſe my Aunt's Houſe,
'where your Highneſs is now, for my
'retirement. He came to Town, *incog-*
'*nito*, to ſee me, and for fear ſome of
'his Friends ſhould hear of it, our meet-
'ings were always in private. An Ab-
'bey hard by (being ſolitary and free
'from any company that might diſturb
'us) we pitched upon for our laſt nights
'Aſſignation: I was there firſt, and this
'Gentleman coming by, I miſtook him
'for the other: He'll own himſelf that
'he began to be too familiar, and leſt
'he ſhould offer me violence at that time

'of

'of night, when no body was near to 'help me, I was driven to this ſhift to 'get rid of him: I ſaw which way his 'nature inclined him, and thence con-'cluded there was no way to deliver my 'ſelf, but by putting him in hopes of 'ſome better Intrigue; I therefore told 'him, I would not detain him from my 'Miſtreſſes's Embraces, who had been 'waiting for him this long while (pre-'tending I miſtook him for ſome other 'Gentleman) and ſo drew him from 'thence, deſigning at the firſt Houſe I 'ſaw any up, to pretend ſhe was there, 'and ſo leave him: I durſt not come 'home with him, leſt the vexation of 'finding himſelf deceiv'd, ſhould make 'him raiſe the Houſe, and to come home 'with an Officer at that time of Night, 'would have ruined me in my Aunt's 'good opinion. It fell out as well as 'I could wiſh, for an Ale-houſe was o-'pen, and deſiring him to go and en-'quire for her there, I bad him good 'night, and came home as faſt as my 'fear could carry me: What became of 'him after I know not, only deſire that 'he would impute it to his own Curioſi-'ty, if he has ſuffered; and that both 'your Highneſs and he will be ſo honou-'rable,

'rable, as to keep what I have related 'from others Ears, as ſtrictly as I would 'have kept it from yours, had I not 'been conſtrained to reveal it in juſtifi-'cation of mine Honour. The Prince, who had liſtened with delight to the Love-ſtory, it jumping ſo well with the humour he was then in, told the young Gentlewoman, that he had a great reſpect for her, as ſhe was a Gentlewoman, and ſo near a Relation of his Landladies, but more, as ſhe was Beautiful, Vertuous, and a Lover, and wiſhed her a great deal of Succeſs. *Celadon* begg'd a thouſand pardons for the rudeneſs his Ignorance had betray'd him to; and that ſhe might be the more inclined to pardon him, he deſired her to ſtay, and hear the unlucky adventure he had after ſhe left him. The Prince deſired her to ſeat her ſelf, and *Celadon* with half a ſmile, and a bluſh together, thus continued his Story. You may remember, Madam, that I promiſed you to make amends for my long ſtay, and went about to be as good as my word, had not your Vertue and Cunning reſtrained me more than my own: And tho' I have all along ſaid that no Woman could reſiſt Opportunity and Importunity, yet now I renounce

nounce my Error, and could my self become a Proselyte to Chastity, were I so happy as the Gentleman you waited for, I mean, in having so Fair, so Vertuous a Mistress, to regulate my wandering desires, and confine them to her self; as it is, your example, and last nights trick put upon me, have half Converted me: I will own to you, that I did really think you had mistaken me for another; I was big with hopes of the Bliss you promised to conduct me to; and 'twas either your wisdom, or good luck, not to go into the light with me; I saw indeed so much of you, as to know you again by your Cloaths; but had I seen that alluring Face, your feigned Mistress had not served your turn; I did not, because I avoided your seeing mine, for fear you should discover me to be the wrong Person: For the same reason, I was loath to ask your Mistress's Name, and chose rather to enquire for her at a venture, concluding, that if I once came into her Company, the fear of my discovering her Amour would over-awe her, and make her as kind to me, as if I were the Spark that she waited for: Besides, the heat of my Inclination pushed me forward at a venture, whether I succeeded or

or no: I went therefore into the Houſe, and asked a Boy at the Bar, whether there was ever a Gentlewoman there who expected me: The Boy asked me what her Name was: *What's that to you*, ſaid I? *Is there ever a Gentlewoman in the Houſe?* The Boy, who underſtood his Trade, gueſſed what I meant; ſhewed me a Room, and ſent in a Woman to me: Her colour was very good, for I believe ſhe was Painted, her Look was briſk, and her Garb gentile enough; for my Garb being pretty rich, they thought to make a good Prize of me, and therefore ſent me, I ſuppoſe, the choiceſt Girl in the Houſe. I took her to be the diſtreſſed Wife of ſome old Man, who had married her to make her his Nurſe, and therefore told her it belong'd to my Profeſſion to help the diſtreſſed. She told me ſhe thought, by my Tone and Whiskers that I was an Out-landiſh Man; asked me how long I had been in Town, and whether I was a meer ſtranger to that place; pretending as if ſhe was afraid of my coming to the knowledge of whoſe Wife ſhe was. I told her I was an *Engliſh-man*, had been beyond Sea ſeveral years; that I came to Town but two or three days ago, with the Prince's Troops, and

ſhould

ſhould ſuddenly be marching to *Limerick*, and that therefore ſhe ſhould make the better uſe of me while I ſtaid, and never fear a diſcovery afterwards; by this ſhe gueſſed I ſhould never be able to find the Houſe again, and that embolden'd them to deal as they did with me; ſhe ſeemed to be ſo cautious, out of a fear of her Honour; when therefore ſhe had gotten as much knowledge of my being a Stranger, as ſatisfied her fears, ſhe began to be more familiar with me, and, out of a particular piece of kindneſs, would needs ſend out for a Bottle of Sack for me, ſaying, ſhe would drink a health to the good man at home; we both laugh'd at the conceit; I, how little he thought of his Horns, and ſhe to think how little I ſuſpected the Trick ſhe was going to play me: The Wine ſhe would needs drink mull'd, and, ordering it her ſelf, ſhe infuſed either Opiate, or ſome ſuch Soporiferous draught; we had no ſooner drank it off, than ſhe conſented to go to Bed, ſaying, that her Husband was out of Town, and the Houſe belonging to a Friend of hers, no body was likely to trouble our pleaſures: Becauſe I ſuſpected nothing, I never minded how little ſhe drank; and you know, Madam,

we

we usually indulge Women their liberty in drinking, therefore very likely she drank less, and so it might have less operation upon her; it worked so on me, that I did not wake till late in the morning, and when I first opened my Eyes, I found my self in the innermost part of the Abby, which I saw you at last Night; I was laid on a Tombstone, by the side of a great Marble Statue (the Effigies of some Great Person formerly buried there) I wonder'd to find that my Bed and Bedfellow had both suffered such a Niobetick alteration, that they who were so soft and warm last Night, were become so hard and cold by Morning; but I wonder'd more at my self, when I found no Cloaths, but an old *Franciscan* Habit on me, I began to think of *Plato*'s transmigration, and that I had died an Officer, and for my lewdness in my former body, was doom'd now to be an abstinent *Franciscan*: But I had not much time to think, for by this time, a Zealous Neighbour that had seen me asleep, thought he would catch the Frier napping, and brought a Constable for me; the Man of Authority order'd me immediately to appear before a Justice of Peace. I was conducted in

in State through the Streets, at the head of a Party, more numerous than your Highneſs's body of Souldiers; they huzza'd all the way, as if the King were going by; and methought I went in great Pomp, only my Triumph was after the *Roman* faſhion, with the Lictor behind me, who every now and then threat'ned me with Bridewell, the Stocks, and the Gibbet: In this manner I marched near half a mile to the Juſtice's, barefooted all the way, which I think of it ſelf was ſufficient pennance for my laſt nights Debauch: The Juſtice asked me a great many impertinent queſtions; as how I durſt appear there in that Habit? and why I did not go after the *French* to *Limerick*? I ſaw it beſt to confeſs what I was, and told him all the latter part of my adventure, how that the People of the Houſe knowing, by my own confeſſion, that I was a Stranger, and not likely to find the Houſe again, had robb'd me of all my Cloaths at Mid-night, and left me there in an old Habit, which ſome poor Holy Brother had formerly given them as the return of a kindneſs: The Juſtice would not believe but this was a Jeſuitical evaſion of mine, and therefore bad me, if I was a Souldier, ſend for ſome body that I

was

was acquainted with; I named two or three Officers of my Acquaintance, and the Juſtice ſent one for them, they were found in a Tavern with a great deal of other Company, and the fellow delivering his Meſſage publickly, they all came to ſee the Novice in his Habit; their Teſtimony releaſed me, and I was fain to borrow ſome Cloaths to go home in, having loſt a very good Suit of my own, and moſt part of the ready Money I have in the World, and have got nothing for it, but the name of *Celadon* the *Franciſcan*, which will ſtick by me as long as I live: Your Highneſs may ſee now the cauſe of my paleneſs, is the potion I drank, and the cold Lodging I had, which if it had not happen'd at ſuch a hot time of the year, would have made me dye in a more Religious Habit than ever I lived in. You, Madam, if you have any ſuch thing as pity in you, will excuſe me, and think that the ſhame, the loſs, and the cold I ſuffered might be ſufficient cauſe to make me angry with you, whilſt I thought you one of the Accomplices. The fair Stranger, with a pitying ſmile, told him, That ſhe was ſorry he had ſuffered ſo much by her means, and ſaid, that to ſhew ſhe did

no way consent to it, she would send one who should shew him the House; and if he would carry a Constable with him, he might recover all his things again. The Prince, who had laughed till he was weary, bad *Celadon* call up the Centry, him he sent for a File of Musqueteers, and desiring the beautiful Stranger to send a Guide with them to the House, sent *Celadon* with them. The young Gentlewoman, bidding the Prince good morrow, went to her Uncle and Aunt to give them some share of the Laughter, and ordering one of the Servants to go with the Souldiers to the House, there *Celadon* found his last nights Mistress, and having recovered his Cloaths and his Watch, he sent for the same Constable, who had conducted him so carefully to the Justice's, and leaving his Mistress, and her fellow Nuns to the publick Justice, he came back to the Prince very well satisfied that he had come off so well, and bought his experience so cheap. Though the oddness of *Celadon*'s adventure did for some time employ the Prince's mind, yet at last, by a long chain of thought, he returned to the accustomed Subject his Mistress: For as the *Jack of the Lanthorn* is said to lead the

the benighted Country-man about, and makes him tread many a weary ſtep in fruitleſs rounds, yet leaves him near the ſame place where it found him at firſt; ſo Love's deluding fire, after enticing the blinded mind through many reſtleſs thoughts, brings it about again to its beloved Idea, that enchanting circle it can never leave; 'twas this bewitching Paſſion which brought our Prince from *Celadon*'s adventure to the fair Strangers, and from hers to his own; and when he call'd to mind the Story of her Lover, and his ſucceſs over her heart, he pleaſed himſelf with hopes of the like Fortune in his own Amour, and thought it very probable, that a Prince, who had ſeveral advantages over one of a private Fortune, might expect the ſame ſucceſs, and not fear the like diſappointment, ſince he had no power to over-awe, or check his Love, or Relations to controul it. Finding a great deal of diverſion in this melancholly entertainment, he reſolved on a walk, as well to take the Air, as to prevent the engaging himſelf in any Company, which might come to ſeek him at his Lodgings; when he had walked about half a mile, he found himſelf on the top of a Hill,

whence after having looked a while on the adjacent Town, and with a curious Eye ſearched out that part of it, which his admired Beauty made happy with her preſence, he laid him down under the ſhade of two or three large Trees, whoſe ſpreading Boughs nature had woven ſo cloſe together, that neither the heat of the Sun, nor ſtorm of the fierceſt Wind could violate the pleaſant ſhade, which was made as a general defence, no leſs againſt the ſcorching of the one, than the nipping of the other; they ſeemed to have been firſt planted there, for the ſhelter of thoſe who came thither to drink; for juſt by there bubbled up a clear and plentiful Spring, of which, from an ancient *Iriſh* Chronicle, let me give you this Story. *Cluaneeſha*, the only Child of *Macbuain*, King of *Munſter*, was accuſed of having been too familiar with one of her Father's Courtiers; the Fact was atteſted upon Oath by two Gentlemen that waited on the King's Perſon, and to confirm it, the Princeſs her ſelf had ſuch a ſwelling in her, that few doubted but their Witneſs was true, and would ſoon be proved by her being brought to Bed: Her Father, being old and ſickly, was deſired, for the

the prevention of Civil Wars after his Death, to nominate a Succeſſour: The People ſhewed their unanimous conſent to confer the Crown on her Uncle, becauſe they would not have a Strumpet for their Sovereign; ſo the old King was perſwaded to proclaim his Brother Heir Apparent, and condemn his Daughter to a Cloiſter: The Courtier fled beyond Sea, and went a Pilgrimage to the Saint at *Poſnanie*; the very night that he arrived there, one appeared to the Mother Abbeſs, in the form of a Nun glorified, and told her, that ſhe was *Edith*, Daughter formerly to King ——— but now in happineſs; that ſhe loved Chaſtity and Innocence while ſhe was on Earth, and therefore defended it ſtill; that ſhe was conſtrained to leave the ſeat of Bliſs to protect Vertue, injured in the Perſon of *Cluaneeſha*; that the Perſons who ſwore againſt her were ſuborn'd; that the ſwelling of her Belly was but a Diſeaſe; and that if ſhe and the witneſſes would go and drink of a Well, which ſprung out of a Hill near *Clonmell*, there ſhe would convince all the Spectators, that what ſhe now told her was true: The Abbeſs told this the next day to the King's Confeſſor, and he told

it the King; the King ordered one who was Confessor to the two Witnesses, to enjoin them, for their next pennance, to drink no other Liquor, but the Water of this Well, for a Week together; they obey'd him, but it was their last, for it made them swell as if they were poisoned; in the mean time the Mother Abbess came down thither with her Royal Novice. She charged them with the Perjury, and they confessed publickly, that the King's Brother, taking the advantage of that swelling, which he thought was but a Tympany, suborned them to swear against her Chastity, expecting that either it would kill her, or at least it might deceive the People so long till the King was dead, and he in possession of the Crown: A certain Citizen of *Clonmell*, who came among the rest to see them dying, and heard the Confession, admiring the strange virtue of the Water, went immediately home to his Wife, and telling her that he was suspitious of her Honesty, and desired that, to satisfie his Jealousie, she would drink a draught of Water, and wish it might be her last, if she were unfaithful: She not having yet heard of the others punishment, and willing to clear her self, drank

drank of it as he deſired, but ſwell'd with it as the others did, and dyed ſoon after in great torment. When the Well had grown famous by the exemplary deaths of the Perjured Witneſſes, and the Adulterate Citizen, the Princeſs declared ſhe would drink of it too; and that the clearing of her ſelf might be as publick as her accuſation was, ſhe ſent up to the King, who was then at *Cork*, to deſire that her Uncle himſelf might be preſent when ſhe drank, to witneſs her innocence; he excuſed himſelf, and would not go, but a great many of the Court coming thither to ſee the Princeſs clear her ſelf, ſhe went in ſolemn Proceſſion barefoot, from the City to the Well; and taking up a glaſs full of the Water, ſhe proteſted her Innocence, and uſing the ſame imprecation with the others, if ſhe did not ſpeak the truth, drank it off; but inſtead of working the ſame effect on her, it in a little time cured her of the Diſeaſe ſhe had, recovered her Health, and with it brought her ſo much Beauty, that all the neighbouring Princes were Rivals for her: She had deſign'd to build a Nunnery by that Well, but her Father dying left her the cares of a Crown, which diverted her from it:

But the Well was long after reverenced, and for the quality it had of discovering Unchastity, it was much resorted to; for the Inhabitants of *Ireland* (how barbarous soever the partial Chronicles of other Nations report 'em) were too nice in Amour to take a polluted Wife to their Bed, as long as this Well would shew them which was a chast one; but the wickedness of after-times grew too guilty to bear with such Tryals; thence by disuse this Well lost its Fame, and perhaps its Vertue. And now I will no longer tell such Tales, but leave the uncertain Lover to take his Lot as it comes. Pretty near this Well the Prince lay down, and being pleased with the murmuring of its Stream running down a descent of the Hill, that, and his want of Sleep the night before, tempted him to take it now; *Morpheus* was ready at his call, and waving his Leaden Rod over him, lull'd all his Senses, till a greater power than he rescued him from sleep, to Charm him in a more prevailing manner; for as he waked he heard one hemm, and found it was in order to Sing, for presently the unknown, with a ravishing Air, began this Song.

Yield

YIeld, Souldier, yield, give up your Sword,
And don't rebel in vain,
Yield on all conquering Beauty's word,
And take what quarter ſhe'll afford,
And you ſhall wear the lighter Chain.

Why do you put ſuch truſt in Art?
In vain, fond Wretch, you Arm,
And think Steel proof 'gainſt Beauty's dart,
Which will, like light'ning, pierce your Heart,
yet do your Coat of Mail no harm.

The excellency of the Voice, and the ſuitableneſs of the Sence to his own condition, made him lye ſtill to hearken to her that Sung it, and liſtening very attentively, he over-heard another Voice, which breaking ſilence began thus. I thank you, dear *Marinda*, for the Song; I like the Tune you have put to it, and either that, and the ſweetneſs of your Voice, do make me partial, or elſe the Song is very good: I like the Authority it carries with it, for I am uſually well pleaſed when I hear thoſe Songs, which attribute ſo much power to our Sex; but prethee tell me, why is a Souldier the aim of it? when I have heard you ſay, that a Souldier ſhould be your laſt choice,

becauſe they are always abroad, and therefore very ſeldom enjoy'd after Marriage, and while they are Suitors their Pride makes them the moſt troubleſome, and the moſt inconſtant of any; when they pay a viſit, if there be a Glaſs in the Room, they look more on themſelves, than on her they came to ſee, and as often as they look on their Scarf and Feather, their Vanity puffs them up ſo, that if we yield not immediately, they Swear and Curſe, and ſo fall off, taking it as an unpardonable affront that we don't admire them at firſt ſight; and when they are beloved, their Self-conceit makes them place it to the account of their own Merits, and ſo they value our Love the leſs, becauſe they think it their due; nay, and are not contented with a ſingle Conqueſt, be it ever ſo fine a one, and as they do not fight for Malice, ſo neither do they court for Love, but out of the pure vain-glory of Conquering; and take as much Pride in having abundance of Miſtreſſes, as abundance of Souldiers to follow them. You obſerve right (*ſaid ſhe who was called* Marinda) I'le grant to you, that for theſe conſiderations, they are both the worſt of Servants, and worſt

of

of Husbands, and yet in a brave Souldier there is ſomething ſo Noble, I mean in, his not fearing dangers, and his patient endurance of all manner of hardſhips, that were it not for the aforemention'd inconveniencies of Abſence, Pride, and Inconſtancy, I ſhould have a greater value for ſuch a one, than ever I yet had for any other Employment: Nay, now *Marinda (reply'd the other)* you make good the Character which our Sex bears among the Men, of being inconſtant as the Wind; for 'twas but two or three days ago you were of a clear contrary Opinion, and you knew the ſame qualities of Courage and Hardineſs to be then in a Souldier which you do now, and therefore they are no juſt reaſons why you ſhould alter your mind; they make ſome ſhew of being Arguments indeed, but I have obſerved that Wits, when they alter their Opinions, whether it be in point of Religion, Allegiance, or any thing elſe, never want ſomething to ſay in their own defence: Well, ſince you are ſo deſirous (*ſaid* Marinda) to know the cauſe of this alteration of humour in me, I'll tell it you; though in doing ſo, I rather follow the dictates of Friendſhip than Diſcretion, and prove kinder

kinder to you than to my ſelf, in telling you that which I am almoſt aſhamed to think of. You know that about three or four days ago a Party of Foreigners made their entrance into this Town, with the Prince of *S*————*g* at the head of them, Curioſity made me open my Window to ſee them paſs by, either the deſire of looking about him, or the pride of being gazed at, made the Prince ride ſlower by that place than ordinary, and he had his deſign, for I looked as ſtedfaſtly on him, as if he had been the only Pageant there; and tho', without doubt, there were ſeveral Officers very brave and fine; yet the ſeeing him firſt had ſo prejudiced me in favour of him, that I could not think the reſt worth the looking on; all the reſt of that day I could not forbear thinking of him, fancying I ſaw with what a Grace he ſat his Horſe, how ſtately he look'd, ſo far beyond the reſt of his Souldiers, as if nature, as well as Fortune, had marked him out for a Prince and diſtinguiſhed him from the reſt, as much by his perſon, as by his power; and as the thoughts of the day have an effect upon thoſe at night, ſo I believe theſe were the cauſe of my being diſturbed in my Bed with this Dream.

The

The Prince, methought, in my abſence, had hidden himſelf in my Bed-chamber, and, when I came in, ſtarted out upon me: He had on one ſide of him a little wing'd Archer, who bent his Bow, and aimed at me ſeveral times; but juſt by me there ſtarted up a great Gigantick form, with no other Arms but a Shield, and he, methought, ſtill interpoſed that, and with it kept off the Arrows of the other; at length, methought, the Prince ſpoke ſomething which tempted my Defender over to his ſide, and left me to the Mercy of the young Archer, who ſhot me through and through; and at the ſame inſtant the Prince came and catched me in his Arms, and told me I was his Priſoner, at which, methought, I ſwooned away with a pleaſing pain, and at the fright of it I awaked. People ſay Dreams are ſignificant, if they are, tell me what you think is the meaning of this? Why truly, (*ſaid the other*) any one who ſhould hear you tell this, might gueſs, without any great skill in Fortune-telling, that you are in Love: If (*ſaid* Marinda) I did think a little the day before upon the Prince, which might have been the cauſe (*as you ſay*) of this Dream, yet thoſe thoughts were too

ſlightly

ſlightly grounded to be of any long continuance, and I was in hopes in a day or two to have clearly rooted them out; and the next Afternoon one of my Acquaintance came to deſire my Company to a Ball, I was ready enough to accept of the proffer, becauſe I imagined that the Muſick and the Company would cure me of my thoughtfulneſs; but (as my ill Fate would have it) it was clear contrary; for whom ſhould I meet at the Ball but the Prince; you were there, and ſaw how I was clearly put out of my Dance, with the confuſion his preſence put me in: He ſate down with me, and made me ſome few Compliments, which tho', perhaps, were coveted by ſome of the Company, yet had thoſe Ladies ſeen my inſide, as well as they did my outſide, they would rather have pitied, than envied me; 'twas he that ſung under my Window laſt night, and though you miſtook him for your Servant, yet I knew his deluding Voice too well: His words were ſo pathetical, and the Tune ſo moving, that though he had skill enough at the Guittar, which he plaid on, yet that kept not time with his Voice truer than my Pulſe and Heart did. Have a care *Marinda* (*ſaid the other*) that you do not

not engage too far with one who is ſo much above you; 'tis not ſafe Intriguing with Perſons of his Quality; Inferiour Lovers may be jeſted with as long as we pleaſe, and thrown off at will, but ſuch as he ſeldom leave us without carrying away our Vertue, or at leaſt our Reputation: And you will too late curſe your own Charms when they have expoſed you to be ruined (like a young Conjurer) by raiſing a Spirit which you are not able to lay. I fear (*reply'd* Marinda) he has ſpy'd ſomething in my behaviour that (he fancied) favoured him, as Mens conceitedneſs makes them too apt to diſcover ſuch things; I am ſorry for it, if I did diſcover any weakneſs in my ſelf, that ſhould encourage him to ſuch an attempt: I am ſure my Tongue never dropt the leaſt word in his favour; and if my tell-tale Eyes, or my Countenance has betray'd me, I'll diſfigure this Countenance, and tear out theſe Eyes, rather than they ſhall invite, or aſſiſt any enterprize, to the prejudice of my Vertue. Now though I have told the Reader the diſcourſe theſe Ladies had in private, yet let him not expect that I ſhall tell him the Prince's thoughts upon it; that I ſhould not be able to do, though

though I had been in his heart, for they were so different, that he scarce knew what to make of them himself: He certainly had need of a great presence of mind, to resolve upon such a sudden what to do, whether to discover himself, or no: If he did, he saw some probability that the Lady might be kinder, when she knew that he had heard her confessing a Love for him; if he did not interrupt them, he thought he might hear more; but while he was in this irresolution he chanced to Sneeze, at which the Ladies arose from the seat which they were on by the Well, and walked away, very likely because they found somebody was nearer than they had imagined, and were afraid of being over-heard in their discourse: The Prince lay a while musing on what he had heard, and then went home; he related it all to *Celadon*, and asked his advice what use he should make of it: *Celadon* told him it was not the safest way to extort a confession of Love from her, by letting her know he had over-heard her, because that might make her angry at his hearkening, and such a discovery might be too violent for a Maiden Modesty, and so nice a one as hers seemed

to

to be; he deſired him rather to continue his Addreſſes, and ſo bring her by degrees to a voluntary ſubmiſſion; that this was the more natural and the ſurer way; that twice or thrice more being in her Company would enſure his Conqueſt over her; and what need was there to hazard her diſpleaſure, by forcing her to confeſs ſhe loved him, when he was well enough ſatisfied of it already? The Prince conſented to this, and contrived this way to ſee her; he knew the Town was ſo full of Souldiers, that every Houſe had ſome of them in it, he thought hers quartered ſome Officers, and enquiring out who they were, he told *Celadon* that he would go and ſee them at their Lodgings: That Evening they went together to the Houſe, and a Maid ſhewing them into the Parlour, they found there *Marinda* and two Strangers, one of which the Prince knew to be the ſame he had ſeen at the Well with her; they would have left the Room when they ſaw the Prince come in, but he was too well skill'd in War to let a weak Enemy retreat, he had not ſought her out to let her go ſo eaſily; he was thinking of ſome ſhift to put off the Officers, whom the Maid was gone to call, when to his great

great ſatisfaction ſhe brought him word, they were not at home: He ſaid, that having ſo pleaſing Company, he could very well ſtay till they came in, and ſitting down, he made a ſign to *Celadon* to entertain the Strangers, to give him the greater freedom with *Marinda*; and that he had not long, for the Mother came in: Then ſhe (as old Women uſually do) took up moſt of the talk her ſelf, till the Prince, tired with it, took his leave: As they walked home, *Celadon* asked the Prince what he thought of *Marinda*. I take her, (*ſaid the Prince*) to be the moſt perfect Innocence that ever was ſince the fall of *Eve*: Her words are ſo Witty, and yet ſo modeſt, her humour ſo nicely Vertuous, and yet ſo Civil, that I account the Country Ignorance which is in her, to be beyond all the breeding in the World. I told her that I made an advantagious exchange in getting her Company, by their not being within whom I came to ſee; ſhe ſaid, ſhe was not of the ſame opinion, ſince if Men in general were as good Company as I, ſhe muſt needs blame the unkindneſs of Nature, which had made her of ſo unſociable a Sex, that ſhe was neither Wit enough to converſe with Men, nor would the

Rules

Rules of Vertue give a Maid that liberty, if ſhe were otherwiſe qualified for it: I told her that all who knew her but ſo much as I did, muſt needs contradict her, in that Nature had given her Wit as well as Beauty; that the one was made to delight the Ears of Men, the other their Eyes; and as without always cloſetting her ſelf up, ſhe could not bar us from the laſt, ſo neither, without great injuſtice, could ſhe deprive us of the one half of our happineſs, by tying her ſelf up to an obſtinate ſilence, meerly to deprive us of the other. She ſmiled, and ſaid, ſhe had not power enough over her ſelf, to obſerve that ſilence which a Maid ought; but that ſince Men, by their inſinuating diſcourſe, drew words from her which ſhe ſhould keep in, ſhe would ſhun the Company of that deluding Sex, and ſo keep her ſelf from yielding ſo much to them, by not coming within reach of the temptation: She bluſhed as ſhe ſpoke theſe words, and I might have gained ground mightily on her yielding heart, if the old Gentlewoman had not unfortunately come in to her reſcue. The Prince pleaſed himſelf much with the thoughts of his Conqueſt, but he knew not what a ſtubborn Enemy Vertue

is,

is, and how difficult it would be for him to take any advantage over a Heart, which that maintain'd againſt him. Having found ſo little reſiſtance at his firſt viſit, he believed *Celadon*'s obſervation was true, that two or three more would win her; he went often, under pretence of ſeeing the Officers, and ſometimes met with them, but never with *Marinda*; once or twice the Servants ſaid ſhe was abroad, but the laſt time he enquired for her, they ſaid ſhe was ſick; he fancied that ſhe had ordered the Servants to deny her, and therefore judged the readieſt way to ſee her would be by his former Stratagem, a Ball; and that he might not be expected there, he gave out the Evening before, that he was going for *Dublin* the next day to get Orders from the King: He rode through the Town that Morning, and her Houſe being in the way, he called at the Door, and asked to ſpeak with one of the Officers that lodged there, but to the intent that ſhe might take notice where he was going: When he was out of ſight of the Town, he rode back again to his Lodgings another way, keeping cloſe, that no body might know of his return; and when he thought the Ball was at the higheſt,

higheſt, he and *Celadon* went there together; the place where they Danced was the ſame where the firſt Ball was, the Company almoſt the ſame, only that it wanted the Beautiful *Marinda*, but in wanting her it wanted all, nothing there was worthy to entertain our Prince, therefore he called to *Celadon* to go with him home; but *Celadon* was of another mind, he was not ſo nice in his choice, to retire himſelf from ſuch variety of good Company, meerly for the abſence of one; he was very little pleaſed with the capriciouſneſs of the Prince's humour, and would have willingly ſtaid behind, if he had thought it would not diſoblige him: But the Prince being deſirous to go, they took leave of the Company, and were going out together, when, at the Door, they were met by a couple of Ladies in a ſtrange *Spaniſh* dreſs; and their Faces, after the mode of that Nation, had long Vails over them: *Celadon* bobb'd the Prince, and deſired him to come back to ſee what Masks thoſe were, telling him, that under them he might chance to find *Marinda*; the Prince was in hopes of it too, and made up to them, but found himſelf deceived; for ſpeaking to one of them in *French*, ſhe ſeemed not

to

to understand him, but whispered to the other, and she spoke to him in *Spanish*, asking him whether he was not the Prince of *S*———*g*, Commander of the Forces now in Town? The Prince answer'd her that he was; but desired her if she could speak any other language to do it, for he understood very little of that. I speak, Sir, (*said she*) a little *English*, and if your Highness can understand me better in that, I shall beg the honour of a hearing from you, for I do not know but it may lye in your Highness power to do me a great kindness: What is that kindness, pretty Petitioner (*said* Celadon) for all your excellent counterfeiting (Madam) I fancy you are two of this Town, that pretend some sober business with us now, and design to laugh at us when ye are gone, for being so little curious, as to see nothing of a Lady but her dress. That you may not think (*said the other Lady in broken* English) that we are not of this Countrey, we'll dance you a Sarabrand after the *Spanish* way, and if that will not convince you, I can shew you so ugly a Face, that mine shall be the last Veil you shall ever desire to look under: Let us have the Dance (*said* Celadon) and if your Air

and

and Meen be as becoming as your Shape, I ſhall venture to look in your Faces, for all your threatning. The Company left off Dancing to look at theſe two, whoſe dreſs ſeem'd ſo extraordinary, and the Prince, who had a mind to ſee them Dance, ordered the Muſick to play ſuch a Tune as pleaſed them beſt, and they with their Caſtinets acquitted themſelves very gracefully, and came off with the commendation of all the Company: Their Shapes and Carriage being very near alike, *Celadon* did not know which to like beſt of them; he told them that now he muſt deſire to ſee their Faces, that the handſomeſt might take him all to her ſelf, and free him from the double Captivity he now lay under, of being a Slave to them both; but one of them told him they could not grant it, for ſhe had a boon to the Prince, in the begging of which ſhe muſt open ſuch private paſſages of her Life, as would make her aſhamed to be ſeen by the Man that knew them; but if it e're lay in the Prince's power to grant her it, then ſhe would turn *Engliſh* Woman, and throw off her Veil. The Prince ſaid that was a very plauſible excuſe, and deſired *Celadon* to urge the Strangers no more,

and

and turning to them, told them, that whomsoever that Story concerned, he desired she would tell him, and he would, according to her directions, serve her to the utmost of his power. Both the Strangers gave him a very low Courtesie, in token of their thankfulness; and one of them desiring the patience of his Highness, and the rest of the Company, seating her self in the midst of them who had left their dancing to listen to her, she began thus,

The Story of Faniaca.

PErhaps this Company, and more particularly that part of it which is of my own Sex, may censure this freedom in me, and think it too much openness in a Maid, to discover things of such privacy in a publick audience, which the rest of Woman-kind make their Closet-secrets; but my *Spanish* Mistress, upon this very occasion, told me a Story of a *Spartan* Boy, who having stolen a young Fox, and hidden him under his Gown, rather than be discovered, kept him there till he tore out his Bowels: So it is with the *English* Ladies, if once

Love

Love enters into their Breaſts, though, like that Fox, it prey upon their Hearts, yet out of Modeſty they keep it ſecret; and though the cloſer it is hid, it gnaws the fiercer, yet, like the poor proud Boy, they hug it to 'em, and conceal it till it ruins them: But the *Spaniards*, and thoſe of my Country, who are in a hotter Clime, tye not themſelves up to ſuch cold, ſuch rigid Rules of Honour: Your Love, like your Winter Sun, is ſo clouded, that thoſe he ſhould ſhine on are never the better for him; ours is ſo hot and predominant, that there is nothing can cover him: Now you your ſelves cannot give a good reaſon for this nice piece of Modeſty, which allows you to take a fancy to a fine Dog, a fine Horſe, or any thing elſe that is handſome, only Man, which is the ſtatelieſt, gayeſt Creature of all, you muſt not own a regard for: Sure this Tyrannical cuſtom was founded at firſt by ſome old decrepid Matrons, that were paſt the enjoyment of Love themſelves; for Nature, that has allowed you the publick freedom of all other pleaſures of life, would never conſent to diſgrace this ſweeteſt of all: Whence comes it then, that tho' moſt of you are fond of it, yet you ma-

nage it ſo ſecretly, as if it were Treaſon to our Sex to own it? While I am in *England* I ſhould diſſemble, like the *Engliſh*; but pardon me for once, if I break this general rule, in ſearching for a Lover, whom I can never find, but by diſcovering my ſelf wherever I come, that ſome of thoſe who hear me, may chance to bring the ſame ſtory to his Ears, that ſo he may find me again. My Name is *Faniaca*, my Father was a *Brachman*, an *Indian* Prieſt in the Province of *Antis*, which Countrey having never been conquered by the *Incas*, kept up the ancient Barbarity, not being Civilized by their Laws, as thoſe Nations were, who had yielded to their Government: And whereas they with one conſent worſhipped the Sun, we of *Antis* had ſeveral Deities, the two chief of which were the Tyger, and a large Serpent, which we called *Amaru*: To theſe it was our cuſtom to ſacrifice Human Blood; they commonly fed on nothing elſe but Captives, and if we had no Captives, we were forced to find them the ſame ſort of Food from among our ſelves: But we rarely found any ſuch want, for there being an irreconcileable Enmity, firſt between us and the *Incas*, and then with

with those *Indians* who took part with the *Spaniards*, we had so frequent Engagements, they to extend their Dominions, and we to defend our own, that scarce a day happened, but brought us in some new Prisoners; for the *Spaniards* had a great Colony at *Cozco*, and from thence they every now and then sent Parties far into our Countrey to take Booties, and make discoveries of the Land, in order to a farther Conquest: These Parties were commonly made up of *Indians*, with *Spaniards* to head them, because they would willingly spare their own Nation, and Conquer ours at the Natives expence. These *Spaniards* still encroached farther on us, till they had driven us over the *Madalena*, that great River, being very deep, of a strong swift Current, and at that place about a League broad, made it seem as if our differences were now at an end, Nature it self having divided us: On each side of the River there was a considerable Town, of which, the one was possessed by their Party, the other by ours; and though sometimes our Fishermen would meet by chance and kill, or take one another, yet we never gave one another a troublesome visit on shore, by reason that

our Canoes were not big enough to transport Men in so great numbers, as to dare to Land; and it being about 300 Leagues down the Sea, we never had seen, or could imagine any which should hold above ten or twelve men at most; for our Canoes were made all of a piece, and how to put different Planks together, as Ship-Carpenters do, was an Art wholly unknown to us: Some of the *Spaniards* had taught our Enemies this, and they privately built a great many large Flat-bottoms, which the Governour of their Town fill'd with *Indians*, and sent a few of his own Countrey-men with them; these Forces he sent over about Mid-night, with orders to Land at our Town, kill all the Men, and sending back the Boats, to keep the Town till he Landed an Army sufficient to fight his way farther into the Country. In this Town my Father lived, and was Priest to the Tiger and an *Amanu*, which were accounted the largest of any thereabouts, and therefore were worshipped the most, and had their Adorers to bring them presents from all parts. Those *Indians* who took the *Spaniards* part, were always very inveterate against us, because the *Incas* made both their

their Government and Religion different from ours; as ſoon therefore as they entered the Town they kill'd all, without any diſtinction either of Sex or Age; I was awakened out of my ſleep with a dreadful cry, ſuch as you may imagine that of a taken City to be, where their Enemies are ſo unmerciful: I ſtreight leapt off my Quilt, and ran into my Father's Room, for when by the cry I knew our Enemies to be entered, I expected to loſe my Life, and therefore choſe to lay it down by him who gave it me: I found him in a great Conſternation, and hanging about his Neck, I expected the coming of our Enemies. The firſt who entered the Room was a *Spaniard*; for though I had never ſeen one before, I knew him to be one by his Dreſs, and a Helmet which he had on as ſoon as he entered, I left my Father, and fell at his Feet to beg both our Lives; and while I was in that poſture, he bade his Souldiers ſtay back; but one of them cryed out, *This is the Cupay*, (that is the Devil, or Conjurer) and advancing before the reſt, ran at my Father with his Spear; the Commander immediately broke out of my Arms, which were claſped about his Knees, and, draw

ing a Piſtol from under his Girdle, ſhot the *Indian* dead; and pulling out the other, he turned about to his Men, and ſwore that the firſt who diſobeyed his Orders, as that Dog had done, he'd teach him what was the Diſcipline of a Souldier: While they ſtood all ſilent, amazed at the ſpeedy Juſtice he had done on their Country-man, he came to me, who was lying on the Ground bemoaning my Father, whoſe Blood ſtained the Floor, he raiſed me from the Ground, and clapping a Guard of Souldiers on me, (with orders to keep us two from receiving any violence, upon pain of their Lives) he went away, I ſuppoſe, to help his Part'ners to take the other parts of the Town: Within an hour after he came back, and pulling a Box out of his Pocket, he took a Plaiſter out of it, and put it on my Father's wound, and bad me fear nothing; aſſuring me, that he did not come to deſtroy us, but to reduce us to a better Government; and as for me, he told me, that if I pleaſed, he would make me ſo happy, that I need not fear any danger, either of Poverty, or Captivity, from the alteration of my condition: This, and the approach of day-light, did ſomewhat

comfort

comfort me; my Father came to himſelf (for loſs of blood had made him ſwoon) and began in the kindeſt words he could, to give thanks to the preſerver of his Life, who was hugging and comforting me, when of a ſudden we heard the ſame confuſed noiſe in the Streets, which we heard in the Night: I thought our Enemies were finiſhing their Cruelties upon their Captives, and could not forbear burſting into Tears at their Miſeries: The ſtrange Commander endeavoured to comfort me all that he could, ſaying, That he could not help what the other Captains did to their Priſoners, but his own, and particularly my Father and I, ſhould have no violence offered us: The noiſe grew louder and louder, as it drew nearer, when looking out of the Window, we perceived the *Antian* party driving the *Peruvians* before them, and before he could reſolve what to do, they were killing his own Souldiers at the Door; he with a great deal of Courage leaped forward, and after all his men were kill'd defended the Door alone; and with his Spear laid the boldeſt of them dead at his Feet: You will, perhaps, think that I was glad of this change of my Condition, to ſee my ſelf unexpectedly freed, and my Coun-

trymen revenged of their Enemies; but I'll assure you I was not; the danger which my generous Defender was in, weighed down all the Joy of the other, and though my fear made me for a while stand, as far as I could from the Weapons; yet, at last my desire to save him, overcame my Cowardise, and running to the door, I placed my self betwixt him and the Spears, which were bent against him; and cryed to my Father to speak to them to let him alone, my Father was so weak with the loss of Blood, that he could not come to the Door, but called to them with all the entreating words he could think on; most of them knew my Father and me, and having a great Veneration for us (as all our Nation has for their Priests) they gave over assaulting him: Only the foremost of them asked me, why I would defend one who was the Enemy both of our Country and Religion; I told them 'twas to him, that both their Priest and I owed our safety; that he kill'd the Man who hurt my Father, and with a great deal of care dressed his Wound; I desired therefore that, for our sakes, they would give me his Life: These words perswaded them to leave him to me; as soon

as

as they were gone, I went out to ſee how things went, and brought him word, that a great Party from the Mountains, was come to our aſſiſtance, and that all who ſet foot on our Land were killed: *And, Madam* (ſaid he) *ſhall I be the only man who goes home, and carries the news of ſo great a defeat? Or ſhall it be ſaid, that ever a* Spaniard *let a Woman beg his Life of an* Indian? *Not of one* Indian (ſaid I) *for you were over-powered by numbers: No one but you* (ſaid he) *ſhould have given* Aſtolfo *his Life; but ſince I receive it from you, I'll make that uſe of it I ſhould by ſerving you, and revenging my ſelf of my Enemies, for this loſs and diſgrace I have ſuffered.* I told him, that ſince he confeſſed his Life was mine, and that I had preſerved it, it was not generous to uſe that Life againſt my Country; however, I left him to his liberty, and promiſed him, that at Night I would ſend him over in a Canoe to the other ſide: When Night came, I was as good as my word; and calling two truſty Men, I ordered them to row the Stranger over the River, telling them that his preſence would be enough to ſecure them from the danger of their Enemies: At our parting he ex-

preſſed himſelf very thankful to me for my generous uſage of him, and told me, that e're long he would make me a return, in the mean he deſired me to wear that about my Neck, pulling a Gold Medal, with a Chain of the ſame Metal: I, who had heard of the *Spaniſh* Covetouſneſs, gave him a large Golden Wedge, and deſiring him never to be my Country's Enemy, or put himſelf into the like danger) I took my leave, and left him to his Fortune; the Men came back before morning, and brought me word that they had ſet him ſafe on ſhore, and that all the other ſide of the River was covered with Men: This news, which they told about the Town, alarm'd us, and that Party which came down from the Mountains to our aſſiſtance, waited to receive them; ſome of our Scouts, who rowed as near the other ſide as they durſt, brought us word that they had abundance of Canoes fill'd with Men, which made us think they deſign'd to Land by force, where the others had by Night; but this was but to amuſe and draw our Men that way; for they had provided a great number of Planks about 20 mile higher, and having lighted on a place where the River ran be-

tween

tween two Hills, and therefore could not extend it self a quarter of a Mile, they made a floating Bridge, and on that they passed over some Men, before ours knew any thing of it; they took such care to surprize the Natives, that no one came to bring us Intelligence of their being Landed, till some of the Planks which came floating down the River, made us suspect something; we sent some Scouts up the River, to discover what was the matter, and they brought word that the Enmy was on this side of the River: Ours marched towards them as fast as they could to fight them, before any more came over, and having joyned Battel, the first news we heard, was of a great Victory, we had gained over them; and a great many Prisoners brought us, as the proof of its being true: The *Indian* Prisoners were kept up to feed our Gods; but some few *Spaniards* that were taken, as being the Nobler Captives, were to be feasted on; as it was our Custom to tye our choice Prisoners to a Tree, and a great Fire being made just by, the Priest was to cut off Slices from the more fleshy parts of them, and distribute them about to the People to broil and eat: If the

the Captive ſhewed any ſigns of pain, or groaned at his Sufferings, we counted him of a baſe Spirit; and after burning his Body, we ſcattered his Aſhes in the Wind; but if he endured bravely to ſee his Fleſh eaten, we dryed the Sinews and Bones, and hanging them upon the Mountains, we deify'd them, and went Pilgrimages to them. There were ten *Spaniards* brought to my Father, and two or 300 *Indians*, who were all tyed, and ſecured by a Guard ſet over them; the *Indians* to be a Prey to the Bellies of our Gods, and the *Spaniards*, to thoſe of our Souldiers: As ſoon as they were brought in, my Curioſity prompted me to ſee them, but very little to my ſatisfaction; for the firſt I ſet my Eyes on was he whom I had ſet at liberty before: I was both concerned and amazed to ſee him there, and uncertain whether I ſhould do any thing in his favour or no; therefore I pretended not to know him; till he making as low a bow as his being tyed would permit, asked me, did I not know him whoſe Life I had ſaved? 'Are you he, *ſaid I*, whom 'I ſet free but a few days ago? I thought 'your good uſage might have made you 'our Friend, or at leaſt your dangerous

'eſcap

'eſcape might have been a fair warning
'to you; but ſince you are the ſecond
'time come amongſt our Enemies, and
'are ſtill plotting my deſtruction, you
'ſhall ſuffer for your ingratitude, and
'to ſhew how little I pity you, I will
'go to ſee you Sacrificed, and eat the
'firſt bit of you my ſelf. As for the
'danger of coming again (*anſwered he*)
'a *Spaniard* fears none, but I was ſo
'far from plotting your deſtruſtion, that
'I hung that Medal about your Neck for
'my Souldiers to know you by; I had
'indeed a deſign upon your Countrey;
'but for you, my greateſt deſire was, by
'ſaving you and your Family, to ſhew how
'much I aimed to ingratiate my ſelf into
'your favour. Theſe are all but Wheedles (*ſaid I*) to ſave your Life;
'but they ſhall not ſerve: No, they
'ſhall not (*ſaid he*) for ſince you can
'entertain ſuch mean thoughts as theſe
'of me, I ſcorn to take my Life; all the
'repentance my attempt has brought
'upon me is, that it has diſpleaſed you;
'I thought to have requited you for
'giving me liberty, and to have made
'you amends for the loſs of your Coun-
'try, by bringing you to a better, but
'ſince this ill ſucceſs has prevented me,

'all

'all that I desire, is to dye in your fa-
'vour: The way to do that (*reply'd I*) is
'to dye undaunted, for then you shall
'be one of our Gods: I will do so (*said*
'*he*) be you there, and shew but the least
'sign of pity at my death, and I'll go
'off with such a Courage, that him whom
'you slighted whilst he was alive, you
'shall adore when he is dead. Though in a Man's mouth who was at liberty, this would have looked like a Boast, yet coming from one who did not know but he might suffer next day, it appear'd so brave, that I could not but admire it: The others held their Tongues, but looked so fierce, as if they kept silence out of disdain: I went thence with a great opinion of their Courage, and a secret horrour in my self at the cruelty of our Nation, which gave brave Men such barbarous usage: I called to mind his professing a design to save me, and carry me to a happier place; and his telling me of the thing about my Neck, for a Token to know me by, made me believe it was true; and when I considered of this, I imagined I ought to save his Life, but I could not tell how to do it without my Father's consent: As I came into the Room where he lay ill of his

Wound,

Wound, there was one brought him word of the death of his only Son; who was found after the Battel among the Slain, with a Bullet lying in him: I ſhewed my ſorrow in all the extravagancies which our Nation commits on the like occaſions; but my Father only gave a groan or two, as it were to rouze up his anger, and ſaid, that he would comfort himſelf for his Son, in revenging his Death, ſince all his grief could never raiſe him to Life again: That all the *Spaniards* who were in the Battel were killed, except ten who were in his Cuſtody, and he would ſacrifice each of them, becauſe he would be ſure that his Sons Murderer ſhould not eſcape; for ſince he was killed with a Bullet, he did not doubt but it was a *Spaniard* ſhot him. We lay all that Night awake grieving for my Brother, but the next day, when the firſt Fury of our grief was over, and my Father began to talk with me about our Priſoners: 'Suppoſe, Father, (*ſaid I*) the *Spani-*'*ard* who ſaved our Lives ſhould be one 'of them? If that ſhould come to paſs, '(*ſaid my Father*) he had better ſtaid 'where he was, than come over to ſeek 'his Death here the ſecond time: But, 'Sir, (*ſaid I*) gratitude would oblige

'us

'us to save his Life, who saved ours first:
'That we have done already (*said my*
'*Father*) and so we have returned his
'kindness; and if after so hard an escape
'he should be come again, he does not
'deserve his Life, neither would I be
'guilty of so much injustice to my Son
'and my Countrey, as to save that Man's
'Life, who has been the Death of the
'one, and has made a second attempt to
'be the Destruction of the other. This arguing of my Fathers seemed so reasonable, and his Indignation so just, that I could not gain-say it, and therefore said no more to him, but went back to my Prisoner, and told him, that I did intend to save him, and his Companions for his sake; but that my Brother's Body being found shot, had so incensed my Father, that I could not prevail with him to spare them; and therefore I told them they must prepare their Courage to dye, as soon as my Father's Wounds would suffer him to assist at the Solemnity. 'Well, (*says he*) since I must
'dye, and it does not lye in your power
'to help it, I am sorry you told me you
'attempted it, for that shews so much
'kindness, that it makes me desirous to
'live: I was willing to dye when you

'up-

'upbraided me with the begging my 'life, but now I can no longer be ſuſ-'pected to flatter you out of any ſuch 'hopes, ſince you ſay it is not in your 'power to help me; I own that my 'Death is no grievance to me, only as 'it prevents my living for you; and all 'that I'll now deſire of you, is to let me 'dye the firſt, that I may not behold 'the Cruelties exerciſed on my Country-'men. The Love and Courage which I perceived in theſe words, quite altered the thoughts I had, of giving him up to my Father's reſentments; and from that time I found ſomething within me ſo ſtrong on his ſide, that it over-ballanced the Duty I ſhould have paid to my Father's will, and my Brother's Blood: I went to my Father, and told him that he who ſaved his Life was there, and urged to him how ingrateful we ſhould be, if we did not reſtore him to his Liberty; but my Father anſwered me with the ſame Arguments he had done before: Then I endeavoured to corrupt him that was Captain of the Guard that looked to them, but he was a Blood-thirſty violent natured Man, and not only refuſed me, but complained to my Father, who was ſo angry, that I ſhould endeavour to

releaſe

releaſe ſo many of our worſt, our moſt formidable Enemies, the *Spaniards*, that he threaten'd, the next time I attempted the like, he would have me condemned to ſuffer with them, as the Enemy of my Country. I knew his violent temper too well to venture any farther, and gave over all hopes of ſaving my Priſoner: The next morning four *Indians* were to be carried to our Gods to feed upon, they drew Lots for their Lives, they were blind-folded when they drew, and I held the Ciſtern, and decided who the Lot fell upon, and it often grieved me to doom the poor trembling Slaves; my Priſoner ſeeing me picking out ſome of them for Death, told me, he longed to know when his turn would come; I told him that his muſt come as well as the reſt; that I had incurred my Father's diſpleaſure on his account, and left nothing undone which I thought might be for his ſafety, that I hoped this was all he could expect, and deſired him to own before his Death that I was out of his debt; yet I had reſolved with my ſelf to keep him till the laſt, in hopes that before that time the Guards might be changed, or elſe my Father's anger might be mitigated,

ted, when moſt of them had been ſacrificed to it: Two or three days had now paſt over, in which time my Father had given the Guards particular charge to beware of the *Spaniards*, for fear I ſhould free them; the day came that he found himſelf well enough to perform the Sacrifice, and our *Spaniards* were brought out in the midſt of their Guards, to draw Lots which of them ſhould make our Banquet; by ill chance it fell on my Priſoner; I changed the Lot, and ſentenced one of the others in his ſtead, but not ſo cleverly but that my Father perceived it: The poor wretch was cut to pieces ſlice after ſlice, and lived long enough to ſee his own Fleſh broiled, and eaten by the Company; you muſt think this was a terrible ſight to the reſt, who ſaw by their Companion what they were to ſuffer. I expected to keep him the ſame way I had the firſt day, and went on the morrow with the ſame deſign, little dreaming what would happen; for my Father, who had ſeen me play the Jugler the day before, would hold the Pitcher himſelf, and the firſt black Lot was again drawn by my Priſoner: Upon that the Fire was made to broil his Fleſh, he was ſtript naked, and tyed

to

to the Tree; he looked about him, without as much as changing Countenance at his Deſtiny; but when he turned his Eyes towards me he bluſhed, I believe out of ſhame, to think that I ſhould ſee him in that helpleſs condition: Such a ſight as this, which would have drawn pity even from a merciful Enemy; what effect then do you think it had upon one that loved him? Or rather, what effect had it not? I bluſht and grew pale, Anger, Love, and Fear, ſucceeded one another; Anger at the Barbarity of my Countrey-men, Love for him, and Fear at his danger: But juſt as my Father's Knife fetched Blood from the brawny part of his Arm (the place which he firſt began with) I was not able to bear up any longer, but fell in a ſwoon; which my Father perceiving, left him, and catched me in his Arms; but not having yet recovered ſtrength enough to bear me up, he fell to the Ground with me, and lighting upon his Wound, rubbed the Plaiſters off, and made it bleed afreſh: My Father was immediately taken up on ſome of their Shoulders, and carried home, and every one ſaid 'twas an unlucky day, and the Gods were angry, ſo the Sacri-

fice

ſice was deferred till the next. When I came to my ſelf, I was very glad to ſee the poor Man delivered from immediate death, though it coſt ſome of my Father's blood, but it almoſt diſtracted me, to think what a ſhort reprieve I had for him, only till the next day; his Fate was now at its Criſis, and within twenty four hours I muſt either ſee him free, or mangled to pieces; all my former hopes lay in deferring the time till another Guard came, which perhaps I could have bribed off, or till my Father's mind was altered; but his Anger continued ſtill; and becauſe he found the Captain of the Guard as violent againſt the *Spaniards* as himſelf, he ordered him to continue in the ſame Poſt, till all the *Spaniards* were Sacrificed: My poor Priſoner's Lot was come, and he to dye the next day, and I had not yet thought on any way that could prevent it: After having wracked my Invention a great while, for a way to free him, at laſt I lighted on this: There were two of my Father's Servants, whom I ſent formerly to row my Priſoner over the River; I knew they wiſhed well to him, becauſe when he enter'd our Houſe as an Enemy, he had ſaved their Lives; theſe

two

two I acquainted with my design to release him: I gave them a large Pot full of pleasant Liquor, made of our Sacred Plant the *Coca*, and bade them towards Night to bring that to the Guard-house, as a present from my Father: Our Guard consisted of a hundred Men, for the preservation of the Temple, and the Treasures of it, and the Prisoners who belonged to it; so that all these things might well require the care of an hundred Men: We had near twice the number of *Indian* Prisoners, besides the nine *Spaniards*, only they were Armed, these were naked and tied: Out of the Temple I had got Arms enough for them all, and conveyed them into a Room hard by, to be ready upon occasion; when the two Servants came with the Liquor, all the Souldiers crowded into the Guard-house, only two who stood to their Arms at the Prison Door; when the Servants saw them all engaged about the drink, they left the Guard, and came to give me notice; upon which I took some Daggers (which our Souldiers had taken from the *Spaniards*, and hung up in the Temple as Trophies) these I hid under my Gown, (for the Women of our Nation had thin silk Gowns to wear

in

in the cool of the Night) and so under pretence of seeing the Prisoners, I conveyed these unto them: When I came in I saw my Prisoner asleep, I cut the Cords of his Hands and Legs, and as I cut them he awaked and found himself loose; thence I went to another, and still as I loosened them I put a Dagger in their Hands: I told them I was come to give them all Liberty, if they would shew themselves Men, and Conquer an Enemy whom they would find surprized, and not ready to oppose them. *And my* Astolfo (said I) *I have done all this for your sake, yet I will rather stay behind you, and undergo all the punishments that an angry Father, or incensed Town could inflict upon me, than fly with you, unless you are as willing to receive me, as I to go.* Several of the *Indians* wept for Joy, and the *Spaniards*, for all their Gravity, could scarce forbear it: My Prisoner said, that he was more glad of my Love, than of the saving his Life, and would have told me abundance of the like nature, had he not been interrupted; for one of the Centinels, not liking my long stay, came to see what was the matter, and no sooner came in but he was stabb'd by one of the *Spaniards*; my two Servants had stood

ſtood all this while at the Door, and when one of the Centinels left them to come to us, they diſpatched the other; by this time the *Indians* had untyed one another, and I carried them to a Chamber hard by, where I had laid the Arms: Some of the Guard, hearing a noiſe, chanced to come out, and miſtruſting ſomething more than ordinary alarm'd the reſt, but they came a little of the lateſt, for we had as many Armed as they; they began a very bloody Engagement, and a great many were killed on both ſides, but our number increaſing we over-powered them, and they fled every way for ſafety. My Priſoner had given me in charge to ſome of the *Indians*, who were formerly under his Command, and they kept me in Rear till the Guard fled: Then *Aſtolfo* came to me, and deſired me to come down to the River ſide, before the Town Guards came upon us, for our noiſe had alarm'd the Town; and there were at that time five or ſix thouſand Men which were left with us, for fear thoſe on the other ſide the River ſhould make another Invaſion; but we were too quick for the uproar, before the Guards came we got to the River, and

and there being abundance of Canoes, and the Enemy coming after us, you may gueſs we did not ſtand to Complement who ſhould take Boat firſt: The eight *Spaniards*, *Aſtolfo*, the two *Indians* and my ſelf, took the ſame Canoe: We put off altogether as faſt as we could, but in a little time we were parted from the reſt, the night being ſo dark that we knew not which way we went, though the Wind blew ſo hard from the other ſide, that we were afraid 'twould force us on our Enemies Coaſt, to our ruin: Two of our *Spaniards* tugg'd againſt it as hard as they could, till one of them broke his Oar, and then we gave over ſtriving, and let the Boat go down which way the River would carry it; the next morning we would have made for Shore, but having but one Oar the Wind beat us off, and carried us down all that day and the next night with the Stream. Though the firſt day we got away we were very chearful, yet now wanting Proviſions, and being driven down we knew not whither, dampt the Joy we ſhould otherwiſe have taken in our Love and Liberty: I began to reflect on my former actions, and to think this a juſt puniſhment for my undutiful leaving

my Father, and my Country; I began to grow faint with hunger, and he was so troubled to see me in that condition, that in the greatest danger of his Life I never saw him shew so much sorrow. The farther we Sailed the River still grew wider and wider; on one side we could not Land, because the Wind would not let us, on the other side we durst not, because 'twas inhabited by those Nations who are mortal Enemies to the *Spaniards*: We were now come down a great way, and the River had turned so, that the Wind, which before was against us, now was for us; we made towards the Land with the greatest haste that a violent Hunger could make; as we came near the Shore we discovered a Boat lying under a Rock, we made towards it, and saw only one Man in it, and he was asleep, so that we were upon him before he awaked; he would have resisted, but finding it in vain for one Man to fight with eleven, he yielded up himself and his Boat; in it we found store of Victuals (the richest prize we could have wished for at that time) and you may think we fell on to some purpose: We examined the Fellow, and he said he belonged to a Ship which lay about

sixty

ſixty Leagues lower; that they ſent twenty Men up the River in queſt of a Prize which they were to take, by plundering a little Town thereabouts; he told us, that there were about ſo many more left in the Ship, but that the greateſt part of them lay ſick of the Wounds they had received in a late Engagement: We ſtept into his Boat, and going down the River, in eight days time we came within ſight of the Ship; then having got out of the Man what intelligence we thonght neceſſary, we threw him over-board, and made up to the ſide of the Pinnace; it being duskiſh, and they knowing their own Boat again, they miſtook us for their own Men; ſo that half the *Spaniards* entered, and had killed all that were above Deck, before they miſtruſted any thing; the reſt they took Priſoners, and (throwing all the Wounded Men into the Sea) becauſe we had not Proviſions ſufficient to laſt us all, they ſet their Priſoners on Shore, and ſo came down the River merrily in a Ship of our own: The *Spaniards* fell to ſearching, and found ſome Bullion in her, beſides a vaſt deal of ready money, which, after a juſt diviſion between us ten, we computed

would amount to near 30000 Ducats a piece, ſo that with a general conſent we Sail'd ſtreight for *Spain*, intending to Land at the firſt Port of that Kingdom which we came to. Now we were happy enough, we had eſcaped our Enemies the *Indians*, and Famine, which had like to have proved a more fatal Enemy than they; beſides the Prize which enriched us beyond our expectation, and came in good time to help my needy Fortune, who in that hurry of leaving home, had not remembered to bring any thing of value with me, beſides a few Pearl which I always wore about me. My Servant came and took me in his Arms, congratulating my eſcape out of the ſeveral dangers we had been in, and thanking me a thouſand times for the kindneſs I had ſhewed in ſaving his Life; and more for leaving a Father, to run the ſame Fortune with him: In fine, he promiſed that he would requite all my kindneſſes, by having me Chriſtened, and marrying me as ſoon as we came to *Spain*: And I was ſo well pleaſed with the alteration of my Condition ſo much for the better, that I think that Night was one of the pleaſanteſt of my Life. The next Morning we ſpy'd a Sail making up to us, and

as

as soon as it came within reach, it sent a great Shot to command us to strike Sail; we saw by the bulk that it was a Man of War, too strong for us to resist: We, much against our wills, staid for it, and received some of them on board; in searching our Ship they found divers Colours, as Pyrats usually have; our Vessel, it seems, had been one, and for their Faults who had owned her, we were all seiz'd, our Vessel made a Prize, and our Men taken Prisoners: The Man of War being a *Spaniard*, the Captain said he would reserve *Astolfo* and his eight Country-men to be tryed on Shore, and condemned to the Gallies: My two *Indians* (notwithstanding all my intreaties for their Lives) he hanged on the Ropes before my Face: But taking compassion on me, he said he would keep me to wait on his Wife: Accordingly, when we came upon the Coasts of *Spain*, he sent the nine *Spaniards* Prisoners to *Sevil*; and though I begg'd him to let me accompany *Astolfo*, he kept me at Sea a few days more, and then Landed me at *Aveiro*, and gave me a present to a Wife he had there. It would be tedious for me to tell you, how ill I bore this worst change of my Fortune; I ra-

ged, I grieved, till my Sighs and Tears grew so thick upon one another, that no one could know which was the most plentiful of their two Fountains, my Heart, or my Eyes. My Mistress, who was a good natur'd Gentlewoman, interessed her self in my Sorrows, and would often enquire what was the reason of my grieving; till at last her Importunities drew from me the whole Relation, which I have now made to you; she bade me be comforted, and think no more of him; I told her I could not be satisfied without him: *That opinion* (says she) *is, I hope, a false one; you must be comforted either without him, or not at all, for you must never expect to see him again; for supposing he should escape, being condemned to the Gallies, yet how is it likely that you, who are a Stranger, should find out a single Man, and one of no note, in such a large City as* Sevill, *or one who perhaps, before you could get thither, would be gone to some other part of the World?* I told her I had an Art, by which I could do more than that; and thus much I knew, that if I were at my liberty, and had a little travelling Money, I should not be a year e're I found him. She asked what Art that was: *'Tis what I learned from*

from my Father, (ſaid I) *and is very common among us:* She deſired to ſee the effects of it; I told her I would ſhew it, in reſolving whatever queſtion ſhe would ask me. She bade me tell her where her Husband was at that time, and when he would come home: I told her ſhe muſt buy me a ſmall Drum, which had never been uſed before, and I would then tell her that queſtion, and any other. When ſhe heard me affirm it ſo confidently, ſhe ſaid ſhe would try me, and bought me a Drum: I that Night uſed ſome Charms over it, which my Father and I had practiſed on ſuch occaſions; and the next morning I told her my Maſter would be at home on the morrow: *I thought* (ſays ſhe (laughing) *how you could foretell: Why your Maſter is gone into the* Straights *a cruiſing, and bade me not expect him theſe two Months.* I let her enjoy her incredulity, but ſhe had like to have ſuffered by it; for ſhe, good Woman, conſidering that her Captain made long ſtays and ſhort returns, had providently looked out for a Gallant, to comfort her in his abſence; but I was yet too much a Stranger to be made acquainted with ſuch privacies. She had an old *Spaniſh* Maid, who was the only Servant ſhe

kept, till I came; this Maid was privy to all her Intrigues. They had at that time pitched upon a young Gentleman, who had an Estate near the City, he was very fond of my Mistress, as Men usually are of every new Conquest, and had invited her to spend a few days, in her Husband's absence, at his Countrey Seat: She consented to go with him, and they had assigned a day to go together, and as it happened, 'twas the very day after that on which my Master was to come home; but it drawing towards Night, and my Mistress hearing no news of him, nor seeing any likelihood of his coming, she sent her Maid to invite the Gallant to Sup with her; me she sent up to Bed, pretending that she had some business for me to rise very early the next morning: I lay in the Room over her, and though I went to Bed without the suspition of any such treachery against my Master, yet chance discovered it all to me: I awakened after I thought I had been a pretty while asleep, I fancied I heard a Man's voice in my Mistresses Chamber, and concluded it was my Master's, because I thought my Art would not deceive me; however, my curiosity prompted me to a desire of knowing

knowing whether it was he or no: I got out of Bed ſoftly, and looking down, I ſaw her ſitting at Table, with three diſhes of Meat before her; (which in hungry *Spain* is a noble Treat) by her there was ſeated a fine young Gentleman, he whom I juſt now deſcribed to you; their diſcourſe, at that inſtant, happened to be of me. She told him ſhe had a Slave who pretended to foretell future events; that ſhe had told her that the Captain would be at home that day; the Gentleman laughed, as he ſaid, to think that a Slave ſhould be ſo bold, to impoſe ſuch a Story on her Miſtreſs; he laughed at her too, for giving any belief to me; and I laughed at them both, to think how ſecure they fancied they were from my Eyes and my Maſters, and yet how much they were miſtaken. While I was peeping down, and liſtening to their diſcourſe, we heard a loud knocking at the Door; my Miſtreſs cry'd out immediately that it was the Captain's knock, and that ſhe was undone, unleſs they could hide him ſomewhere in that Room; for to ſend him up to mine, was the way to let me know of it, and being a Stranger, perhaps I might betray him to her Husband.

The Gentleman was young and slender; and his Limbs, which seemed composed rather for Love than War, shew'd that he was a very unequal Match for a great two-handed Sea Captain: And you have all heard enough of the raging *Spanish* Jealousie, to think, that if a young handsome Man had been found there, and at so suspitious a time, 'twould have gone near to have cost all three of them their Lives. The Captain still knocking harder and harder, made them all at their wits end what to do with him; at length they bethought themselves of a great Chest, which my Master had given his Wife full of Plunder, when he first came on shore with me; but she had taken all those things out, and my Master had filled it with Sea Bisket, which he had bought for his Men; the Mistress and Maid emptyed these Biskets out under the Bed, and begg'd the Gentleman to try whether he could get into the Chest; the young Spark was as complying as she could wish him; he made a quick shift to get in, and his Fear was at that time so strong upon him, that it would not only have driven him into that, but into a Mouse-hole, if there had been one in the Room: As soon as he was in, the

Maid

Maid let in my Master, who seemed a little angry that he was kept so long at the door; and seeing the Cloath laid, and the Table covered with Meat, he asked my Mistress how all that came there, and what she designed with it? I wondered how she would come off; but she very readily answered, that she provided it for him, and kept him at the Door while she took it from the Fire, that he might be the more surprized, to find so good a Supper ready for him on the Table. He asked how she could provide it for him, since no Man in *Aveiro* knew of his coming? My Mistress answered, that the *Indian* he had left with her, had told her he would certainly be at home that night. *When did she tell you this?* (said he) *Yesterday* (answered my Mistress) *Then, by St.* Jago, *she is a Witch,* (said my Master) *for yesterday morning, till the Storm came, I did not know (that I should come) my self: I hope, Captain,* said my Mistress, *you have received no damage by the Storm: None,* said he, *but the spoiling my store of Bisket, which got wet, and my poor Men are in want of it; but I will have you,* said he (turning to a Cabbin-Boy that waited on him) *go now and call two or three of our Men on*

Shore,

Shore, that we may have hands enough to carry that Chest of Bisket to the Water-side: Time enough for that to morrow, Love, (said my Mistress) *No,* (says my Master) *my Men are in present want of it, and I ought to take care of them, as well as of my self.* The Boy went on his Errand, and my Mistress with a great deal of pain, waited the unlucky coming of the Seamen to carry the Chest away, and her Jewel that was in it. I had till this time been an unconcern'd Spectator, and only pleased my self with the fright my Master's coming had put them in, but now I saw I must help them out, or they had no way of their own to bring them off; dressing my self therefore as fast as I could, I went down to them; my Mistress, I believe, wondred to see me there, when she thought I was asleep, yet she did take no publick notice of it, lest my being sent up to Bed, should give my Master the greater cause to suspect something. After bidding my Master wellcome home, I turned to my Mistress: "And did I not tell you, Ma-"dam, (*said I*) that my Master would "be at home to Night? You may see, "(*said she*) by my preparations for "him, that I believed you: I could not

forbear

forbear smiling to see how she would have imposed on me, as she did on my Master: 'But, Madam, (*answered I*) 'since I have given you such a proof of 'my skill, which (though it has told you 'this only for tryals sake yet) hereafter 'may shew it self some way, which may 'prove more serviceable to you, I would 'desire one favour of you in its behalf: 'What's that? (*answered she*) 'Tis (*said 'I*) that you would pardon me for an 'accident which befell me in the per-'formance of it: What's that (*says she*) 'I hope you have not raised any Spirits 'that have broken our Windows, or 'done any damage to the House: What 'if they have (*said my Master*) you shall 'pardon any slight mischief that they 'have done: They have done no mis-'chief at all, (*said I*) pray do not be 'affrighted, Madam, and I'll tell you 'all: When you were abroad yesterday 'I set about my Enchantment, to an-'swer your question, but you came 'home a little too soon, while I was 'asking some questions concerning 'my own Fortune; hearing you 'at the Door, and not having 'time to lay that Spirit which I 'had raised, I ordered him to throw

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'the Bisket out of the Cheſt, and enter 'into it himſelf; you can't but have 'heard how miſchievous Spirits are, 'while they are at liberty, and to pre-'venty any ſuch miſchief, I confined 'him there, till your abſence ſhould 'give me leiſure to lay him: You went 'ſoon after to Bed, and I durſt not tell 'you how near the Spirit was to you, 'for fear of fright'ning you, nor 'would at all, had not the preſent uſe 'my Maſter has of the Cheſt, forced 'me to this diſcovery: When my Mi-ſtreſs heard this told, ſhe ran to my Ma-ſter, and claſping him about the mid-dle, pretended to be in the greateſt fright imaginable; and deſired him to leave me the Houſe to my ſelf, till I had ridded the houſe of the Devil. Though the hot Supper, which my Maſter be-lieved prepared for him, and my Mi-ſtreſs ſaying, that 'twas becauſe I fore-told his coming, had confirmed him in the belief of my Art; and the earneſt-neſs with which I begg'd pardon, made him not queſtion what I ſaid to be true; yet he laughed at the extream fear, which his Wife ſo excellently counterfeited, and ſaid, 'Never fear, Wife, that Mr. 'Devil, who has been ſo civil as to lye

'there

'there all laſt night, will be ſo rude, as 'to diſturb us now: Sure, *Faniaca*, he 'he will not force us to leave our Victu-'als to cool, to dance attendance on 'him: If he will give us leave to Sup, we 'will retire afterwards, and give you 'leiſure to diſmiſs him: Not for the 'World, (*ſaid my Miſtreſs*) I cannot 'eat one bit, nor enjoy my ſelf one mi-'nute, while the Devil is ſo near us; 'dear Love, conſider the danger 'tis to 'be here, and let us go to ſome Neigh-'bours, and leave the Witch and the 'Devil together: Since you are ſo fear-'ful (*ſaid my Maſter*) have but patience, 'till my Men come, and I'll order them 'to carry the Cheſt up Stairs, for I am 'loath to leave this hot Supper; but do 'not ſhew your fear to them, for if they 'know that his Devilſhip is in it, 'tis 'likely they won't venture to meddle 'with it. My Miſtreſs ſaid, ſhe thought it long till they came; and I dare ſwear ſhe did not counterfeit in that, but was at that time as deſirous to get rid of her incloſed Spark, as ever ſhe was to get into his Company: The Sea-men kept her not long in pain, for they came while we were talking of them: My Maſter mentioned nothing of the Biſket

to

to them, but desired, before he sat down, that they would remove that Chest up one pair of Stairs for him: Two of them immediately laid hold on two Rings which were fastened in the sides of it, and heaved it by degrees up stairs, I lighting them the way; the Stairs were so narrow that they could not go both on a breast, but one pulled the Chest up, and the other heav'd it after him, by which means our Gallant was almost stifled in it, for his Head chanced to lie at that end which was lowermost; therefore, when it was near the top, he not being able to endure it any longer, stirred about to lye easier, and coughed; at which the Men, being startled, let go, and the weight of the Chest tumbled it down that pair of Stairs, and another pair which joined just to it; though the Chest was locked, yet the tumbling of it made me expect every moment that it would fly open; and therefore, lest it should discover the Gentleman, I dropt the Candle: My Mistress shriek'd at the noise, and clapt too the Room Door where my Master was; he stood silent, not knowing what to think of the noise; one of the Seamen stood by me till the Maid brought us

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a light, but the other, who bore up the lower end of the Cheſt, was driven down all the Stairs before it: I heard the poor Man groan, and was terribly afraid that it was the Gentleman's voice, and that the fall had crippled him; I therefore deſired them all to ſtay in the Room while I went down Stairs, they were willing to obey me, for the horrid noiſe had put them in ſuch a Fright, that they ſtood gazing one at another, wondering what the event would be: When I came down, I found the Cheſt open, and the Gentleman gone; then I helped the hurt Man up Stairs; his Head was broken, and ſome parts of his Body bruiſed with the fall, but he was more afraid than hurt. 'Well, '*ſaid my Miſtreſs to me*, this comes of 'your raiſing the Devil. The Seaman, who did not know what to make of it before, hearing her ſay it was the Devil, concluded it was ſo indeed; and ſaid, He was ſure 'twas a cloven Foot trod on him, for he felt it, and that he ſaw the Tail of it, as it went out of the Houſe. 'What, then is he gone (*ſaid my Miſtreſs*) 'Yes, Madam, he is gone (*ſaid I*) and 'ſhall trouble you no more: A good 'riddance (*ſaid ſhe*) of your Miſchie-

'vous

'vous Spirits, pray raiſe no more of 'them: Then, Madam, (*ſaid I*) you 'muſt not give me the occaſion. Now my Miſtreſs's real fear was over, her counterfeit one vaniſhed with it, and bidding us ſet Chairs, ſhe and my Maſter ſat down; the wounded Man he ſent on Ship-board to the Chyrurgeon, and having ſupped and diverted himſelf with the poor impriſoned Devil, they went to Bed, where he paſſed that night with my Miſtreſs, who would rather have had that Devil for her Bedfellow. The next morning my Miſtreſs's Confeſſour came to her; and my Maſter, who was filled with the laſt nights adventure, could not contain himſelf from communicating it to the Father, ſaying, That he had given his Wife an *Indian*, that could raiſe Spirits, and make them tell her things that were doing at ever ſo great a diſtance; relating, withall, what had happened by that means in his Houſe the night before: The Holy Man, ſtroking up his Beard, with an auſtere look, told him, that this was no Jeſt, ſaid, it was making a compact with the Devil, and that his Chriſtianity obliged him to confeſs himſelf an Enemy to all ſuch actions; and there-

therefore was bound in Conſcience to diſcover this to the Fathers of the Inquiſition; and deſired my Maſter to ſecure me: He ſaid this when I was by; I was earneſt to know what he meant by the Inquiſition; but when he told me the danger of coming under the clutches of that bloody Court, and named ſome of their Puniſhments, as the Wheel, Immuring, and other ingenious Cruelties of theirs, I would have given my life for a *Maravedy*. When my Maſter was gone out, I fell down on my knees to my Miſtreſs, and begg'd her to give me my liberty, and put me in ſome way to eſcape this barbarous tryal, that the Prieſt would bring me to: I told her I was loath to mention the kindneſs I had done her, in conveying her Spark away, leſt that ſhould look like upbraiding her with it; but thus much I muſt ſay of it, that it was that Story which made the Prieſt ſo zealous againſt me, and that if ever I came before the Inquiſition, Self-preſervation would force the truth from me, and that I muſt confeſs the Cheat I put upon my Maſter, to avoid the imputation of Witchcraft. She anſwered me very civilly, that ſhe had ſuch a ſenſe of the kindneſs I had done her,

that

that she would requite it with giving me my freedom; and when my Master came home, she was very urgent till she prevailed with him to do the like; whether she did this out of gratitude to me, or the fear of my threatning a discovery, I do not know; but my Master called me to him, and bade me go and hide my self on board that night, lest the Officers should come to search for me: The next day he came on board himself, and asked me where I would rather Land, I told him in *England*; for I had consulted my Drum, and was informed, that I should find my Lover in one of the Northern Islands, coming from the Siege of a City, and the Rumour of the *Hollanders* just then Landing in *England*, made me think that likely to be the place: We met at Sea with an *English* Merchant, and giving me a little Money, he put me on board there; I had, besides, some Money my Mistress gave me at parting, and a Pearl Necklace, with some Bracelets, which my Master (finding so great a Prize with us) spared me, when he plundered me at Sea; these sold in *England* for two hundred Duckets; with some of this Money I put my self into an *English* Garb, keep-

keeping my *Spaniſh* one by me, and went up to *London*, and hired my ſelf to a Perſon of Quality; and being an Outlandiſh Woman, and appearing in a very gentile Dreſs, I was made her Gentlewoman; I ſtaid with her near a year, in which time I put up a little more Money, and good Cloaths, and learn'd *Engliſh* enough, and then I left her, to travel in queſt of my Lover: I went down to *Cheſter*, and hearing that there was a War in *Ireland*, I embarked for this Kingdom; I have been in *Dublin*, and am now come hither to follow the Camp, where I am aſſured I ſhall find him: I get as much as maintains me on the Road, by telling Fortunes to the Gentry, who ſometimes are very liberal to me: Amongſt the different Fates I read, thoſe belonging to Love delight me moſt, as being moſt agreeable to my own temper; and when ever it lies in my way to forward any of thoſe by my Skill, my being in their Circumſtances, makes me the readier to help them. She ended thus, to the admiration of all the Company, whoſe Ears were tyed to the Story: The Prince, who was pleas'd with the Wit of the *Indian*, could not deny her thoſe praiſes that were due to it;

it; and from her ingenuity in the management of her intrigue, and her constancy in continuing it so long, he concluded that the *Spaniard* must needs be happy in her; and told her, that if he was in the Army, whether he were in Commission, or a private Souldier, he would do what lay in his power to contribute to the finding him out for her: But, he said, he expected a kindness of her in retaliation, and that if he searched for her Lover, she would (if need were) do him the same service; that he never gave any credit to Gypsies, or any other Vagabonds that pretended to her Talent, but since she had proved her Skill in so exemplary a manner, he would lay aside his former incredulity, and desire she would satisfy his Curiosity in some things, which it would conduce to his quiet to know. The *Indian* said, she would wait on his Highness, at his Lodgings, the next day, and give him what satisfaction her Art could afford him. But he was not the only Person that wanted her assistance, neither had the terrours of War so frighten'd Love, as to make him wholly abdicate his power over that Kingdom; but in this Ball he had some Votaries of both Sexes, and the

the ingenious *Indian* told publickly the place where ſhe Lodged, that thoſe whoſe Modeſty reſtrained them from ſpeaking to her there, might have a more private opportunity. The Prince went home well ſatisfied with the hopes of knowing his Fortune, and told *Celadon* that he was ſo impatient to ſee the next day, and the *Indian* that would ſatisfie his Doubts, that he found himſelf not the leaſt inclinable to Sleep; therefore, if he would make him a Song, in anſwer to that, which he told him he had over-heard his Miſtreſs ſinging at the Well, he would that Night go Serenade her with it; and though he could neither meet with her at the Ball, nor find her at home, yet this Song would make a diſcovery which might alter the reſervedneſs of her Behaviour: *Celadon* made one; about Midnight they ſallied out together, and ſtopping under her Window, the Prince, with the beſt air which his Guittar and Voice could frame, began this Song, to the ſame Tune which ſhe had Sung to hers.

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THe Souldier yields his vanquish'd Heart,
As Conqu'ring Beauty's prize;
And though he fears no mortal Dart,
The Thunder of your Frowns he flyes,
And dreads the Lightning of your Eyes.

You shall dread this more, said a Voice interrupting him; the Prince looking about, to see whence the Voice came, saw three naked Swords making towards him: *Celadon* came up immediately to his assistance; it being so dark, that neither Party could see to defend themselves, there had been fair work in a small time, if some of the Guards, walking the round, had not been pretty near them; when they came up, the three fled, and the Souldiers knowing the Prince, Congratulated his Highness's escape, from a Death, which the most unskillful Enemy might have given him, when there was not light enough to allow him fair play for his Life: They would needs wait on him home, and he considering that the noise might have allarm'd some of the Neighbours, thought it best to retire, for fear of raising a discourse, which might prove prejudicial to his Mistress, and offend her.

her. The next Afternoon the two Strangers came to wait on the Prince, and finding him alone, one of them told him, she was come to make good her promise, that she brought her Companion with her, who understood nothing but *Spanish*; however, if his Highness had any secret extraordinary to communicate to her, she would go with him to another end of the Room; the Prince opening a Closet Door, retired in thither with her, and opened his mind in these words: 'Since I want such advice, 'as cannot rightly be given, without 'some fore-knowledge of what will be 'the issue of it, and since my business is 'nothing but an Amour, who so fit to 'consult about it as you, who are a For-'tune-teller, and a Lover too? You 'may understand then, that my business 'is nothing but Love; it is one so vio-'lent, and yet so unreasonable, that I 'am unable to curb it, nor have I any 'hopes of success, if I let it go on; and 'tis just with me now, as with a Souldi-'er, whom his too boyling Valour has 'engaged so far in the Battel, that his 'Enemies have surrounded him; there's 'no retreating for him, because the Foe 'is behind, nor any likelihood of brea-

'king through, becauſe there are too 'many before him: So am I ſurrounded 'with difficulties, puſhed forward by 'Love, and oppoſed by Deſpair; carri-'ed on by her Charms, and driven back 'by her Diſdain; now I would know 'what my ſucceſs may be, if I go on, and 'accordingly I will either nouriſh this 'Paſſion, or tear it from my Breaſt? I 'cannot ſee, (*ſaid the* Indian) what 'ſhould diſcourage your Highneſs from 'proceeding, ſince there are thoſe per-'fections in your Highneſs, which give 'you deſert enough to pretend to the beſt 'of Women: I fancy your Highneſs has 'fallen in Love with ſome one below 'you, and that your Love and Ambition 'are at variance, whether that ſhall draw 'Love up, or Love draw that down: 'I know theſe two generally tend two 'contrary ways, the one, like Earth, de-'ſcending, the other, like Fire, ſtill aſpi-'ring upwards. You gueſs as right, (*ſaid the Prince*) as if you had ſeen my 'Heart; and if you can tell me how I 'ſhall ſucceed in my Love, I'll make that, 'or my Ambition, conform it ſelf to 'the other: I doat on one who is be-'neath me; when I made my firſt Ad-'dreſſes, ſhe ſeemed Pliant enough, as

'if

'if ſhe had no averſion to my Love;
'nay, I over-heard her once confeſſing to
'a Confident, that ſhe had a kindneſs for
'me; and when I thought her my own,
'I found my ſelf moſt deceived; for
'ſome Capricio or other made her, that
'ſhe would never ſince admit me into
'her Company; I went ſeveral times to
'enquire for her at home, but the Ser-
'vant ſtill ſhifted me off, either deny-
'ing her, or pretending ſhe was ſick; I
'contrived laſt Night's Ball, in hopes
'to entice her thither, but it failed; I
'Serenaded her laſt Night with a Song,
'in anſwer to one I heard her Sing, that
'time ſhe confeſſed a Love for me, but
'before it was ended, I was interrupted
'by ſome Night Adventurer, who at-
'tempted to kill me, which makes me
'ſuſpect 'tis ſome Rival; inform me by
'your Art, whether this is a Favourite
'that ſupplants me in her Heart, or
'whether it be Virgin Niceneſs, Hypo-
'critical Modeſty, or what elſe it is that
'has put this ſudden ſtop to my Succeſs?
'This is a puzzling queſtion (*ſaid the* In-
'dian) but give me one Night's time to
'conſult my Drum about it, and I will
'bring you an anſwer. The Prince ſee-
med well contented, and the two Stran-

gers, taking their leaves of him, left him to expect the insight the next day would give him of his Fortune. On the morrow they came again, and the Prince took the *Indian* into the Closet (as he had done the day before) and desired her to be as plain as she could, in foretelling him all that was to befall him in his Love: First, (*said she*) your Highness must acquaint me whether you design Marriage, or no. Marriage! (*said the Prince*) why did not I confess to you, that she was a private Gentlewoman, one beneath me? I wonder you should ask such a question: Pray, Sir, be not angry, (*reply'd the* Indian) for how can I tell your Highness what success you are like to have in any design, until I know the design it self? If (*answer'd he*) I can enjoy her on any terms, but those of Marriage, I shall think my self very happy; if not, my Love has so wholly blinded me, as to make me forget my Interest, and my Honour. Your Highness (*said she*) is certainly very prudent, in having so great a command over your Love; and pray make use of it, when I shall tell you the state of your Affairs: The Lady you Love, has a Gentleman who loves her as violently as you, only

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a more honourable way: Your Highneſs's Fortune has altogether the aſcendant over his, if you are inclined to lay hold of that advantage, if not, my Art tells me, that, within a Week, ſhe will be too far off for you to enjoy, or ever to ſee her again. And is this all the hopes you can give me? (*ſaid the Prince*) Yes, (*ſaid ſhe*) only thus much I may add, that your Fortune promiſes you a great deal of happineſs, if ever you have her; but if you Love, I need not tell you this, for Love injoy'd is always happy; ſince, if there be ſuch a thing as happineſs, it is to be in that condition which is moſt delightful to us; being in poſſeſſion of what we Love, is being in the condition which is moſt delightful to us, and thence may well pretend to be the higheſt of Enjoyments. I ſee you are ſo indulgent (*ſaid the Prince*) as to humour me in my Love, but that is deſtructive to me, and therefore we'll talk of it no more; there's ſomething (*ſaid he*) by way of gratification, for the trouble I have put you to: The *Indian* told him, ſhe would not receive any ſuch reward, for the unwelcome news ſhe had brought him; that all the requital ſhe deſired, was his Highneſs's favour

to the *Spaniard*, if ever she found him: Only desired his Highness to take her advice, never to put himself to the trouble, of another attempt on his Mistress, unless 'twas with a design of Marriage, for her Art declared it would prove unsuccessful: That if his Highness ever wanted her help in this, or any other business, he might find her in this Town, where she resolved to stay, till the Army was marched through it to *Limerick*, because that was the likeliest way to find out her Lover. With these words she took her leave, and taking her Companion with her, left the Prince in the greatest distraction of thought imaginable: The assurance which the *Indian* had given him, that he must expect no success, unless in a Vertuous Love, made him resolve to shake off the mean Passion; but all his endeavours were vain; the more he tryed it, the more sensible he grew, how unable he was to perform it: He advised with *Celadon*, and they agreed to carry on the Intrigue, in spight of what the *Indian* foretold; and this agreed best with the Prince's humour, who, though he could not entertain the thoughts of Marrying her, could less endure the thoughts of losing her. They con-

contrived to have it thought about Town, that *Celadon* had fallen into the Prince's displeasure; the Prince shewed the first signs of it in the House, and they of the House soon reported it abroad: *Celadon*, with a seeming discontent, left the Prince, and went to Lodge with one of the Officers, at *Marinda*'s Mother's: There was a young Gentlewoman, a Cousin of *Marinda*'s, and her chief Confident, the same whom the Prince had heard talking with her at the Well, the only comfort of her Parents, who were worth above ten thousand Ducats, of which, their Deaths would leave her the entire Possessour; she was withal very Witty, and good Humoured; but Nature and Fortune, who not often agree to be over-kind to the same person, had here followed their usual Custom, making her want in Beauty, what she had in Riches: And as her Wit was keen, and sharp, upon all that came into her Company, so Nature had given you an exact Copy of her inside, by her out-side; for her Face had as much of Satyr in it, as her Tongue; the Chin of it was sharp and long, the Nose tucked up, as if it fled from her Mouth, which was so wide, as if Nature

had designed it for some Cormorant Body: Her Face was all over studded with Freckles, which, like the Stars in the milky way, lay so thick, that you would have thought it one continued yellowness; only her Cheeks, which had a red Colour, but such a tawny one, as that of blasted Goosberries. This Gentlewoman was then in Town with *Marinda*'s Mother, who was her Aunt, and she was an excellent help to her Cousin, both diverting her from Melancholly with her Company, and helping her with her Advice: When *Celadon* came to Lodge there, he became acquainted with her; and having remembered, that he once had some discourse with her, while the Prince was entertaining her Cousin, he call'd to mind, how Witty and Pleasant he that time found her Conversation: Their being in the same House, made them often in one anothers Company, and in a little time they grew to a great Familiarity. *Celadon*, hearing what a considerable Fortune she had, made his Addresses to her in earnest, but found her still grow strange, when he spoke to her of that, and therefore thought that something extraordinary was the cause of it:

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in the mean time the Prince grew reconciled to *Celadon*, and as their falling out, was only a pretence for *Celadon*'s leaving him to Lodge there, ſo the Prince now made uſe of that priviledge to his own advantage; for now *Marinda* could no longer avoid him; and though ſhe did as often as ſhe could, yet he came ſo often thither, that ſometimes he lighted on her before ſhe was aware: *Celadon*'s Chamber was on the ſame floor with hers, and nothing but a ſmall Gallery divided them; her Chamber was juſt at the Stair-head, and the Prince would ſometimes, as he came up Stairs, find her Door open, and then force himſelf into her Company: He this way had frequent acceſs to her, yet could never gain from her the leaſt word in his Favour: In this poſture his Amour was, when an Expreſs came to him, that the King had ſet out of *Dublin*, on his March to *Limerick*; the Prince gave the Officers notice to have all the Souldiers in Arms the next day to receive him; He went ſtreight to ſee *Marinda*, becauſe he did not know but the King might take him along with him, as he came through the Town, and ſo not give him time to take his leave of her: He came into her Mo-

ther's, and being used to go often thither to *Celadon*, went up Stairs, without speaking to any body; not seeing her below, he went into her Room, but not finding here there, and seeing her Closet-door open, and a Pen and Ink on the Table, he pulled the Door close, and sat down to write a *Billet Deux*, which he intended to leave for her: In the mean while *Marinda* came into the Room, and this Cousin with her, and sitting down, they carried on a discourse, the first words of which the Prince did not hear, but the following were to this purpose: I tell you, *Marinda*, (*said the Stranger*) 'tis in a happy hour for you, that the King is coming down, for he will take these Souldiers with him, and this Prince, who is so ungentile to endeavour the ruin of a Gentlewoman: I should scarce blame him (*said* Marinda) for why should a Man be blamed for prosecuting the way to his own happiness? Nor am I so conceited, as to aim at Marriage; for what private Gentlewoman could nourish such vain hopes as those, of being raised to a Princess? 'Tis more than a bare Prodigy, for Earthquakes, Inundations, and those wonders of Nature do sometimes happen; but that a

Prince

Prince should marry a private Maid, is such a wonder, as I never found mentioned in all the Chronicles I have read. What? Cousin, (*says she*) and do you plead for him! will you ever consent to his Love on dishonourable terms? No, (*said* Marinda) as I do his Cause Justice, so I will my own; had not this news of the King's coming prevented me, I would have gone with you to your Father's, to avoid him; now I will defer it till I hear the Siege of *Limerick* is over, then I will retire to your House, or some other Relations, where he shall never trouble me again, or I him. Ay, do, *Marinda*, (*said her Cousin*) fly the Tempter: But what shall I do with my Lovers? They are both going to the Camp, and will expect that I give them some satisfactory answer; and I do not know which way to incline; the one is a Captain of Horse, he is approved of by my Father, but disliked by my Mother and me, because he is a Papist, and I have another cause of aversion for him, that is, that he is a Foreigner; I don't fear that all his Country Jealousie can make him suspitious of such a Face as mine; but those on the continent make such saucy domineering Husbands,

bands, that no free-born *Iriſh*-woman will endure their ſlavery: There is *Celadon* a good Humoured, Handſome, Witty Fellow, and one that I like very well; he makes his Courtſhip ſo zealouſly, and ſwears ſo ſeriouſly that he Loves me, that I do almoſt believe him; yet the Fellow is ſo poor, that I fancy neither Father nor Mother will ever conſent to my having him; prithee tell me what reſolution to take; or whether of the two to favour, my inclination, or my Obedience. There is (*ſaid* Marinda) come to this Town an *Indian*, who tells Fortunes very true: Shall we (*ſaid ſhe*) put on our Masks, and go to her? No, (*ſaid* Marinda) ſhe will come to me for ſending for; I was the firſt that received her in this Town, and welcom'd her as a Stranger, and therefore ſhe is very intimate with me: Then pray (*ſaid the Stranger*) let us ſend for her immediately: 'Tis not a fit time (*ſaid* Marinda) but in the Afternoon I will ſend her a Meſſage by my Maid, and ſhe ſhall bring her with her; but we are ſummoned, here's a Servant come to call us to Dinner. They went down together, and the Prince ſtole ſoftly to *Celadon*'s Room, and finding him within,

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bade him come along with him to his Lodgings; and he bearing the Prince company out, no body ſuſpected, but he had all the while been in *Celadon*'s Chamber. As the Prince walked towards his Lodging, he told *Celadon* of his lying hid in the Cloſet, and all that he over-heard them ſaying. And now *Celadon*, (*ſaid he*) what think you of my Condition? What ſhould I think, (*anſwered* Celadon) but that you are happy? for you love and are beloved: But what good will that Love do me (*reply'd he*) ſince 'twill never avail me any farther than the bare acknowledgment? Nay, that ſhe Loves me is rather my unhappineſs, for did ſhe not, perhaps ſhe would continue here, and I might have thoſe ſmaller ſatisfactions, the ſight of her, and her Converſation: And I would rather have her Company, though ſhe tortur'd me with diſdain, than loſe her by this effect of her Love. Your Highneſs (*ſaid* Celadon) has better Politicks in War than in Love; if in the Battel your Enemy ſhould fly, would you grieve that he did not ſtand longer, does not his flight do better? If ſhe had ſtrength enough to reſiſt ſhe'd ſtand; but ſhe, like him, in her flight confeſſes her

her weakneſs, and in retiring before you does ſeem to ſay, *Come follow me, and Conquer.* Your Highneſs ſaw her Couſin, my Miſtreſs, though her Face is very ordinary, yet her Shape is handſome; ſhe has a very taking Wit, and I hear ſhe has a Bag of Money would blind one ſooner, than the moſt dazling Beauty: And (as I am a Souldier) though I have a great devoir for all the Beauties of the fairer Sex, yet, to my thinking, rich Jewels out-ſhine the brighteſt Eyes, and the yellow of the *Lenidores* is a more glorious colour, than the faireſt White and Red, that ever made Lover doat, or Poet Rhime: I am glad they will ſend to the *Indian*, for I'll tell them their Fortunes, and order them too, but ſo much to our advantage, that you ſhall have your Miſtreſs, and I mine; the way I will go about it ſhall be this: Your Highneſs may deſire your Landladies pretty Niece to take her Maid with her, and go to the *Indian* to know her Fortune, let her order the Maid in the mean time to ſtay at the Door, and when the Servant comes from *Marinda*, let her pretend to be the *Indian*'s Servant, and to carry the meſſage up Stairs; let her bring the Servant down word, that her Miſtreſs,

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the *Indian*, is buſie with Company, but will wait upon her Lady in the Evening; then let the young Gentlewoman gratify the *Indian* well for telling her Fortune, and tell her that ſhe has a mind to have a Frollick that Night, and deſire the *Indian* to lend her one of her *Spaniſh* Suits to Maſquerade in: When ſhe has brought this Suit home, I will put it on, and go to *Marinda*'s at the appointed time; I will perſonate the *Indian*, my feigned Voice is ſhrill enough to paſs for a Womans, you know I have got a Foreign tone, as well as ſhe, my height and ſhape are much the ſame, and for my Face 'tis no matter, ſhe always wears a Veil, ſo will I, and as to her gift of Fortune-telling, let me alone to tickle their Fancies. The Prince was mightily pleas'd with the Stratagem, and ſaid, *Go on and proſper, thou cunning* Proteus, *and may* Celadon *the Propheteſs have better luck than* Celadon *the* Franciſcan. The Prince ſent up for the young Gentlewoman, and telling her that there was an *Indian* come to Town, who ſhewed none but Gentry their Fortunes, he deſired her to go this Afternoon to ask hers; and told her, that ſhe muſt borrow a *Spaniſh* Suit of the *Indian*, as for her

her self: He gave her a Purse of Gold to pay the expence, and leave as a pawn for the Cloaths, in case the *Indian*, not knowing her, should be unwilling to venture them without Security. The young Gentlewoman took her Maid with her, and did her business as successfully as they could wish: She had her Fortune told, and the Prince, to whom formerly she made the whole Relation of her Amour, was desirous to know what the event of it would be. She told him, that the *Indian*, smiling, delivered it in these words; *Be Constant, and be Happy. Thank your kind Fortune, Madam,* (said the Prince) *how many a Lover would be over-joy'd at such a Prediction!* He spake this with a particular earnestness: The Fair Virgin gave the Prince thanks, for sending her to know it, and took her leave of him, not without observing something extraordinary in his Countenance, by which she gues's'd that the impartial God of Love, has no more respect for Persons of Quality, than for their Inferiours. *Celadon* fell to shifting himself, and having put on the *Indian*'s Habit, looked so like her, that the Prince promised himself both Diversion and Success from this adventure.

ture. *Celadon* ſtaid till it grew duskiſh, becauſe the Night would help the diſguiſe; about an hour after he came back again, and gave the Prince this account of his Succeſs. I have been at *Marinda*'s, ſhe took me into the Cloſet (where you was) very cautiouſly, leſt any one ſhould hear but her Couſin and me, not dreaming who ſhe confeſſed her ſelf to: She told me that ſhe did Love you, and yet muſt diſſemble it; that ſhe heard your Highneſs had been in the Houſe, and ſhe thought 'twas to ſee her; that ſhe expected you would come to take your leave of her, and did not know how ſhe ought to receive you: She ſaid that I told her at firſt, that ſhe ſhould have you, but now deſired me to confeſs freely, whether I ſpoke truth then, or did it to flatter her humour; for if it were ſo, ſhe would not indulge her ſelf the ſight of you any more, but wean her ſelf from you for altogether. I found by this, that the *Indian* had ſoothed her up with the hopes of your Marrying her; I humoured her too, and bade her hope the beſt: For had I done contrary, that would have contradicted what the *Indian* told her, and given her ſome grounds to ſuſpect me for a Cheat; beſides, deſpair might

might have made her refrain your Company for ever: She ſighed, and ſaid, ſhe would ask my Advice, whenever ſhe had occaſion for it. Then her pert Couſin took me up, telling me much the ſame ſtory that you over-heard her in, and deſired to know which of theſe Lovers ſhe ſhould have: Your Highneſs may imagine I gave the Verdict on my own ſide: And after threatning her with all the ill fortune, that can be in the other Servant, I promiſed her as much happineſs in my ſelf; and was ſo large in my own praiſes, that it made me bluſh, under my Veil, while I uttered them. She proffered me a reward for what Advice I gave her, yet would not tell me whether ſhe would take it or no. But when I had parted with them, and thought the Joke was over, the pleaſanteſt part of it was to come; for at the Door I met a pretty young Lady, who was come to pay a viſit to *Marinda*: I was at the Ball (*ſays ſhe*) when you profeſſed the faculty you have, in fore-telling Events, and now I have met you in a private Houſe, I muſt needs make tryal of it; ſaying this, ſhe took me aſide, and having conjured me Secreſie, ſhe told me, that ſhe lived in *Dublin*,

lin, and was ardently ſollicited by one *K——k*, a great Officer in the Army; that he made her vaſt promiſes of kindneſs and everlaſting Affection; and ſhe deſired to know whether he would prove Conſtant, if ſhe truſted him: After having looked fixedly on her Face, and the palms of her Hands, and uſed thoſe impertinent Formalities, that your pretended Fortune-tellers do, I bade her never doubt it, my Life for it he would prove true. She could not conceal the Joy ſhe conceived, at my favourable anſwer; and for my good news, and to bribe me to Secrecy, ſhe clapp'd a *Jacobus* into my Hand. I hope your Highneſs will not blame me, for cozening the poor Maid, for I thought it might prove my own caſe another time, to deſire one to have the ſame good Opinion of me, and therefore I thought I ought to do, as I would be done by. In the Street I was ſtopped again, by a ſpruce Servant Maid, who making a low Curteſie or two, deſired me to look in her Hand, and give her a proof of my Skill; ſhe brought me into a Kitchen, to a light, and ſhewed me her Hand, but begg'd me to be ſecret, becauſe it concerned her Reputation: I told her, ſhe

might

might ſpeak freely to one who knew not her Name, nor was ever likely to ſee her again. I am Courted (*ſaid ſhe*) by an Old Man, who is very Rich; I love a Young one, who is very poor: The Young one I dare not marry, for fear of Beggery; the Old one I muſt not, becauſe I cannot endure him: In this uncertainty I would live as I am, were it not that the young Man took his advantage on me in the Critical minute; and now I muſt make choice of one, or the other, for fear of being with Child, and for ever diſgraced; tell me, in this caſe, which will thrive beſt with me. I remember'd I was *Celadon* ſtill, for all my Habit, and therefore conſidering the neceſſities of thoſe Youths, whoſe niggardly Fortune would not let them Marry, and the Dotage of feeble old Age, that will needs be Lovers, when their ſeaſon's paſt, I adviſed her to Marry the Old Man, and keep the Young one; that way (*ſaid I*) you will enjoy the Love of the one, and the Riches of the other. Her Maſter coming in at that time, and asking what I was, the Maid told him, I was a Fortune-teller: Go thy ways, Girl, (*ſaid he*) and leave me to ſpeak a word to her: When ſhe

was

was gone, he pulled out a Silver Groat, telling me, I should have that to resolve him a question. Sir, (*said I*) though I sometimes tell the Poor their Fortunes for nothing, yet I never do it to the Rich under half a piece. I am not one of your ignorant rambling Gypsies; I'll tell you your Fortune, as it shall fall out to a Hair: Well, here's half a Piece for you, (*said he*) if you tell it so exactly, for 'tis a thing of moment: I am about to marry a handsome Girl; the only scruple I have against it, is, that these young Jigglets are so wild, that I fear 'twill be hard to keep her constant; tell me therefore, whether she will be true to me, or no? What Age are you of, (*said I*)? But threescore and eight, (*said he*): I looked in his Hand, and took his Gold, and told him, that the Virgin would prove as honest to him after Marriage, as she was to her Vertue, before he Weds her. This was a true answer, for I fancied it was his own Maid that he meant, and how honest she was, I knew by her own Confession. I went away laughing at the folly of Covetous old Age, that would throw more Money away, towards the satisfying an impotent desire, than he would willingly

ly have given a Physician, for the saving his Life. The Prince laugh'd at the pleasant use which *Celadon* had made of his disguise; and they two debated for a while which was the greater weakness, that of the Old Man, to trust his Honour to a Young Woman's Vertue; or that of the Maiden, to trust hers to the Constancy of an Officer. The Prince placed his own Folly in the first rank; and said, it was greater than the other two, to trust all the repose and quiet of his Life, to the rigour of a disdainful Woman; to cringe to one that was beneath him, and submit himself to one, who could not pretend to a higher Match, than one of his Dependants: But when Love took her part, it made him recant all these Reflections, clad the meanness of his passion in a lovelier dress, and made it seem, either no fault at all, or one of the least, the most pardonable of his Life. He commended *Celadon*'s discretion, in indulging her the hopes of Marrying him, for fear her Vertue should otherwise have made her shun him. The next morning word was brought to the Prince, that the King was near the Town: He drew up all his Men, in order to receive his Majesty;

jesty; and after having kissed his Hand, and discoursed with him, concerning the preparations requisite to the Siege, the Prince came home to put all things in readiness for his next days March: But that which he accounted the chief, was to take his leave of *Marinda*. He found her alone in her Room; and though she seemed uneasie, yet he constrained her to stay, and hear a long story of his Passion; which he set forth in the most prevailing words, accompanied with the most winning Carriage, that Art and Nature, joyned together, could invent. At last he gain'd so much upon her, as that she consented to receive a Letter from him, while he was in the Camp. He came back to *Celadon* with a mixture of Gladness and Sorrow; Gladness at the favour she had granted him, the priviledge of Writing to her; and Sorrow to think that he must purchase that satisfaction at so dear a rate, as the loss of her Company, as long as the Siege should continue. I will not set down how many of these Fits of Joy and Grief he had, whilst he was in the Camp; neither will I Romance so much, as to write down all the thoughts he had of her, and all the many wise Dialogues he

he had with himself about her; those the Reader can better imagine, than the Author tell; at least, if he has any of the same Passion the Prince was possessed with: That will make him sympathize exactly with his Highness's thoughts, as two Clocks, well made, keep time with one another. Thus much I know, that they were so importunate with him, that they could neither be lull'd asleep, by the stillness of the Night, nor diverted by the terrors of the Day: They kept him company continually, followed him even into the Enemies Trenches, and when Shot of all sorts flew thickest about his Ears, they were neither still'd by the noise of the greater, nor frighten'd away by the small. Among all these thoughts, he did not forget those of writing to her; nor had he been three Weeks away, when calling to him one of his trustiest Servants, he ordered him to take Horse for *Clonmell*, and, with all the privacy imaginable, deliver her this Letter.

To

To the moſt Charming

MARINDA.

IF I could think that Abſence would have the ſame effect on you, it has on me, I ſhould be but too happy: Might I hope that it has leſſened your Diſdain, as much as it has entreaſed my Love, I ſhould be over paid for all the reſtleſs hours, and melancholly thoughts it has coſt me. But this is too good Fortune for me to flatter my ſelf with; nor is it likely, that ſhe who ſhuns her preſent Lover, ſhould cheriſh his memory when abſent. We have block'd your Enemies up, won a Fort from them, and daily gain more ground: And O that I were as certain of Conquering you, as of taking the Town! But you, my lovely ſtubborn Enemy, hold out againſt all

my endeavours: All the Assaults I make serve but to shew your Obstinacy, and my Weakness, and help to confirm the improbability of my gaining you. Yet Despair it self shall not make me give over; but like a resolute General, who will rather dye in the Trenches, than rise from before the Town which he has once laid Siege to; so after all your Repulses, my worst of Fortune shall but make me dye at her Feet, whose Heart I could never gain entrance to. But do not rashly resolve on my Ruin, but consider, my Lovely Princess, whether it is not juster for your Pity to indulge that Passion, which your Disdain cannot destroy: And so instead of proving the death of your Lover, give him his Life, in letting him live to be

Yours,

S——g.

The

The Prince awaited the return of his Meſſenger with a great deal of Impatiency: The next Evening, as he came from an Aſſault, his Man came to him; and having told his Highneſs that he had performed his Meſſage to *Marinda*, he gave the Prince a Letter from her, which he opened, after kiſſing the Seal, and, with a great deal of Pleaſure, read theſe words.

To the Prince of S----g.

WHen I received the Honour of a Letter from your Highneſs, I was in a great ſtrait, whether to return an Anſwer to it or no: If I did, I thought it would look like Preſumption; if not, like Incivility: In this hard choice I thought it beſt to err on the kinder ſide, and rather incurr the cenſure of Rudeneſs, than that of Ingratitude. How little I am guilty of the latter, your Highneſs too well knows, by being witneſs to a diſcourſe, which I never deſign'd for your Ears; but ſince it

came to them, I cannot recant it. And though your Highneſs talks of deſpairing to take the Town, I can't think you ſhould, when you know how much you have gain'd of it already: But your Highneſs deals harder with this, than you do with Limerick; *you'll offer no Conditions, becauſe you expect it will ſurrender upon Diſcretion; you hope that in vain: for though a Traitor within takes your part, and all the cunning you have aſſaults it from without, yet theſe ways will not render your Highneſs Maſter of this Fort, which will never yield, but upon Honourable Terms.*

Your Highneſs's

Moſt humble Servant,

Marinda.

The

The meaning of this Letter was too plain, to have any falſe Conſtructions made upon it; and the Prince, who ſaw that he muſt retire, or engage too far, had now a greater conflict with his thoughts, than he had before with the Coyneſs of his Miſtreſs, he was ſo equally divided betwixt Love and Intereſt, that they governed his Breaſt by turns, ſometimes one having the better, and ſometimes the other. He thought, however, that ſo kind a Letter as this ſeemed to require an anſwer; and therefore, upon the Army's taking the *Iriſh-Town*, ſuppoſing that a little more time would render the King Maſter of *Limerick*, he wrote her this anſwer, to prepare him a kind Reception, when the Camp ſhould break up.

TO THE

Moſt Charming *Marinda.*

AS *our taking the* Iriſh-Town *has prepared our way towards the taking of* Limerick, *ſo I hope the Surrendry of* Limerick *will pre-*

prepare mine, towards the taking that which I value above all the Cities of the Universe, my Lovely Marinda; *and my hopes will be mightily crosſ'd, if one Month does not put me in poſſeſſion both of that and her: She ſhall then ſee how much better conditions we'll give her, than we do to our Enemies; when we ſhall make them accept of what Terms the Conquerour pleaſes to impoſe; but my Beautious Fortreſs, even when ſhe has Surrender'd, ſhall chuſe her own Conditions, and impoſe what Laws ſhe pleaſes on her Conquerour: Since, as he receives that Title only from her Favours, ſo will he any time exchange it, for that of the*

Humbleſt of her Servants,

S——g.

In

In this Letter, the Prince ſpake what he truly thought, that *Limerick* would ſoon be taken; for the King had ſent for ſome heavy Cannon to the Camp, to throw down the walls, and a breach once made, there were thouſands of *Engliſh* bold enough to have dared all the Enemies Shot, and force their way into the Town, in ſpite of all the reſiſtance: But Fortune had otherwiſe ordered it, for *Sarsfeild* with an unuſual Bravery, marched with a ſmall Body of Horſe, farther into that part of the Country which was Subjected to the *Engliſh* Power, than they ſuſpected he durſt; ſurprized the Convoy, and cutting them to pieces, burnt them, their Carriages and Proviſions, (which they brought for the Army) to aſhes; ſome of the Carriages he nailed up, and burſt the reſt; and the Army wanting them to batter the walls, and the haſty approach of the Winter, not giving them time to ſend for others, they raiſed the Siege; his Majeſty went for *England*; his Forces retired to their winter Quarters, and our Prince to his Miſtreſs. I truſt, the Reader will not think it prejudicial to our Prince's Honour, to come back without taking the Town, this

was not his fault, but his Fortunes; the days of Errantry are past, nor have our Warriours now, such Swords as those Knights of old, that could hew a way through the thickest walls, and do wonders greater than our Age will believe: Our Prince did not pretend to impossible Exploits, but as far as pure Natural Force and Courage could go; he might have been ranked in the first File of the Army; he was not ashamed, that he could not do impossibilities, but came back to *Clonmell* with as brisk a Look, and as glad a Heart, as if he had Routed *Sarsfeild*, and laid *Limerick* in Ashes. The place where he Lodg'd before, was made ready for him, but he had other designs, and therefore Complemented some of the other Officers with those Quarters, and chose *Marinda*'s Mothers for his. But when he first accosted his long absent Mistress, 'twas in Terms so passionate, that the inability of the Author makes him forbear to express them; nor could he match them, though he borrowed *Apollo*'s Brain to invent, and a Quill plucked from one of Cupid's Wings to write them down; neither would he think it safe to express them to the Life if he could, lest a

Passion

Paſſion ſo well repreſented might prove infectious to thoſe that Read it; and ſuch Charming Words like thoſe in Magical Books, might raiſe a Spirit in ſome Fair Reader's Mind, ſome rampant Spirit, that would make the Raiſer his prey, before ſhe would be able to lay him again: Thus much the Author will aſſure you, that they had as powerful an effect, as he could deſire over his Miſtreſs; or as the moſt Amorous of my Readers could wiſh to have over his own: She laid aſide that reſervedneſs which ſhe obſerved to other Men, and confeſſed her Love, as freely as ſhe gave it him; that Night, he told *Celadon* of the welcome he received; and *Celadon* asked him, whether he intended to Marry her? This Queſtion put the Prince to a ſtand, and he asked *Celadon* whether there was any poſſibility of Enjoying her without it: *Celadon* told his Highneſs, he would try, and acquainted him with the way, and the Prince approving of it, the next afternoon he put it in Execution: He went to wait on *Marinda*'s Couſin, whom he Courted, and they two being pretty Familiar, the young Gentlewoman began to talk about the Love the Prince bare

her Couſin; ſhe did it to ſound him, and to find whether the Prince's Affection was real. *Celadon*, who watched for ſuch an opportunity, ſaid, yes truly, the Prince had an unfeigned Affection for her fair Couſin, ſo violent a one, that notwithſtanding the difference of Quality, the Prince would Marry her if he were ſingle. What, is he Married then ſaid the young Lady, extreamly ſurpriz'd? Why, did not you know it, Madam, *ſaid he?* ſince through inadvertency I have blabb'd it out, for Heaven's ſake do not let it be known that it came from me, for then I ſhall be for ever out of the Prince's favour. She promiſed ſhe would not, and ſo left him, to carry the News of it with all ſpeed to her Couſin. The Prince having left a great part of his Men in *Clonmell*, was gone out of Town that Morning at the Head of the reſt, accompanying the groſs of the Army which was Marching towards *Dublin*; and on the morrow about mid-day, he took leave of the Officers, to return to *Clonmell*; he brought but one Man back to wait on him, who had a Horſeman's uſual Arms, Sword and Piſtols, and the Prince had a ſlight Morion on, and a Buff-coat, both which

which he wore, rather for the ſolemnity ſake, (becauſe he went with the Army) than for any uſe he ſuſpected he ſhould have of them: Riding along, they came to diverſity of Roads; where he and his Man being both Strangers to the Country, loſt their way, nor could they meet with any one to direct them into it, only the Voice of ſome body in a wood juſt before them; when they drew nearer, they heard the ſhrieks as of one in diſtreſs, and the Prince Riding up, overtook his Man, and put on as hard as he could to ſee what it meaned; coming nigh, he ſaw by a Hedge ſide two Men, who had defended a gap againſt twelve, one of them was fallen, and block'd up that place in his Death, which he maintained whilſt alive; but was not unrevenged, for two were killed on the other ſide, and the other Perſon ſtood armed with Anger and Deſpair, and with more Courage than Hopes, maintained the Combat againſt ſo unequal a number; the ſingle Perſon ſeemed by his Garb to be a Gentleman, he had only a half-pike, which he managed ſo actively, that with it, he kept off a row of pitch-forks and Swords, which aſſaulted him; behind him, ſtood

Lady and her Maid, crying out at every thruſt they made at him, and calling upon Heaven and Earth for aſſiſtance, againſt thoſe barbarous Enemies: The Prince rode up, and commanded them to deſiſt, and let him know what was the cauſe of their Quarrel; one of them gave him a ſhort Anſwer in *Iriſh*, and at the ſame time made a thruſt at him with his Pitch-fork, which by the Prince's ſudden ſpurring his Horſe miſſed him, and ran the Beaſt into the belly, the Prince drawing out a Piſtol, returned the *Iriſhman*'s Complement with a ſhot, and laid him dead at his Horſe's feet; he had done the ſame ſervice with his other Piſtol, but that the Beaſt enraged with the double wound which *Teague*'s weapon had given him, kick'd and flung ſo, that the Prince was forced to alight; the Man which waited on his Highneſs, did more Execution with his Piſtols, and having with them, killed one, and wounded another, he alighted and drew his Sword to Fight by his Maſter, who by this time had diſpatch'd two more, not without receiving a great wound, which one of them with a half-pike had given him in the ſide; the Prince enrag'd at that, fell fiercer

fiercer on the rest, and the Stranger who hitherto had been only on the defencive part, having but one to deal with, gave him his *mittimus* to the other World, and came up to fall on those who had more than their hands-full of the Prince and his Man; but at his coming, finding themselves too weak, they sought that safety in their heels, which their Swords could not give them; the Prince and his Man had Jackboots on, and were unable to follow them; and the Stranger was so weary with the Blood he had lost, and the weariness of so tedious a conflict, that he had scarce strength enough to keep him on his Legs; however, he used that little he had in coming up to the Prince, and thanking him for his own Life, and his beautious Companions; the Prince told him, he owed it to his own Valour, and the favour of Heaven, which seldom fails to help the Courageous, especially when they have Justice on their side: The Prince ordering his Man to look to the strangers Wounds and bind them up, went himself to Compliment the Lady upon her delivery: He found her leaning on her Maid, bewailing the Death of that

that Stranger who was killed before he came there, but how was he amazed, when looking in her Face he found it to be *Marinda*: When he first came in to her assistance, her Hoods were over her Face; which was the Reason he did not know her, and the Beavor of his Morion being down was the cause of the like ignorance in her; though he very little expected to meet her there, yet the joy to see her safe, overcame his amazement, and he was about to testifie it, with all the extasie which his Passion raised in him: When she, casting an angry frown at him, said, I thought, Sir, to have given my Deliverer the greatest thanks for the rescuing yonder Gentleman's Life, and my Honour, from the Hands of these wicked Villains; but since it is to you I must pay them; I must at the same time declare, that I had rather they should have taken my Life, than, forced me to owe it to you; go, leave me to be a prey to them whom thou hast hunted away, for I had rather dye here, bemoaning this poor Gentleman who fell in the defence of my Honour, than take refuge with you, who whilst you defend it from others, endeavour to prey upon it your self. He answered her

her very mildly, and would fain have expoſtulated with her concerning his Innocence, but ſhe ſat over the Dead Gentleman bewailing him, and would not hearken, nor anſwer one word to what he ſaid; the Prince having found her ſo kind at his laſt ſeeing her in *Clonmell*, wondered ſtrangely at this Capricio of his Fortune, and turning away from her, went to the wounded Gentleman, to ſee whether he could unfold him the Riddle. He ſaid, all that he knew of it, was, that the Dead Gentleman was a profeſſed Servant to her, as he was to her Couſin, and that *Marinda* having made a ſudden reſolution to go for *Dublin*, they two proffer'd to accompany her thither; that ſhe would not let them take as much as a Man with them, becauſe ſhe would not have any one know which way they were gone; that ſhe had deſir'd them to avoid the High-roads as much as they could, becauſe ſhe had no mind to be known by any who came from *Dublin*-ward; that in this by-road they met thoſe Rapperees, who bade them deliver; that the Gentleman who Courted her, ſhot at one of them and killed him; that then they all fell upon them two,

who

who had no other way to defend themselves and the two Women, than by letting them go behind them, and they defend that gap, till some others Riding that Road might come to their help; that the Gentleman was killed, as he made a pass at that second Man who lay Dead by him, and that himself, snatching up the Dead Man's half-pike, as being a better defence than his Sword, had held them all in play till he came into his Rescue. The Ladies expressing so great a resentment against him, made the Stranger curious to know who it was; but the Servant had no sooner informed him that it was the Prince of *S*———*g*, but he begged a thousand pardons for the rudeness his ignorance made him commit; and said, that his Highness had acted with a Bravery suitable to his Quality; and that though he never before had the Honour to know him, yet what he had seen his Highness perform in this little acquaintance, should make him respect him more for his Deserts, than his Title. The Prince had very little relish for all the Praises the Stranger heaped upon him, and only desired him to prevail with the Lady,

Lady, to go back to *Clonmell* with him. While the Prince's Man went to catch the Horſes, the Stranger perſuaded *Marinda* to return back with him; and getting all upon the Horſes, they rode before, only the Prince got upon his Man's, and the Man on the Dead Gentleman's, and laying the Body before him, they Rode to the next Town; the Gentleman's wounds were ſlight ones, and needed little Cure, beſides reſt and a recruit of Blood; therefore he went with *Marinda* the next day to *Clonmell*; but the Prince's wound was large, and had loſt him ſo much Blood, that his Life was in danger. *Marinda* the next day ſent him a Surgeon, and a Hearſe, to carry the Gentleman to *Clonmell*, he was Buried there, and ſhe ſhewed ſuch an exceſſive Grief at his Funeral, that no one who knew he Courted her, but thought that ſhe Loved him; the Prince's being wounded came to *Celadon*'s Ears, but he wondered that it was in reſcuing *Marinda*, whom he thought all the while to have been at home; he ſtreight took Horſe and came to the Prince, and found him very weak, wanting reſt, and incapable of taking any: To hear that his Rival was

ſo

ſo bemoaned by *Marinda*, was worſe than Poyſon to his wounds; to have ſeen her prefer another before his face; one who was Dead, and inſenſible of her Kindneſſes, before him, who valued them at ſo high a rate; and to think, that the other, who was but a private Gentleman, was preferr'd by his Miſtreſs, before him and all his Titles, raiſed a Noble Indignation in him, which beſpread his Face with a redder dye, than that of his Wound. When he had told *Celadon* her unkind Behaviour towards him; he gueſſed immediately what was the Reaſon of it, but would not tell the Prince, for fear it ſhould incenſe him: He only made a ſlight matter of it, and told his Highneſs that if he woold write a Line by him, for a pretence to him to ſee her, he would ſoon accommodate the difference; and ſet him as much in her Favour as ever; the Prince ſeemed to give but little credit to theſe hopes, but becauſe he would leave nothing unattempted, ordering that no body ſhould diſturb their privacy, he bade *Celadon* write, whilſt he dictated him theſe words.

TO THE

Incenſed *Marinda.*

IF it be a Fault to have reſcued my Fair One from her Enemies; if it be a Crime unpardonable, to have ſpent a great part of my Blood in revenging the death of my Rival, becauſe I did not lay down my Life with his, then will I offer up the poor remainder of my Blood, to atone for the Cowardiſe I have been Guilty of; and ſhall think my Life ſold at too dear a rate, if it ſhould draw ſo many precious Tears from your Eyes, as did that happy Gentleman, who even in his Death triumphed over the Love of his Survivor. But if I was as willing to expoſe my ſelf for your ſake, and he was the firſt in your Defence, only by the good Fortune, of being with you at the beginning of the danger;

danger; I know not why the living Servant should not share more of your favour than the dead one; since he would have died as willingly at your Feet, had not your Fortune commanded him to live till he conquered your Enemies. Now he has kept his Life too long, since it is become odious to you, and would gladly lay it down before the Face of his incenſed Divinity, if his weakneſs would permit him to come there: And if he has any deſire at all to live, it is only ſo long till you let him know in what he has offended you: This ſure is the leaſt you can grant to one, who was once ſo happy in your favour; and 'tis all the ſatisfaction your Criminal deſires, to know why you have condemned him, ſince he has always been the

Faithfulleſt of your Servants,

S.....g.

When

When *Celadon* got to Town, he came streight to *Marinda*'s: She was not to be spoken with, but he met with *Diana*, (so was his Mistress called) and after the usual Complements past, he asked her how he should speak with her Cousin: No way, (*said she*) there's no access for you, because you come from the Prince. Why, Madam, *said he*, is not *Marinda*, satisfied that the Prince has sufficiently hazarded his Life in her defence, but that she'll endanger it farther by her Cruelty? Cruelty! (*answered she*) why what kindness can he expect from a Virtuous Woman? Or what would the Wedded *S———g* with the Chaste *Marinda*? And is that all the reason of her Anger? (*said* Celadon,) Has the poor Prince suffered all this for a word of mine? By Heaven (*Madam*) the Prince is single, and I am perswaded has as vertuous designs on your Cousin, as I have on you. If he has no more on her (*answered she*) than I have on you, he would never again be at the expence of a sigh for her: For your part, I here discharge you my acquaintance; your mischievous Jest has been the cause of a great deal of Grief, both to my Cousin and me, for the Gentleman's death, the

the other Gentleman's weakneſs, and the endangering the Prince's Life: You have jeſted fairly, you had like to have jeſted the Prince at once out of his Life and Miſtreſs, your-ſelf you have jeſted out of my Favour, I will aſſure you; and ſo farewell good jeſting, Mr. *Celadon*, for if I ever any more admit of your Jeſts, I'll give you leave to make a Jeſt of me as long as you live. Saying this ſhe flung away into her Couſins Room, and all that *Celadon* could ſay, could not get either of them to ſpeak a word to him. She told *Marinda* that the Prince was innocent, and, by *Celadon*'s Confeſſion, had no deſigns, but what were honourable and virtuous: At the ſame time the Maid came up, and brought them a Letter, which *Celadon* ſent to *Marinda*, and the ſame which he had written from the Prince's Mouth; the Servant told them that he was returning to the Prince, and deſired to ſee them before he went, that he might know what Service they had to command him. Neither of them would conſent to ſee one who had been the Author of their late troubles: But *Diana* told her Couſin that the Prince, who was innocent, ought not to ſuffer for him; that ſhe

ſhould

ſhould rather ſhew her ſelf kinder than ever, to one ſhe had ſo cauſeleſly tormented: *Marinda*'s own Love did take his part ſo much, and joyn ſo prevalently with her Couſin's Arguments, that it made her give ſome ſmall interval to her Griefs, to pay that which was due to her Love. She wrote a Letter, and ſent it to *Celadon*, who made what haſte he could to leave an angry Miſtreſs, to ſee his wounded Prince, and cure his Body, by this ſovereign Ballſom which he brought for his mind. The Prince (when he came before him) would not ſtay to tell him how he did, till he firſt asked how he had ſucceeded. *As well for you, Sir,* (ſaid he) *as you can wiſh, and as ill for my ſelf; how ill for my ſelf, I will tell you hereafter; how well for your Highneſs, this Letter will acquaint you.* At theſe words he gave him the Letter; and the Prince, with a great deal of haſte, breaking it open, found theſe words.

To the Prince of *S*——g.

HOw ſhall I be ſilent, when Juſtice obliges me to confeſs I have wronged you? Or how ſhall I have the face to confeſs

fess a Rudeness, which a misunderstanding made me guilty of? I was too rash to condemn you without a hearing; but I hope your Highness will pardon that rashness, when you shall consider it was in the defence of (that which I prefer before all things) my Vertue. Though the weakness of my Sex makes me careful of my life; yet did your Highness need it, I could willingly expose it as lavishly in your behalf, as you did yours in mine: Yet my Innocence (which is dearer to me than that Life) I must not sacrifice, no, not to you. Your Highness has more Generosity, than to begrudge a Gentleman a few Tears, who lost his Life in my defence: They were no more than what I owed both to Gratitude and Humanity: Neither ought you to infer from thence, that the Dead shares more of my Favour than the Living: I would convince you of the contrary, if it were fitting: But your Highness's condescention must not make me forget, that you are a Prince, and that my highest deserts rise no higher than to be the

Humblest of your Servants,

Marinda.

You

You deserve all things, Divine *Marinda*, (*said the passionate Prince*) what Title is too High, or Estate too Magnificent to admit you for a Partner? I will no more indulge this vain Ambition, or let it cross my Love: Tell me, *Celadon*, (*said he*) does not *Marinda*, with her natural Beauty look finer than our Proudest Court Ladies, tho' decked with all their Gaudy Costly Dresses? Yet that lovely Body is but the Shell of a more glorious Inhabitant, and is as far out-shone by that more radiant Gust, which lies within, as your choicest Jewels exceed the lustre of the Cask, which holds them: For her Illustrious mind has got as inexhaustible a store of rare perfections in it, as the famed *Potosi* has of Riches: And as in that the greedy *Spanish* Conquerour, the farther he diggs, finds still more new supplies of Ore; so whoever makes himself Master of her richer Heart, will still discover there new Mines of Radiant Vertues, so infinite they are, that they would tire the most inquisitive Lover to find them all, and each of them has such peculiar Charms in't, enough to make him leave his scrutiny after more, to admire that one which his first search does find. Ah, Sir, (*said* Celadon, now your Highness is happy and in favour, you do not

consider him who is clearly cast off by his Mistress, for what he did only with design to serve you; for it was my telling *Diana* that your Highness was married, and confessing the falshood afterward, has so put me out of her favour, that she has forbidden me ever seeing her again. Tho' (*said the Prince*) that was an unlucky Policy of yours, yet since 'twas well designed, you shall not suffer for it, and therefore take my word, that the same day which makes me happy, shall make you so to; and as our Loves are joyn'd, so shall our Fortunes. Your Highness (*said* Celadon) cannot be more in Love with the perfections of your Mistress, than I can with the Wit and good Humour of mine: Besides, her Baggs which are so large and tempting, it would grieve my heart to part with them, after I was in so fair a way for obtaining her. The Prince answered, that both their Loves waited only for his Health, and then he would soon see them consumated. He wrote two or three Letters more to *Marinda* whilst he lay ill, but the Reader must excuse me, if I produce them not here, since *Marinda* burned them to prevent a discovery; and Secretary *Celadon* was not so careful to keep any Copies. Now had the active Sun run through our Celestial sign, and his pale

Sister

Siſter gone through her Monthly courſe, and changed her Orb, whilſt the poor Prince kept his Bed, and with the loſs of Blood had been as pale as ſhe; at length the help of Art reſtored his Health, ſtrengthning Nature began to exert her power, and tho' ſhe was not riſen of a ſudden to her former vigour, yet ſhe made great advances, and every day perceived her ſtrength encreaſing: His impatient Love would ſtay no longer than till he was able to travel, and then it carried him back to *Clonmell*, to ſee his long abſent Miſtreſs: He rode to his Lodgings at *Marinda*'s Mothers, but hearing Muſick in the Houſe, and the Mirth of Company within, he asked what was the Matter. 'Tis, *(ſaid one)* a preparation for Madam *Diana*'s Wedding, who is juſt now to be Married. Married! *ſaid* Celadon, O that I had either come ſooner or later; for my Honour ſake I cannot ſee my Miſtreſs Married away before my Face, and yet I am come too late to prevent it; but what can be done on ſuch a ſudden I'll do. Saying this, he alighted, and ruſhed into the Houſe, and the Prince followed him in to ſee what his deſign was. *Celadon* entered juſt as the Ceremony began, and with a threatning voice cryed, *I forbid the Banes*; *and if the intended Bridegroom will*

defer his hopes so long, to go aside with me, I will convince him, that my Title to her is better than his. The Company wonder'd to see this Challenge laid to her; her Relations, who were by, expected her to speak; but she was prevented by the Bridegroom, who fiercely cryed, that it belonged to none but him, to vindicate his Title to her: Some Officers were there, the Bridegrooms Friends, and would have taken up his quarrel, but forbore out of respect to the Prince, expecting what he would do in it. The Prince knowing the Gentleman to be the same whom he had seen Combat with so many Enemies, to save *Marinda*, had such an opinion of his Valour, that he would fain have decided the Quarrel, without injuring either of the Pretenders: Had she been at his disposal, *Celadon* should have had her, if at her Parents, they had decided it for the *Spaniard*: Therefore he thought it best to leave it to her self, and therefore spoke to this purpose. *Gentlemen, I have such an esteem for you both, that I would not have you fight, since, which ever falls, the Law will lay hold on the other, and so in striving which shall have the Lady, both of you will lose her; if you will stand to my advice, let it be thus. Refer your Cause to the Lady, and give her three days time to consider*

sider of it, in which time let both of you have free access to make your Court to her, and at the three days end, let her take which she will: If, Celadon, *her choice does decide it against you, you must submit; but if she like you best, there is no reason why your staying with me in my illness, should make you lose your Mistress.* The Gentleman said, that, since he owed his Life to the Prince's Valour, he would not deny him this; and *Celadon* was glad to win so much to try his Fortune in. While the three days lasted, the two Suiters took their turns to Court *Diana*: On the fourth day, the Musick play'd again, the Priest was present, and the admiring Company stood in suspence, to see who was the destined Bridegroom. The Bride stood out, and in making her Choice, spake thus: *You are here come together, my Relations, and good Acquaintance, to see me Married, and I am happy in having the choice of two Gentleman, the refused of which may, if his deserts are answered, have many a better proffer; however, if they were ever so good, one of them must be rejected, therefore I would not have the disappointed one take it ill that I refuse him. One of them has been longer my Servant, but the other was more zealous while he was so: The* Spaniard *has been the more Complaisant, but the* English-

man *the Fonder: The* Spaniard *the truer Courtier, but the* Engliſhman *the truer Lover; therefore, as commonly Love is ſooneſt raiſed in one Breaſt, by ſeeing it firſt in the other, ſo the* Engliſhman *has the advantage of the* Spaniard, *and my heart catched that Paſſion, as it were by Contagion from his: Yet, on the other ſide, I ſhould not forget my Duty; my Father takes the* Spaniard*'s part, well, but Love takes the* Engliſhman*'s: Then I muſt beg my Father's pardon, if I leave the* Spaniard *to receive his reward from him whom he courted, and deſire the Company to judge, if I ought not rather to yield him my Love, who ſued to me for it, than to him who Courted my Parents.* The Company was divided in their opinions, as their Acquaintance byaſſed them; and ſome murmured at the Inconſtancy of her Humour, whilſt others applauded her Choice. *Celadon* ran to give her thanks, with all the kindeſt expreſſions his joy could inſpire him with; and his Rival, diſtracted with Grief and Shame at his unexpected repulſe, ſtood uncertain on that ſudden Emergency, how to behave himſelf: He was awaked out of this Trance, by a Gentlewoman, who came to him, and ſaid, Take heart, Seignior, be not aſhamed of a Denial, which not your want of Merit, but my Contrivance was the occaſion of;

'twas

'twas I that persuaded the Lady to refuse you, and I trust you will pardon me, when I say it was for my own sake that I did it. Without question the Company thought this an odd sort of Confidence, for a Gentlewoman to Court a Man, in so kind terms, and so publickly too: Her Garb was very fine, her Shape and Air gentile, and her Face, which was one of the most amiable ones there, spake her to be in the prime of her years; yet neither her Dress, Youth, Beauty, or Love, could prevail: the least on our discontented *Spaniard*, who would not once vouchsafe to look on her. What then, (*said she*) is my Constancy thus requited? Or can two years time cause so much alteration, as to make *Astolfo* forget me? These words made the *Spaniard* turn towards her, and he no sooner saw her Face, but he cry'd out, am I in a Dream? Or do I truly behold once again, the Face of my beloved *Faniata*? Now, *Celadon*, I yield thee up thy Mistress, and quit all my pretensions to her, for this which I have newly found. *Celadon* gladly thanked him for his submission to *Diana*'s Choice, and all the Company bore a part with the *Spaniard* in the Joy he conceived at the change of his Mistress: But the beautiful *Indian*, who longed to hear how

he came for *Ireland*, said, It is now, my *Astolfo*, two years since you and I parted, wonder not then if I am desirous to know what befell you since that, and how you escaped a Death which so apparently threatned you; my endeavours to find you out here, made me relate all the passages of our Acquaintance hitherto, and therefore I believe there is no accident in the remaining part of your Life, which is too secret for the Ears of this honourable Company: I have had none, (*said he*) which I will not freely tell, but to the understanding my Relation, it is requisite that this Illustrious Company should know some things, which for want of opportunity, have as yet been a secret to you, as well as to them. My Father is a Gentleman of a plentiful Estate near *Sevill*, by my Mothers death he was left a Widdower with two Children, Me and a Daughter, both which he was very fond of, as being his only Comforts, the Relicts of his deceased Wife, and the Pledges of his youthful Love: There lived near us an old Couple who had the like number of Children, a Son and a Daughter, they were intimate Friends of my Father's, and so free with us, that notwithstanding the severe restraints of our Countrey upon young Persons, yet

our

our Families observed no such Custom, but we young ones conversed with one another with the same freedom as if we had been near Relations: And as youthful familiarity in different Sexes, usually ends in Love, so it proved with us, for our Neighbour's Son and my Sister had such a mutual Affection, that they were never well but in one anothers Company; and his Sister, whether by her own inclination, or their setting on, seemed as uneasie unless when she was in mine; had she been handsome, perhaps I should have taken as much diversion in his Sister's Company, as he did in mine; but I thought those Complements thrown away, which were bestowed on an ugly Face; nor could my Wit help me with one fond Vow or happy Expression, for want of Beauty to inspire it: This made me avoid her Company to get into his; but when I saw him shun mine as much, and that he and my Sister coveted to be always together; his growing more reserved to me than formerly, and some symptoms which I perceived in my Sister; her frequent sighs at parting, her blushes at meeting him, and some other slips, which the most dissembling of your Sex find difficult to hide, gave me apparent cause to think that she loved him.

He and I were once as great as 2 *Brothers* laid our Breasts open to one another thence his never discovering the least to me, concerning his passion for my Sister, made his Love look to me, as if it designed nothing that was honest. I had then to wait on me a *Turkish* Captive, who was taken away young, and having been bred up several years in my Father's House, was very trusty and discreet; I let no one know my suspitions, but him, and ordered him to be a Spy on all my Sister's Actions; and if ever he observed any thing remarkable between them two, that he would acquaint me with it: He observed my Commands, and one time brought me word, that he had over-heard him and my Sister discoursing; that she desired him to ask her of my Father, and that very soon, or she should be discovered to be with Child, and so be disgraced, and turned out of Doors; tho' this was but what I feared to find out, yet now I found those fears true, it enraged me both against him and my Sister: However, the consideration of her Sex's weakness (which is an unequal Combatant for Love, when assisted by earnestness and opportunity) made me pardon her so far, as to leave her to be punished by the ill consequences of her own Folly; but him I resolved

solved to be revenged on: Tho' my blood boyled at the first sight of him, yet I dissembled my anger in publick, and told him that I had something to impart to him, if he would take a walk with me into the Fields in the cool of the Evening; he consented, and we went out together; as we walked on talking, I drew him insensibly to a private place, and then retiring a little distance from him, I bade him draw: Sure you are in jest (*said he*) you will not draw that Sword against your Friend, which you have before now drawn in my defence: This Sword (*said I*) was drawn then for my Friend, but now against the worst of mine Enemies, one who has abused my Friendship, and my Sister's Love: Yet thus much I will give to our former Affection, Marry her, and salve up the Injury thou hast done her, and I will forgive thee mine: What, (*said he*) and are you turned a Bravo to hector me into Marriage? Know then that I will never do it, neither shall it ever be said, that *Guzman* valued his Honour so little, as to make a Wife of his Whore. Whore! (*said I*) that word I will engrave on thy traiterous Heart; at these words he leapt back and drew, I made at him with a great deal of Fury; but being appeased by some Blood I drew from

from him, I proffered him again the same conditions of Reconciliation; but his Rage made him deaf to Reason: We fought on, till one thrust I made at his Breast ended our difference, by his fall: I fled in all haste to the Sea-side, where by good chance there was a Ship under Sail bound for the *Indies*; I went aboard her; Landed in *America* amongst some Souldiers, who were sent to re-inforce our Country Garrisons there: I was a private Souldier, till a Fight that I signalized my self in, raised me to a Captain's Commission; 'twas in this station I was, when I came acquainted with you: You know the Captain of the Man of War, which boarded us, sent me Prisoner to *Sevill*, with my other Countrymen: Near this Town my Father lived; I sent him word of my being in Prison, and he streight came to see me, but told me, he must not own me for his Son, lest it should cost me my Life: He applauded my revenging the dishonour done to my Family; but said, that there had been Warrants issued out against me, and 500 Duckats, by the deceased's Friends, promised him that should seize me; that if I should stand a Tryal, and escape the Law, yet their private revenge would reach me; therefore, he said he would make Friends for me and

my

my fellow Prisoners, that we should be dismissed, and then he would have me spend some years abroad, and when Time, or Death had cured the malice of my *Enemies*, he would get my pardon, and call me home. I took his advice, and as soon as I was freed, hearing that the *Hollanders* were raising Souldiers, for some design they had not yet divulged, I entered Volunteer into that Party which came for *England*; you have all heard how we succeeded, and that instead of a Battel, we came as it were to a Triumph; for the *English* came over to our side; thence we took Shipping for *Ireland*, and in *Dublin* I received a supply from my Father, which bought me the Command of a Troop; I was at the *Boyn* near *Schomberg* when he was killed; I lay in the Camp before *Limerick*, and took my chance of War, among those Brave Men that fell in the Trenches; I Quarrelled with the Prince t'other Night, mistaking him for some Rival that Serenaded *Diana*; but the Guards coming up, and my finding out my Errour, delivered me from his Sword too: I was afterwards engaged with ten *Irish* at once, and fortunately rescued by the Prince's Valour; so that my kind Stars preserved me through all these dangers, to fall the second time a Victim

to

to your Eyes, my former Conquerours; I Coursed I confess that Lady, but it was, because I saw not the least likelihood, of ever finding my Beloved *Feniaca*; and therefore, I thought her Fortune would prove a good shelter for a Banished Man, who had been tossed from *Spain* to the *Indies*, from the *Indies* to *Spain*, from *Spain* to *England*, from *England* hither, and one, that durst not set foot again on his Native Country: Besides her Wit and good Humour, placed her much in my Esteem, though all those Perfections vanish in any Woman, when you my incomparable Mistress are by. Thus the *Spaniard* ended his Relation, and the Company with no little pleasure, reflected on the alterations of Fortune; which, after tossing them so far asunder, by the contrary gusts of Adversity, now by one prosperous Gale, brought them together to their desired Harbour: The two Happy Couple, would willingly have prevented all future dangers, by fastning that indissoluble Knot, which nothing but Death can untye, but *Marinda* desired her Cousin, to forbear 'hers for two or three days; and the Fair *Indian* desired her *Spaniard*, to defer their Joys so long, it not being fit, that she should be admitted to so Solemn a Ceremony

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of the Church, as that of Matrimony, till she were first listed among the number of her Children: The Priest who came there to Celebrate their Marriage, performed this Solemnity, and all the Company wished the Fair Convert Joy: Mirth and Feasting took up the rest of the day, and made up an intire Friendship, between the Brisk *Celadon*, and the Valiant *Spaniard*, who now Quarrelled no longer for a Mistress. But if some good natured Reader should be too much concerned for the Amorous Prince, whose Intrigue seems to have stood still, whilst the others have run almost to the end of their Race; let him know, that his went the same pace with theirs; though the Author, to comply with *Marinda*'s Modesty, brought her not so openly acting the Lover's part, as he did the brisk *Diana*, or the bolder *Indian*; for as the main wheel of a Clock, though it turns all the rest, yet goes it self with such an insensible motion, that to an unskilful Eye it seems to stand still; so the Prince's and *Marinda*'s Amour, was carried on indiscernably to others, and seem'd to them to be at a stand, whilst indeed it was the chief mover of the two other Intrigues, and pointed out to them the long wished for,

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the Matrimonial Hour: You must therefore understand, that after all the dark unsuccessful days which our Prince had sighed away, in doubtful Hopes, distracting Fears, and his last black ones of Despair; Fortune vindicated her old Title of Inconstancy, in being kind to him again, in bringing him that propitious critical minute, in which they say, the Coyest Lady (if you nick the right time) is to be won: The Prince exactly hit it in the first Visit he made *Marinda*; as soon as the designed Marriage was deferred, and the Company gone, he went to pay his particular Respects to the Lady of his Vows: He found her in the Garden with her Cousin, discoursing about the unexpected breaking off her Marriage, and *Celadon* according to his priviledge, taking her into an Ally aside, left the Prince in another, with *Marinda*; and what time they had there together, he improved to the utmost, in shewing her how sincerely he had been her Servant, from the first sight he ever had of her, till then; and told her, what he required of her in retaliation, and upon what Honourable Conditions he expected it; she answered with all the kindness due to so fond a Lover, and with a mixture of that submissive

missive Civility, which she paid him as he was a Prince, tho' one who professed himself her Servant; and that his Highness might not censure her to have been either Rude or Cruel in her Behaviour towards him, through the whole course of their Acquaintance; she desired, that he would hear those things from her Cousin's Mouth, which she thought not so fit for her own; *Diana* was called for, and *Marinda* desiring her to acquaint the Prince with all she knew of her Thoughts, without disguising any thing; she Discoursed with *Celadon* apart, while her Cousin began thus to the Prince, who was more than ordinarily attentive. When my Cousin ordered me to tell you her greatest privacies, those of her Love; she did but give the Reins to that passion, which has alwaies been too strong for her, since first the Graces your Highness is master of, reduced her to the condition of a Lover; and I question not, but she has had undeniable proofs of an equal Affection in you; or else, (by what I know of her Humour) she would rather have Died, than once suffered it to be known; your Highness over-hearing our Discourse at the Well, opened a light to the discovery of that Affection, which otherwise had been

doom'd

doom'd to perpetual obscurity; for though your Highness, did make some Addresses to her, which as she told me, served to ruin her the more, yet they would never have proved any advantage to you; since we both thought, that you spoke out of Raillery more than any serious design; besides, in the highest tide of her Passion, she professed, she would rather suffer any thing than own it to you; the first Night your Highness Serenaded her, she shewed so little concern at it, till you were gone, that I thought it had been a Frolick of the *Spaniard*'s Gallantry, who about that time came acquainted with me, 'twas I spoke to you out of the window, though when the difference of Voice discovered my mistake, I broke off the parly; that time the *Indian* came to Town, and lighting first into my Cousin's Acquaintance, she told her the Dream she had about you; I will not tell it over again, because your Highness has heard it already, only in vindication of the *Indian*'s Skill, let me assure your Highness, that she told my Cousin, she should have the Gentleman she Dreamed of; she interpreted the little Archer, who was on your side, to be Love, the Giant on hers, Honour; that Honour's going o-

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ver to your side, and leaving her defenceless, signified, that your proffering to Marry her, would overcome her obstinacy; and the Cupid's shooting her through, is easie enough to be left to your Highness's Explanation; the *Indian* promising her success, made her indulge that Love, which she bridled before, and brought her abroad to the Ball: *Marinda*, Madam, was not at the last Ball, *said the Prince*: Yes, Sir, *said* Diana, if your Highness remembers, there were two in *Spanish* Dress, the one was the *Indian*, the other *Marinda*; but sure, *said the Prince*, *Marinda* was not not with her in my Room the next day: She was with your Highness both times, *said* Diana; nay, it was she whose Advice you asked in the Closet; she came home that Night, with all the marks of a violent Grief, at something which your Highness had said to her, and resolved withall, never to see, hear, or speak to you more; when she represented the Fortune-Teller, she forbad your Highness to prosecute the Intrigue any farther, unless you designed to carry it on Honourably; and your going on with it, by giving her your Company so often afterwards, and the *Indians* still averring that she was destined for you,

made

made her believe, your Highneſs had altered your mind for the better; as you know, Lovers above all People are apteſt to believe things will come to paſs fortunately, meerly becauſe they would have it ſo; this her belief was ſtrengthned by the kind promiſing Letter you ſent her from *Limerick*; which Letter, induced me too, to think that your Highneſs had deſigned ſomething to her advantage: You ſaw what a free reception ſhe gave you, at your return from the Camp, till *Celadon*'s telling me that you were Married, daſhed all the Joy I conceived at the proſperity of her Amour, and was very near breaking her Heart, in endeavouring to gain a Conqueſt over her Love; but when ſhe found how difficult that was, ſhe ſaid, ſhe would puniſh your illegal Paſſion, and her own at the ſame time; and leſt a fit of Love ſhould make her recant, ſhe put it in Execution immediately; there was a Gentleman of a conſiderable Fortune, who had ſeen her at my Father's in *Dublin*, and fallen in Love with her; this Gentleman being then come to *Clonmell* to ſee her, ſhe deſired him to wait on her to *Dublin*, and I deſired my Servant the *Spaniard*, that he would accompany her thither; ſhe told me, that ſhe would rather Marry him whom ſhe did

not

not Love, than give a longer encouragement to any unlawful Affection, which your Highneſs might entertain for her; that would have bereaved you of her for ever, had not ſhe been met by thoſe Rapperees; her Servant fell there, and though ſhe was mightily concerned for your Highneſs's danger, yet her Vertue drew thoſe Tears from her, which ſhe thought due to her Defender's Misfortune; and might ſerve to make you deſpair, ever coming into her Favour again: But when *Celadon* undeceived us, by telling me that your being Married, was only an invention of his own, Shame and Love returned very powerfully upon her; Shame, that ſhe had uſed you ſo ill without a cauſe; and that Love, which before was only ſuppreſt by her Reſentments, flouriſhed now with greater vigour than before: This diſcovery which regained your Highneſs her Affection, loſt *Celadon* mine; and my Anger at his crafty deceit, and his being the cauſe of ſo much bloodſhed, (though innocently) made me reſolve on the ſame way to get rid of him, which my Couſin deſigned againſt you, that is, by Marrying another; and the *Spaniſh* Gentleman, who had my Father's Conſent, coming then wounded from a Journey which he undertook

dertook to serve me; I thought once to reward his Service, and punish *Celadon*'s Falseness, and imagined I might do it with less disturbance, whilst your indisposition kept him out of the way; but Fate, which they say presides over our Marriages, as well as our Deaths, ordered it otherwise, and brought him just time enough to suspend it. The Prince gave the most ample demonstrations of Joy, at the setledness which this Relation shew'd to be in *Marinda*'s Love; and having thank'd the Ingenious *Diana* for the comfort she had given him, he walked towards the other Couple; they joyned Company, and the Prince desired *Marinda* that she would compleat his Happiness, by setting *Celadon* as high in his Mistress's Favour, as himself was in hers: The Beautiful *Marinda* granted him this request, as the first demonstration of her Obedience; she endeavoured it so effectually, that presently she made her Cousin pardon *Celadon*'s former miscarriage, and receive him again into her favour; neither did *Marinda* find it any thing difficult to persuade her to this; for of all People, Mistresses are the most forgiving, indulgent Persons to those they Love; and let them dissemble it as much as they please, they

cannot

cannot be long Angry at any fault a Lover commits, unless it seem to proceed from want of Affection; but *Celadon* not being of that Nature, was soon forgiven, and as a proof of it, was encouraged to hope she would Vote for him: The next morning, the *Indian* came to wait on the two Cousins, and told *Diana*, that he who was in Election to be her Husband, was the *Spaniard* whom she had been so long looking for; *Marinda* had invited her to the Wedding, and she came in a little after the Prince had deferr'd it, and then seeing it put off, would not discover her self to the *Spaniard*; she desired *Diana* to keep him still in ignorance, that when he was refused, she might see how he would excuse himself to her: *Diana* desired no less than she, that it might be kept secret, lest *Celadon* should esteem her Love the less, thinking that the *Spaniard* being owned by another, made her take him for a shift; this was the result of the three days Tryal, and hence it came to pass, that the *Spaniard* dejected at the loss of one Mistress, was elevated by the unexpected finding out another, whom he Loved better: The short prorogation of their Marriages, only continued till the Prince had prepared for his; at last

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the expected day came, and rewarded the three longing Lovers with the intire possession of their Mistresses: The Beautiful *Marinda*, the Ingenious *Diana*, and the Pritty *Faniaca*, submitted themselves to the power of their Youthful Conquerours. *Diana* had all the felicity she could wish, in having him she Loved; the *Indian* gained not only her dear *Spaniard*, but a Fortune with him, for he that day received News from his Father, that his old Enemy was Dead, his Pardon taken out, and with it, he had orders to come home, and take possession of an Estate his Father gave him; the Beautiful *Marinda* received the reward of her invincible Vertue, in Loving and being Beloved, and in having gained a Prince, who raised her Quality as high (in comparison of what she was before) as a Woman's Ambition could desire; these were the Pleasures of the Wedding Day, heightned by the addition of Musick, Feasting, and Mirth; but the Night came, we must like their Bride Maids, conduct them to their Beds, and drawing the Curtains leave them there, to the full Enjoyment of those Pleasures, whose Raptures, none but Experienced Lovers know, and the Constant ones may expect to attain.

FINIS.

THE EMPEROUR And the EMPIRE BETRAY'D: By Whom and How.

Written by a Minister of State residing at that Court, to one of the Protestant Princes of the Empire.

Published for the satisfaction of all good Protestants.

LONDON, Printed for *B. M.* at the Duke of *Lorrain*'s Head in *Westminster*. 1682.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE READER.

THE extraordinary Conduct of the Imperial Court and Council for ſome years paſt, having rais'd the Curioſity of a great Prince of the Empire, to find out at any rate the true Cauſes and Grounds of Counſels and Actions that had ſo much ſurprized him, he made choice of a Miniſter whom he judged beſt capable to execute this Deſign, and having given

him Inſtructions for the purpoſe, diſpatched him privately under other pretences to the Emperours Court at Prague. *The Miniſter acquitted himſelf well, and gave his Maſter an ample account of his Buſineſs by Letter, of the* 13. *of* February 1680. *The Maſter (a right* German, *and truly generous Prince) laid his Commands on me to publiſh thoſe important Secrets, the value whereof will ſoon appear by the reading, from which I will no longer detain you.*

Farewell.

THE EMPEROUR AHD THE EMPIRE Betrayed. AND By Whom, and How.

In a LETTER.

My Lord,

THIS the duty of a Servant not to conceal any thing from his Prince and Master, especially when he is pleased to

honour him with his Confidence, as your Higneſs hath done in ſending me to this Court: To clear my ſelf from the Guilt and Reproach of having been wanting to this Duty, I take the liberty to give your Highneſs a faithful and candid account in Writing; what I have diſcovered moſt pertinent and Eſſential to the buſineſs, you were pleaſed to employ me in. I ſhall do it with the leſs ſcruple and reſerve, having ſent this Letter by an Expreſs, in whom I have entire Confidence, and doubt not but he will, according to my order, deliver it into your Hands.

To begin with the beſt part of what I have to deliver, I am to inform your Highneſs, that His Imperial Majeſty is, in my Opinion, a pious Prince, good natured, and of a ſweet and gentle Diſpoſition, and not at all inclined

ned to contend with the Princes his Neighbours, or make War on his Inferiors: That, purſuant to this natural Inclination for Repoſe and for Peace, this Prince hath an Antipathy againſt any thing that diſturbs or oppoſes his quiet Diſpoſition, and hath eaſed himſelf wholly of the management and direction of his Affairs of State, and of War, by committing all to the Conduct of his principal Miniſters. 'Tis hard for a Prince to intruſt a Miniſter with Affairs of this mighty Importance, without opening to him all his Mind, and imparting the greateſt and deepeſt of his Secrets: And from hence, I believe it hath unhappily followed that this Prince, having by degrees accuſtomed himſelf to leave the greateſt part of his Affairs to the Conduct of his Miniſters, hath reſerved to himſelf only the Title

and Pomp, the Splendour and Name of the Dignities and Grandeur proper to his Character. In a Word, had his Imperial Majesty never so little minded his great Affairs, he would never have yielded to sign that shameful and ignominious Peace with *France*, subscribed by the Imperial Embassadours at the Congress ad *Nimiguen*; the unhappy Effects whereof we have seen in seven Particulars of great importance.

First, His Imperial Majesty, by those few strokes of his Pen, hath in all probability, lost for ever the Esteem, the Friendship and Confidence of the Princes his Friends and Allyes; who would have generously defended and preserved him from ruine, by the force of their Arms.

Secondly, That his own Troops have been shamefully forced to quit all the Countries of the Empire,

pire, while thoſe of *France* have been actually there, and continue to this day inſulting and Domineering as they pleaſe over the Princes, the Cities, the Countries and Provinces of the Empire.

Thirdly, That by the Execution of this Peace, the Eſtates, the Perſons and the Courts of the three Eccleſiaſtical Electors of the Empire, and of the Elector *Palatine* of the *Rhine*, ſtand in a manner expos'd every hour to the violences and irruptions of the Arms of *France*; and conſequently, in caſe of an Election of a King of the *Romans*, we may probably find by their Suffrages what may be expected from Slaves to that proud and ambitious Crown.

Fourthly, That his Imperial Majeſty having by that Peace tacitely conſented to the late Ceſſi-

on made by *Spain* of the Coun-
ty of *Burgundy* to the Crown of
France: It follows, that if His Im-
perial Majeſty, (in Caſe of failure
of Iſſue in the Houſe of *Spain*)
ſhould in his own Right, or in the
Right of the Arch-Dutcheſs his
Daughter, the Heir to the E-
ſtates of that Monarchy, he hath
by that Article of the County of
Burgundy, releaſed his Right to
it, and deprived his Succeſſors,
and the Empire of the Conveni-
ence that Country might upon
a favourable Revolution have
afforded them to lead an Army
without oppoſition into the
heart of *France*: And ſhould
Lorrain be ever reſtored to the
Empire, yet this Article will be
an infallible means for *France* to
maintain continually an Army
on the Frontiers of *Germany*, and
invade it as often as it ſhall ap-
pear to be for the Intereſt and

Gran

Grandeur of the *French* to attack the *Germans*.

Fifthly, That though *Swizzerland* be throughly convinced by the building the Fortreſs of *Hunninges*, of the Ambitious deſigns of *France*, and conſequently concerned and inclined to make a League with all, or part of the Princes of the Empire, in defence of the Common Liberty; yet the unfortunate Seſſion of the County of *Burgundy* hath furniſhed the Penſioners of *France*, (whom no Counſel or Caution of that Republick is free from) with a plauſible argument, to perſwade that Republick not to ſtir in its own defence, till it be perhaps too late, and out of its power to help it ſelf: For, ſay they, What ſhall we do? The *Cantons* of *Bern*, *Fribourgh* and *Sollurre* cannot ſubſiſt without the Salt

of that Province: Beſides the Forces his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty keeps actually on Foot there, may juſtly alarm us to be cautious to the utmoſt, what meaſures we take, and conſider all things before we ingage in any: By ſuch diſcourſes as theſe (though groundleſs, if we ſuppoſe an Union of the Forces of the Empire with the *Swiſſe*, which would infallibly draw in many more) it may fall out that this Republick (if the loweſt party prevail not againſt thoſe Traytors to their Country) may to its own miſchief, and the ruin of others, lye ſtill and look on, as unconcerned, and conſequently be a Member wholly uſeleſs to the Publick, for defence of the Common Liberty, which would be in the preſent Conjuncture of more miſchievous Conſequence than moſt are aware of.

Sixth-

Sixthly, That by this peace the Duke of *Lorrain*, who hath had the honour to *Marry* a great Queen, eldeſt Siſter to his Imperial Majeſty, hath found as little reſpect in this Peace, as if he had married the Daughter of a *Burgo-Maſter* of *Colmar*; and hath been violently robb'd, and intirely diſpoſſeſt of his Dukedoms of *Lorrain* and *Bar*, and ſeveral other Lands he held in Soveraignty, being his Hereditary Eſtates, and deſcended to him by unqueſtionable right of Succeſſion: Which others looked on with ſo little concern, as if this Prince (ſtript of all he could call his own) had loſt no more than a Ring, or a Farm of a thouſand Crowns value.

Seventhly, That his Imperial Majeſty, and the Empire, by Signing a Peace (to give it its right Name) ſo unbecoming and

unworthy, have raiſed the courage and hopes of the moſt Chriſtian King to that height, that he looks on both with ſo much indifference and ſcorn, that he hath openly undertaken at once three things, which (I believe) were never heard of in the Empire, at leaſt when it had the advantage of a Head that had the leaſt jealouſie and care for its Glory.

The firſt, that without any Lawful Miſſion, the Emperor being young, and in perfect Health, he ſolicites vigorouſly the two Electors of the North ſide of the Empire, for their Suffrage at the next Election of a King of the *Romans*. I mention only theſe two Electors, for as for the others, he makes no doubt by fair means or by force to diſpoſe of them as he ſhall think fit.

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The ſecond, that, as if he were dealing only with the Farmers of his Revenues, or the Poyſoners of *Paris*, he hath by a Declaration erected at *Metz* (as formerly at *Briſak*) a Court compos'd according to the courſe of that Kingdom, of a dozen Hangm——where though the ſmalleſt Duke and Peer of *France*, is not obliged to appear; His moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, as Judge and Party, cites by ſome Catchpole of that *Clandeſtine* Juriſdiction, Princes of the moſt ancient Illuſtrious Houſes of the Empire (which he hath nothing to do withall) to make their appearance, to give him Acconnt by what right they poſſeſs what their Predeceſſors have for three or four hundred Years peaceably enjoyed. This invention, with the help of the Knight of the Poſt, and a Map of the Coun-

Country drawn out at pleaſure, (but of the old faſhion, the better to colour the buſineſs) is the ground of his pretenſions, that the greateſt part of *Lorrain*, the whole Dukedom of *Deuxponts*, and the beſt part of *Alſatia*, as far as *Lauterbourgh*, are ancient Dependencies of the Biſhopricks of *Metz*, *Toul* and *Verdun*, and muſt conſequently be re-united to the Demeans of that Crown with as much eaſe, as the Lands of ſome wretched Treaſurers of *France* have been reſumed by his Majeſty.

The third is, that to the end his new Paper-pretences, may be as effectual as the right of devolution of the low Countries in 1667 and 1668. He hath upon the Frontiers on this ſide conſiderable Forces in readineſs to Execute the Reunion, or rather, under that pretence, to do what he

he ſhall think fit in the Empire, when all this while, neither his Imperial Majeſty, nor any Prince of the Empire dares openly ſtir. As if what hath already been done to the Duke of *Lorrain*, and other Princes and Cities of the Empire in *Alſatia*, were not only a certain preſage, but an unqueſtionable Preſident, whereby all other Princes and States of the Empire, of what quality and degree ſoever, may clearly ſee the Fortune of thoſe Princes and States, who have the misfortune to hold of that Crown, or be Neighbours to its Dominions: The conſequences that naturally follow ſo untoward, and ſo unhappy a State of Affairs will oblige us to Conclude; Woe to his Imperial Majeſty, if he do not wholly alter his Conduct, and God grant I ſpeak not prophetically and truly, as *Micajah* when

when I ſay His Imperial Majeſty will dearly rue his truſting his Council with the direction and management of Affairs of this Nature: And wo to His Imperial Majeſty and the Empire, they ever ſigned that falſe and fatal Peace, whereby both will naturally fall (unleſs God by ſpecial interpoſition prevent it) under the ſlavery of that abſolute and deſpotical Dominion. Yet I would not be thought to be of Opinion, that if all His Imperial Majeſty's Council were ſuch as it ought to be, Affairs would be in that ill condition we find them; but the greater part of that Council being weak or corrupted, as I dare ſay it is, we are not to doubt, but if it continues, things will ſtill grow worſe and worſe: I have been bold to ſay, the greater part of the Imperial Council is Weak or Corrupt:

And

And to make my words good, I will proceed by degrees from ſmaller matters to thoſe of greateſt importance, to prove what I affirm by unqueſtionable Inſtances.

The firſt *Inſtance*.

Commiſſary General *Capellier* ſurpriz'd the Steward of his Houſe in the very act of Traiterous Correſpondence with the Miniſter of *France*, to whom he gave an exact Account of all he could diſcover at his Maſter's Houſe. The Letters he ſent to the *French* Miniſter and thoſe he received from him were ſeized at the Imperial Poſt Office at *Frankfort*: And though this happened in the heat of the War between the two Nations, and the Traitor upon diſcovery of the matter was arreſted, and carried to *Philipsbourgh*, &

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from thence to *Vienna*, yet he (a Fellow worth nothing) found at Court ſuch powerful ſupport, that he was ſet at Liberty, and cleared as a gallant Perſon.

The ſecond *Inſtance*.

The Siege of *Phillipsbourg*, being form'd by the Imperial Troops and thoſe of the Circles, and the place ſo much ſtraitned that they began to want Powder in the Town, two Brothers, Burgeſſes of *Franckfort*, corrupted by a *French* Miniſter, undertook to buy ſeveral Waggon Loads of Powder in the Empire, and to conveigh them into *Phillipsbourg* with other Ammunition. But the Convoy for executing the Deſign having been ſurprized by the Imperialiſts, and one of the Rogues taken and ſent to *Vienna*, he was not long there but he was

ſet at liberty as a very honeſt Fellow.

The third *Inſtance.*

He that commanded in *Fribourgh*, when taken by Marſhal *Crequi*, could not deny himſelf notoriouſly guilty of Cowardice, or Treaſon; being arreſted for his Crimes, and carried firſt to *Inſpruck*, and thence to *Vienna*: he was look'd upon as a Sacrifice neceſſary to be offer'd to expiate ſo hainous an offence againſt Equity, Policy, and the Diſcipline of War; but becauſe he was related to a principal Miniſter, or rather becauſe a Great One was afraid he might (if put hard to it) make ſome diſcoveries: He was fully acquitted, and cleared from all that was laid to his charge; and in ſuch a manner, that he retired home as confident, and

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unconcerned, as ever the *French* Governour of *Phillipsbourgh* could have done, after the generous defence he made of the Post he commanded.

The Fourth *Instance*.

The Duke of *Saxe Eisnach* having had the Command of a little Army on the *Rhine*, being an active and brave Prince, neglected not any thing that might conduce to the worthy discharging the Duty of his place; those of the Imperial Council, who took part with *France*, having designs contrary to those of that Prince, were as active on the other side, by close and sudden wayes to bring two things to pass: The first was to raise and establish a mis-understanding between this Prince, and his Highness of *Lorrain*; Commander in

in chief of the great Army of the Empire: The Second was, to order the diſtribution of Ammunition neceſſary for the Army in ſuch a manner, that when it was provided of one ſort, it ſhould certainly want another: When it had Cannon, it wanted Carriages; and when it had both theſe it ſhould have neither Powder nor Bullet: And to give thoſe of the Council their due, their deſigns took effect to admiration, for the whole ſtory of that Campaign is (in ſhort) no more but a miſunderſtanding between theſe Princes, and want of Ammunition. But this was not enough, for the malice of theſe Emiſſaries, they poceeded further to hire one under the name of *Dela Magdelaine*, who having been inſtructed by the Major *Domo* of the Abbot S. *Gall* (of whom we ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak hereafter) was

was set on to seduce and surprize this Prince: In a word, he came to the Duke of *SaxeEysenach* to propose to him the surprizal of a Fortress belonging to *France* in the higher *Alsatia*: The proposal was guilded over with so much probability of success, that the Duke animated with zeal to do something great for the Glory of his Imperial Majesty, and the Interest of his Country, greedily hearkned, and quickly embraced the proposal. After some necessary precautions for the Enterprise, *Duneewald* was commanded to undertake the Execution, and having in the Action discovered the Cheat, the Duke us'd his endeavours to have the Criminal Arrested: But all to no purpose; for the Major *Domo* had already secured him in a place of safety: I make no doubt but every one will

will grant me, this Rogue deſerved death, and had not any colour of pretence, to find eſteem or ſafety in the Empire: But it proved quite otherwiſe upon his Capitulation, (I mean that with the Major *Domo*) for the Rogue, having play'd this excellent trick, had the impudence to go to the Emperours Court, where he was very well received, and highly treated, and ſent thence to *Breſlaw*, where Count *Shaftkutſch*, Preſident of the Imperial Chamber in *Sileſia*, pays him conſtantly, by order from above, annually a conſiderable Penſion: This arrant Cheat goes now as formerly under the Name of *Cygale*, and gives out he is a-kin to the Grand Signior: But it hath been made appear in *France* and *England*, that he is a Native of *Maldavia*, and was Groom to a Prince of that Country: This is

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the true Character of him, the reſt that is ſaid of him are but inventions of Jeſuits and Monks, who go ſnips with him in the Preſents he receives on his Lying pretences. I have been more particular in my account to your Highneſs of this Fellow, to arm you the better againſt a ſurprize, by his Fictions and Artifices, which he continues to practiſe every day in hope to get ſomething from thoſe he can impoſe upon.

The Fifth *Inſtance.*

By what I have ſaid formerly of *Swizzerland*, it may appear of what importance it may be to the Emperor and Empire to make that Republick ſenſible of their true intereſt, and treat with them for a League and Union of Forces in defence of the Common

mon Liberty; and (to bring this about) to employ in the Negotiation, Perſons not only capable and faithful, but acceptable to thoſe they are to treat with: Yet as if the Emperor's Council made it their buſineſs to do in this as other particulars, only what may gain them the favour, or the Gold of His moſt Chriſtian Majeſty. 'Tis fit to know the Perſon the Emperor's Council employs in all thoſe important Negotiations they have with that Republick. It is no other than the Abbot S. *Gall's* Major *Domo*, above mentioned, called Monſieur *Fidelle*, (Mr. *Faithful*,) but by the ſame figure of ſpeech our Divines call the Prince of Darkneſs an Angel of Light: For this Fellow is notoriouſly known and confeſt to be the falſeſt of Men. Yet being a Perſon of a very ready wit, a lively fancy, and

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naturally active in what he undertakes, sometimes he openly acts on the part of *France*, and publickly solicits Suffrages in this Republick in favour of that Crown; sometimes he turns his Coat, and is on the sudden all for the House of *Austria*: This man from a petty Pedler of *Italy*, is become excessive Rich, which I mention as a circumstance whereby it may be the better known what a Man he is, how fit to negotiate the Interests of his Imperial Majesty, and to be the Confident and Councellor of the Ministers of State; His Council sends into these parts: And to make appear their Wisdom or Collution in this particular, I must acquaint your Highness with a matter generally known throughout the *Swisse* Cantons.

That

That this man is owner of a Moity of two *Swiſſe* Companies, now actually in the Service of the *French*, under the command of his Son in Law: (An Ordinary Traffick among the *Swiſſes*) That his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty hath within theſe three years beſtowed on him a Rich Canonry, in the higher *Alſatia*, or *Briſgow*, which one of his Sons is inveſted in: That 'tis this faithful Miniſter of the Imperial Court, hath ſince the beginniug of the laſt War, bought all the Horſes his Chriſtian Majeſty had need of for his Armies, and cauſed them to be tranſported from the Port of *Waſſerbourgh* in *Germany* (where his Maſter hath a Bayliff, and no ſmall Power) to the Port of *Rochas*, in *Swizzerland*, which is a place whereof his Maſter is Soveraign Prince: That this man being the principal incendi-

ary and Fomenter of all the troubles and broils hapned in *Swisserland*, these last twenty years; is so generally hated by all good people of that Nation, that to procure the miscarriages of any affair of the Dyets of *Baden*, there is no surer means than to make the Assembly suspect this man hath a hand, or is any way concerned in it. This appeared clearly in the affair of the County of *Burgundy*, for Count *Cazatti*, the *Spanish* Embassadour, having very unadvisedly resolvēd to make use of this mans Counsel and Conduct in a matter of that importance, that *mighty* affair was utterly ruin'd by that very means: Notwithstanding all, this man is the Confident and privy Councellour of all the Ministers his Imperial Majesty sends to that Nation; and their first business, when arrived there, is to visit him, to consult him and

and communicate to him all their inſtructions: This about three years ſince, occaſion'd a pleaſant paſſage at the Dyet of *Baden*: An Envoy of his Imperial Majeſty, (whom I purpoſely forbear to name) according to the Cuſtom of his Predeceſſors in that Employ, and the Orders eſtabliſht, went preſently after his arrival to conſult this Oracle; going afterward to *Baden*, the Envoy was ſtrangely ſurprized to find that *Gravelle* the *French* Embaſſadour had already Communicated to the Aſſembly all the private Inſtructions the Envoy had received from the Council at *Vienna*: Thus that Envoy's Nogotiations came to nothing, and ſo will all others his Imperial Majeſty ſhall permit to be managed by the falſe and Corrupt Conduct of a Man ſo baſe, and altogether unworthy the honour of that Employment.

The Sixth *Inſtance.*

'Tis an infallible Maxim, that every Prince diſpoſſeſt of his Eſtate, may hold for certain, there will be nothing omitted on the part of the Uſurper, or a Conquerour in poſſeſſion to ruin him, if poſſible, and all his Generation: Therefore 'tis not ſtrange, that the Miniſters of *France* (though perhaps in this particular againſt the intention and without the order of his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty) leave no ſtone unturned for the deſtruction of his Highneſs of *Lorrain*: But it may ſurprize any man to find that the Imperial Governour of *Phillipsbourgh*, ſhould (ſo openly and notoriouſly, as he did) have attempted the deſtruction of that Prince, by the trap he cauſed cunningly to be made in the bridge of that place, for that purpoſe,

poſe, through which the good Prince fell headlong to the bottom of the Ditch: May we not juſtly infer, this Governor had capitulated and agreed with ſome Miniſter of the Enemy to commit ſo vile a Treaſon? May we not conclude ſo black an attempt againſt a Soveraign Prince, Brother in Law to the Emperor, and at that time repreſenting the Perſon of His Imperial Majeſty, under the Character of *Generaliſſimo* of his Armies, unqueſtionably merited exemplary puniſhment? No honeſt Man but expected the Criminal ſhould have been made a Sacrifice to Juſtice and Vengeance, when he was taken and carried under a ſtrong Guard to *Vienna*. But all that was meer ſhew, for the Favourers of *France* had that influence over the Council at *Vienna*, that this Villain, as the former, paſt altogether unpuniſhed.

The seventh *Instance.*

It appears publickly his most Christian Majesty since the *Peace* Arms by Sea and Land more powerfully than before; and *France* being not sufficient for the Levies he makes, he is come by his Ambassadour to the Center of the Empire, to *Frankford* and to *Prague* to compleat them. He causes Fortresses and Places of strength to be every day built on the *Saar*, the *Rhine*, and all the Frontiers of *Germany*, I think there needs no better evidence of his having a Design to reduce *Almayn* into a condition of disability to help it self, when he thinks fit to attacque it; if we consider farther, that he causes his Commissaries to buy up all the Corn in *Swabe* and *Franconia*, which is daily carried away into

into his Magazins in *Lorrain*, *Alſatia*, and the County of *Burgundy*. Let us examine on the other ſide the conduct of the Head and Natural Defender of the Empire, or rather of his unhappy Council: This Prince hath ſince the *Peace* reformed all his Troops; and in particular the Garriſon of *Rhinefeld*, which is of principal conſequence: Let us weigh the matter without prejudice: He hath disbanded moſt of his old Regiments, and kept on foot only part of the new. A man muſt be blind, and void of common ſenſe, who comprehends not that the Imperial Council hath in this particular acted by inteligence with the Council of *France*, and by their direction, to deprive the Emperor of the only Officers and Soldiers capable to defend him, and to make them immediately go over into

the ſervice of *France*: The matter hath fallen out according to their deſign, and I leave it to any man verſed in matters of State or of War, to judge what a Conduct ſo extraordinary as this doth naturally ſignifie.

I ſhould be too tedious to give you all the Inſtances I know whereby to prove the Emperour is certainly betray'd by the greater part of his Council. But to be ſhort, let it be obſerved, that the ſame Council that cleared the Steward of Commiſſary *Capelliers*, the Traytors of *Frankfort* who would have furniſhed *Philipsbourgh* with Powder in the Siege, and the Governour of *Fribourgh*: The ſame Council that hath protected at *Breſlaw* the Villain who abuſed the Duke of *Saxe Eiſnach*, and procur'd a Penſion to be ſetled on him; the ſame Council that hath ſetled the

Major

Major Domo of the Abbot S. *Gall.* to be the Imperial Miniſter in *Switzerland*, and prevented the exemplary puniſhment of the Governour of *Phillipsbourgh*; the ſame Council that adviſed His Imperial Majeſty to reforme the greateſt part of his Troops, and in the manner I have told you; this is the very Council hath clearly acquitted and approved of all the Conduct and publick Robberies and Inſolencies of Commiſſary *Capelliers*, and others: and by cauſing His Imperial Majeſty to ſign the late ſhameful *Peace*, have reduced the too good Prince into ſuch a Condition, that (without a ſpecial Providence of God to the contrary) no *Prince* will henceforth without much difficulty and caution relye on his Word or his Signet: So that conſidering the Activity, the Power and

Intereſt of his Enemy, with the credit and influence he hath in the Emperor's Council, His Imperial Majeſty, as to his Elective Imperial Crown (and I know not what to ſay of his Hereditary Dominions and Eſtates) ſeems reduced to the Condition of a *Chilperic*, or a *Charles* in *France*; for he hath more than one *Pepin*, or one *Hugh Capet* to deal with. Nor do I ſee he hath any greater Authority than had thoſe two unfortunate Kings, who were violently thruſt out of their Thrones; which neither they, nor any of their *Poſterity* ever regained. The better to convince the World how foully His Imperial Majeſty is betrayed by his Council, and in him all the *Princes* and *States* of the Empire, and that there hath been of a long time a horrid and villainous *Plot* carried on againſt them with

with great cunning and caution, give me leave to obſerve that it proceeds from the ſecret Engines of this Plot, that His Imperial Majeſty's two Siſters were Married to Princes, both Robbed of their Dominions and Eſtates: As to the Duke of *Lorrain*, Huſband of the Elder, he continues to this day ſtript of all his Eſtates, and if the late Peace hold, I ſee little hopes of his Re-eſtabliſhment. And it cannot be deny'd but that the Duke of *Newbourgh*, though reſtored by the Peace to the Dukedoms of *Juliers* and *Berg*, was out of poſſeſſion of both at the time of the Marriage of his Son to the Emperor's younger Siſter. The Reaſons of theſe Marriages were, that the Princeſſes being Married (as they are) to Princes uncapable to afford His Imperial Majeſty any Succour at need, neither His Majeſty nor his Allies might

might have any benfit by the Marriages. And that when ever *France* ſhould be deſirous of Peace, there might be thoſe in the Imperial Councils and Court, whoſe Intereſt would oblige them to deſire and procure it, in order to their reſtoration and re-eſtabliſhment in their Eſtates, and to free themſelves from the neceſſity of begging their Bread elſewhere. It hath happened accordingly as to the Duke of *Newburgh* at leaſt, for having not wherewith to bear the Charge of the Marriage of his Son with the Emperor's Siſter, without being reſtored to the Dutchies of *Juliers* and *Berg*, which could not (at leaſt ſo ſpeedily) be effected without a *Peace*, what wonder is it, that this *Prince* hath for the time paſt (being forced by his Neceſſities) joyned with that part of the Emperor's Council that was for *Peace*, and aſſiſted

aſſiſted them in perſwading His Imperial Majeſty to ſign it on any Condition: Nor can it appear ſtrange, if this *Prince* for the future joyn with the ſame Council, and uſe all his Credit and Intereſt with His Imperial Majeſty, never to enter into a War with *France*, though he have never ſo great Reaſon for it. *For when wants and Neceſſities enter in at the Door, Honour and Friendſhip flyeth out at the Windows.*

His Highneſs of *Lorrain* (to give him his due) hath done bravely on this occaſion, having generouſly choſen to run the *Riſque* of loſing all, rather than ſign ſo ſhameful and unjuſt a *Peace*, as that propoſed to him by *France*: And I ſhall be very much deceived, if he or his recover not their Eſtates rather by this than any other Conduct: For Revolutions are Common to

all,

all, and I have particular Reaſons to believe it may one day happen ſo in the Affairs of his Highneſs.

This I think is more than ſufficient to Evince that His Imperial Majeſty hath been baſely betrayed by his Council.

My next buſineſs is to ſhew by what ſort of People he hath been chiefly betrayed, and with what Covers they have guilded thoſe Pills, which they have made this Good and Auguſt Prince ſwallow from time to time.

To find the bottom of this buſineſs, we muſt look a great way back, as far as the beginning of the War, which *France* by Concert with *England*, the Elector of *Cologne*, the Duke of *Newburgh*, and the Biſhop of *Munſter*, made againſt the *United Provinces* in 1672. After ſeveral Alliances with the Deceaſed Elector of *Bavaria*,

Bavaria, and Duke of *Hanover*, and others, which were but too viſible during that War.

Several pretences have been made uſe of to colour that Rupture, but the truth is, it was fomented only by the Court of *Rome* and the Jeſuits: To give your Highneſs full and clear ſatisfaction in this particular, be pleaſed to permit me to put you in mind, that a little before the breaking out of that War, his Royal Highneſs of *Savoy* Deceaſed, having taken his Meaſures with the Court and Council of *France*, made open War againſt the Republick of *Genoa*. The Court of *Rome* wiſely judging the Duke of *Savoy* would not have engaged in that Enterprize without aſſurance before hand of Succour and Protection from *France*, if needful; and that thoſe petty Sparks might raiſe a General

General Conflagration in *Italy*, which in time might draw over thither all the *French* Forces, and conſequently expoſe that Country to inevitable Ruin; that ſubtil and cunning Court, to ſave themſelves from the ſtorm, applied themſelves ſeriouſly,

In the Firſt place, to put an end upon any terms to the War between the Duke and the Republick, which Monſieur *Gaumont* ſoon after effected.

In the next place, being ſenſible what formidable Forces His Moſt Chriſtian *Majeſty* had then on foot, and that that *Monarch* could not forbear breaking out into a new War; the Court of *Rome* reſolved to uſe all their endeavours to divert from themſelves, and their Neighbours, the Effects of the *French* Arms, and cauſe them to fall on ſome other Country of *Europe*, the

moſt

moſt remote that might be from *Italy*, and where it might be moſt Convenient for the Intereſt of the *Pope*: The Jeſuits having given directions to this purpoſe, the affair was manag'd with that ſubtilty, the Storm fell altogether on the *United Provinces*, the Court of *Rome* aſſuring it ſelf, that if that Republique were once deſtroy'd, the whole *Proteſtant Party* would naturally come to ruin, and the *Papal* Authority in a ſhort time recover it's primitive Grandeur and Glory. Great Obſtacles were quickly diſcovered againſt the carrying on this mighty *Project*: The moſt Chriſtian King who clearly ſaw what the Court of *Rome* aim'd at, was, or pretended to be, unwilling to engage in Open War againſt the *United Provinces*, but on two Conditions.

Firſt,

Firſt, That the Court of *Rome* ſhould ſecretly conſent and give way that he might, if he could, joyn the *Provinces* of the *Spaniſh Netherlands* and *Lorrain*, with what he could Conquer from the States of the *United Provinces*, to form or reſtore the Ancient Kingdom of *Auſtraſia*.

Secondly, that the *Court* of *Rome* ſhould aſſure him, to their *Power*, to procure his *Majeſty* and the *Dauphin*, (who was deſigned the New King of *Auſtraſia*,) the Imperial Crown.

As to the point of the *Spaniſh Netherlands*, it muſt be obſerv'd, that to bring about the Deſign, it was abſolutely neceſſary to manage his *Majeſty* of *Great Britain*, (whoſe intereſts there were very conſiderable) and there could be no hopes to give him ſatisfaction without Sacrificing to him ſomething very conſiderable of what

what belong'd to the *Spaniard*. It would have been almoſt impoſſible for any but the *Jeſuits* Intereſts, ſo different, to reconcile and overcome ſo great and Numerous Difficulties. The two Branches of the moſt Auguſt Houſe of *Auſtria*, had heap'd moſt conſiderable Favours, and ſhowed their Bounties, on the Society of Jeſuits: But when they are concerned for the Grandeur of the *Pope*, and the Intereſts of the *Miter* (which (by the way) the Society looks on with the ſame Ardour a young *Prince* in Love would eye the advantages, the Glory and Intereſts of a Beautiful and rich Queen, whom he made no doubt but he ſhould one day enjoy) all Thoughts and memory of the favours received from the *Auguſt Family*, are wholly laid aſide on that occaſion; the *Jeſuits* fell immdiately

to

to find out Expedients for two Reaſons, full of *Juſtice* and *Equity*, according to the *Politick Maxims* of that Bleſſed *Society*.

The firſt was, that whereas the Houſe of *Auſtria* in the preſent Conjuncture was notoriouſly unable to raiſe the *Roman Biſhops* to their former Eſtate of Grandeur and Glory, and that there was not any but His moſt Chriſtian *Majeſty*, who by his *Forces* and *Intereſts* could work this kind of *Miracle* it was abſolutely neceſſary to remove all Difficulties and Obſtacles that might hinder the effecting an enterpriſe ſo *Profitable* and *Glorious*.

The Second, That in caſe the Deſign ſhould take effect, the Society was aſſured of having in recompence of their pains, two great Abbies, Heads of their Orders, the one in the Ancient Kingdom of *France*, the other in the

New

New Conqueſts: Which Abbys were to be added to the vaſt *Patrimony* of this Society, beſides the aſſurances they had by the protection of *France*, to obtain a Settlement in *Amſterdam*, and elſewhere. Upon theſe Grounds they procur'd the Treaties to be privately ſign'd between *France* and *Rome*, and between *France* and *England*, by vertue whereof the War was quickly begun againſt the *United Provinces*.

I paſs over in ſilence the ſatisfaction his *Majeſty* of *Great Britain* was to have, as impertinent to my preſent buſineſs: It may be obſerved, that as under the Reign of *Philip* the ſecond *France* was to have been made (as far as it lay in the *Power* of *Rome*) a Sacrifice to the Intereſts of the *Papal Miter*, and the *Monarch* of *Spain*, 'tis now become the turn of the moſt Auguſt Houſe of *Auſtria*,

Austria, (according to this Project) to be Sacrificed to the interests of the Papacy, the Jesuits and his most Christian Majesty. And that as the principal design of the Jesuits, and of *France*, was the absolute destruction of the Protestant Party, it was from hence it proceeded, that a League was form'd and sign'd by most of the Catholick Princes of *Germany*, and incorporated into the Treaties above mention'd, wherein every of the Confederates had, or at least thought to have had his design, and compass'd his ends, as afterwards appear'd: Hence also it proceeded that *France*, having anciently had very strict alliances with the Protestant Princes of *Germany*, conceal'd very carefully the present design from all its ancient Allyes of that Communion. The Court of *Rome*, and the

the Society as carefully conceal'd it from both branches of the Houſe of *Auſtria*; and all this for reaſons, than which nothing is more eaſily apprehended: For the ſame reaſon it was, that in the beginning of this War, nothing was omitted by the Popes Nuncio, the Jeſuits, and their Emiſſaries, to lull aſleep the Councils of *Vienna* and *Madrid*; and that afterwards they did with all poſſible diligence reveal to the Miniſters of *France*, all they could diſcover of the deliberations of the Imperial Council, or the Spaniſh. For the ſame reaſon it was, that his Imperial Majeſty by the clear Remonſtrances of the Elector of *Brandenbourgh* being made ſenſible of the Trap cunningly laid for him by the *French*, and having commanded an Army to joyn with that Elector on the *Rhine*,

Rhine, thoſe Emiſſaries of *Rome* laid all their heads together, and for their Maſter-piece to carry on the Deſign, effected two things.

The firſt was the Rebellion of the *Male Contents* in *Hungary*, not yet Suppreſſed, whereby they endeavour'd, if poſſible, to give the *Emperour* ſo ſtrong a diverſion, that it might not be in his Power to aſſiſt his Allies.

The ſecond, I have from an Anonimous Author of an Eſſay of the Intereſt of the *Proteſtant Princes* and *States*, *Printed* in the year, 1676. and treating of ſeveral things, in this reſpect very conſiderable: The Author in my Opinion deſerves the more Credit, in that he hath laſh'd the Society to ſome purpoſe in his Diſcourſe, yet not one of it's Patrons or Partiſans hath undertook to refute him: The account he

he gives of the firſt Campaign, I will repeat Word for Word from the Original, as very ſutable to my purpoſe.

In the Year 1672. when the Arms of *France* were ſo proſperous, that all *Europe* looked on the States of the *United Provinces* as very near Deſtruction, His Electoral Highneſs of *Brandenbourgh* wiſely foreſeeing the Conſequences to be expected from the Ambitious Enterprizes of *France*, if not ſtopped in time, gained himſelf the Reputation, not only of having been the firſt Prince of *Chriſtendom* who drew his Sword in Protection of that broken State, but by vigorous Remonſtrances to the Court of *Vienna*, was the cauſe that His Imperial Majeſty, awaking out of the *Lethargy* ſome corrupt Counſellors had caſt him into, reſolved to Arm vigorouſly, and

joyn with his Electoral Highneſs in Defence of that Republique: His Electoral Highneſs in purſuance of this Reſolution being advanc'd towards the *Rhine*, with a conſiderable Army, and *Count Montecuculi* being on his way thither in the Head of an Imperial Army, with deſign to act jointly, and to do ſomething conſiderable in favour of the Republique. *France*, allarm'd by the March of the two *German* Armies, had detach'd Marſhal *Turenne*, with a Body of an Army to obſerve the motions of the other two: But by the ſeveral Marches and Counter-Marches theſe two Armies had made, eſpecially that of *Brandenbourgh*, ſometimes making as if they would paſs the *Rhine* in ſeveral places, ſometimes in being ready to fall upon the Allies of *France* beyond the *Rhine*, *Turennes* Army

my was ſo tyr'd out and haraſſed, that about the end of the Campaign it was almoſt quite diſſipated, and found it ſelf in ſo miſerable a Condition, that 'tis certain all *Turenne* was able to do, was to be on the defenſive againſt one of thoſe Armies, and that if both Armies had join'd, *Turenne* had been inevitably loſt, as was publickly confeſt. His Electoral Highneſs of *Brandenburgh* knowing how eaſie it was to deſtroy *Turenne*, and the Conſequence of his Defeat, cauſed a vigorous Remonſtrance of all to be made to the Council of *Vienna*; it was ſo effectual, that poſitive Orders were ſent *Montecuculi* to join his Electoral Highneſs and Fight *Turenne*, without further loſs of time; which would have broken all the open and hidden Meaſures of *France*, and by one blow freed the *Em-*

pire and *Holland* from Oppreſſion. But other matters were in hand for the Intereſt of *Rome*. His Majeſty of *Great Brittain* had permitted himſelf to be perſwaded to publiſh about that time, a Declaration (whereof he made Report to his Parliament,) whereby a Tolleration and Indulgence was granted in favour of the *Nonconformiſts* of his Kingdom. Though it may be thought it was not ſo much for favouring the particular Conventicles of the Sectaries of the *Proteſtant* Party, as, under the name of *Non-Conformiſts*, to introduce *Popery* again into that Eſtate, though contrary to the Deſigns and Intentions of His Majeſty, who granted it only in favour of the tender Conſciences of his *Proteſtant* Subjects: This Step towards *Popery* being the Firſt Fruits the Court of *Rome* had

had promiſed it ſelf from the Ruin of the States of the *United Provinces*, 'tis no wonder that Court ſet all hands at work to effect that Ruin. The then principal Obſtacle of the Deſign, was the Reſolution of His Electoral Highneſs againſt *Turenne*, the Deſtruction of his Army being capable to Re-eſtabliſh the States of the *United Provinces*, and that Re-eſtabliſhment would have deſtroyed all the Projects of the Jeſuits in *England*. Here it was the Jeſuits plaid their part to prevent the blow from fallin on *Turenne*, and they acted it too well for the general Good of *Europe*: for *Montecuculi* inſtead of receiving Expreſs Order to joyn *Brandenbourgh*'s Army, and fight *Turenne*, received Orders quite contrary; whereby he was abſolutely forbidden to do the one or the other. To drive this Nail

to the head; the venerable Society (whoſe impudence nothing can parallel) made it their buſineſs ſeveral ways to infuſe into his Electoral Highneſs a jealouſie of the Emperour, as inſincere in his intentions: this was effected with the greater facility, for that his *E. H.* of *Brandenbourgh*, having received from the Court of *Vienna*, a formal Letter, which gave him an exact account of the true order his Imperial Majeſty had ſent *Montecuculi* to join him and fight the *French*, and his *E. H.* having ſummoned *Montecuculi* to execute that Order, *Montecuculi*, who knew he had Orders quite contrary, but knew nothing of the former, of which the Elector had account, could do no leſs than refuſe the one and the other, nor could his Electoral Highneſs chooſe upon the refuſal, but ſuſpect the ſincerity of

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the Emperor's Intentions. This was not enough for thoſe Maſters of miſchief, for at the ſame time thoſe Emiſſaries omitted nothing that might inſtill into *Montecuculi*, a ſuſpicion of the ſincerity of the Elector's Intentions. Theſe Jealouſies being but too deeply eſtabliſhed, eſpecially on this laſt ſide, 'tis no wonder His Electoral Highneſs was at laſt perſwaded (as theſe Emiſſaries had by a third Hand inſinuated to him) that the Houſe of *Auſtria* treated under-hand a ſeparate Peace with *France*: Which appeared the more probable, by the daily Advice he had of the miſerable eſtate of *Turenne*'s Army, growing every hour worſe and worſe, and the obſtinacy of *Montecuculi*, neither to joyn him, nor fight. The Emiſſaries foreſeeing this miſunderſtanding would vaniſh in-

time, when the truth ſhould appear, made uſe of that conjuncture to ſet on the Duke of *Newbourgh* to manage a particular Peace between his Electoral Highneſs and *France*; which the Electoral, jealous of the Imperialiſts, and vext at their proceedings, was at laſt perſwaded to accept, and with ſo much the more reaſon, that as to *Holland* he pretended they had not ſatisfied their Engagements to him, and as to the Intereſts of the Empire he reſerved himſelf intire liberty to arm in its defence, if *France* ſhould attacque it.

The Elector was concerned in Reputation to make the Emperour ſenſible of his juſt Reſentments of *Montecuculi*'s proceeding: *Montecuculi* was ſtrangely ſurprized, when at his return to *Vienna* his Maſter called him to a ſtrict account of his Conduct, and

and the Reaſons why he had neither joined *Brandenbourgh*'s Army, nor fought *Turenne*, when expreſs Orders had been ſent him for both. But if *Montecuculi* was ſurprized at the Queſtion, his Imperial Majeſty was no leſs at the Anſwer, when his ſage General produced for his diſcharge an Order of his Imperial Majeſty, in very good form, expreſly forbidding him either to joyn with *Brandenbourgh* or fight *Turenne*: And 'tis certain, this General found all the juſtice of his Cauſe, and the aſſurance his Maſter had of his fidelity, little enough to clear him of this unhappy Affair. I know this buſineſs is one of thoſe Riddles never to be decypher'd, unleſs the Author will voluntarily give us the Key. I know 'tis from hence it proceeds, that one of the principal Wretches of this

Court hath been formerly charged with this Forgery: But to ſpeak the truth, the whole guilt of this Affair lies at the Doors of the Emiſſaries of *Rome* in this Court, who by ſecret Contrivances with thoſe of *France*, found the means to intercept the true Original Order, and in the ſame diſpatch to tranſmit a falſe one, but very well Counterfeit both the Hand and Seal: And that by People who are not now to learn that Trade. It being certain we ſhould not have ſeen ſo many Troubles in *Hungary*, as daily are there, had theſe Emiſſaries leſs credit in the Emperours Court.

His Imperial Majeſty, the Elector of *Brandenbourgh*, and Count *Montecuculi* know the truth of all that concerns them in this Affair: But I am well aſſur'd not one of the three knows the ſecret

cret Engines ſet at work in the buſineſs. What I know thereof comes not from them, but from a place where every particular of this Negotiation was known, and by whom it was animated. Certain it is, if the point of the *Catholicon* in *England* had not been found; the Miniſters of *France* could not have ſo eaſily compaſſed this Forgery; but by that every thing became feaſible, the Directors of the Society having voluntarily undertaken to maſter all Difficulties.

By the ingenious Deduction of this Relation, where the Author ſpeaks plainly, as a man well inſtructed and acquainted with the fineneſs, and ſuperfineneſs of the management, and by what I have ſaid before, on the ſame Subject, and every one may of himſelf apprehend it appears that it proceeds from a Principle of

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a Papal, or Jeſuitical Ambition, the Council of *Vienna*, from the beginning of the War, hath been ſo well penetrated, directed, or altered, that all the Expeditions of the Imperial Army (except with convenient diſtinctions, the conſiderable Important taking of *Bonne*, the long and languiſhing Siege of *Phillipſbourgh*, and the taking it at laſt, and the death of *Turenne*, which was meerly accidental) I ſay all the Expeditions, theſe three Points excepted, have been from the beginnings of the Campaigns to the end of them, but ſo many Proceſſions and Pilgrimages of Shame and of Miſery, of Diſorder and confuſion, as the Subjects of the Empire know too well, who have been flay'd to the bone, and had their Marrow ſuckedout by Winter-quarters, without conſideration, or mercy, but eſpecially

cially the Proteſtant States and people, and other Princes, Lords, Magiſtrates, Countries and Towns, who have felt the ſmart of that fiery Tryal.

From the ſame principle it is, that when by the Expulſion of the *Swedes* out of the Patrimony of the Empire, his Electoral Highneſs of *Brandenbourgh*, and his Highneſs of *Zell* and *Oſnabourgh* were in a condition (notwithſtanding the particular peace of the United *Provinces* and *Spain*) to tranſport the chief of their Forces upon the Frontiers of *France*, and by ſo glorious an Action, to oblige *France* infallibly to make a peace with the Empire in general and particular, according to Juſtice and Equity, then were the Emiſſaries of *Rome*, ſo powerful in the Council at *Vienna*, that they obliged his Imperial Majeſty, to the

the prejudice of all his Treaties, to ſeal privately ſuch a peace with *France*, as we have mentioned before; which hath been manag'd with ſo much dexterity, that that good (but for that time too credulous) Prince did believe, and perhaps is ſtill of the ſame mind, that he acted according to the moſt judicious Maxims of Religion and Prudence: And becauſe it may concern your Highneſs to be inform'd what Artifices were uſed by the Jeſuits and Miniſters of *France*, who went hand in hand, acting by concert in all this Affair, to engage his Imperial Majeſty to ſign that fatal Peace, there were ſent from *France* under other pretences the Dutcheſs of *Mecklenbourgh* to the Court of *Zell*, and the Count of *D' Epauſe* to that of *Brandenbourgh*, and at the ſame time the Jeſuits labour'd

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ſo effectually, that his Imperial Majeſty was made believe (though certainly without juſt ground) that the Houſes of *Brandenbourgh* and *Lunenbourgh* had already agreed, or were juſt upon agreeing, to a ſeparate Peace with *France*; whereby his Imperial Majeſty would be left alone a prey to the *French* Ambition. True it is, if thoſe Princes were in that Conjuncture (as is very probable) very willing to keep what they had conquer'd from the *Swede*: I think they had done well to have diſmiſt thoſe Envoys from their Courts, which had they done, it would at leaſt have taken away from the Emperours corrupt Council, all pretence of rendring them ſuſpitious to his Imperial Majeſty, and haſtening him in purſuance of that ſuſpition to ſign the peace under Conſideration.

To ſum up all, we may from what hath been ſaid, reaſonably infer theſe three particulars.

Firſt, That his Imperial Majeſty hath been baſely betrayed by the greater part of his Council; for I am not ſo malicious and unjuſt to confound the innocent with the guilty, and not to make an exception (out of the general clauſe) in favour of thoſe of his Council, who are men of Integrity and Honour, who in truth I think are very few, and not much in Credit.

Secondly, That his Imperial Majeſty being ſo villanouſly betray'd by his Council, the Empire in general and particular, through the indiſſoluble union of the head and Members cannot but miſerably participate the misfortune and ſufferings of its Soveraign, as is very well known by a fatal, and too long experience.

Thirdly,

Thirdly, that 'tis eaſie for his Imperial Majeſty, and the Empire, to know whom they have equally cauſe to complain of, and from what Principle not only this Treaſon is derived, but all the miſchiefs that have afflicted Chriſtendom, for above an Age, but eſpecially the Empire ſince the beginning of the late War: I ſay for above an Age, as to the General; becauſe that which his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, inſtigated by the Jeſuits, undertakes in our days, is but the ſame, which, by inſtigation of their predeceſſors, *Charles* the firſt, the Emperour *Fardinand* the Second, and *Philip* the Second of *Spain*, did in their days. As to the Empire in particular I ſay, ſince the beginning of the laſt War; becauſe 'tis certain his Imperial Majeſty hath been ſince that time by the means I have

have mentioned, ſo cloſely beſet, and ſo ſtrictly obſerved, that 'tis not in his power to ſpeak, to adviſe, to wiſh, or do any thing, but the Society knows, and abſolutely deſtroys it, if not ſuitable to their particular Intereſts and Deſigns: There is not a perſon in the Emperor's Court, but knows, that no man without certain ruin dare oppoſe in that Court that Cabal in any matter though never ſo little: To conclude this Point, His Imperial Majeſty, as a Slave to the Society, as things ſtand at preſent, ſerves only to Authorize his own Ruin, the Ruin of his Auguſt Family, and of the Empire in general and particular: For the very Moment I write, *France* publickly ſolicits in the Empire, (as I ſaid before) the Nomination of a King of the *Romans* in favour

vour of the Dauphin, which in all probability will be managed with ſo much dexterity and ſubtilty, that his Imperial Majeſty, if he follow the advice of his Council, Spiritual or Temporal, will think himſelf obliged in Conſcience voluntarily to give way to it.

This, my Lord, is the true ſtate of his Imperial Majeſty, and his Council ſince the laſt Peace. Three things remain to be conſidered.

Firſt, The particular Advantages the Court of *Rome*, and the Jeſuits procured themſelves by the late War.

Secondly, What Advantages they deſign'd themſelves by the late Peace, and its conſequences.

Thirdly, What the Empire in general and particular may expect from the preſent ſtate of Affairs.

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The Advantages the Court of *Rome* and the Jeſuits procured themſelves, by the late War, have not been ſo great as they promiſed themſelves, for God having preſerved the United Provinces, whoſe utter Deſtruction they had projected; 'tis certain, moſt of their Projects in *England*, and elſewhere, were defeated: Yet the Advantages of the Papacy over the Proteſtant Party, in the late War, are very conſiderable; and conſiſt in five Particulars.

1. That by the fire of War, kindled by the Artifices of *Rome*, and the Jeſuits, between *England* and the United Provinces; thoſe two Proteſtant Powers have unhappily conſumed very conſiderable Forces in Men, Money, Ships, Ammunition, and loſs of Trade, the Soul and Subſtance of the Riches of both Countries.

2. That

2. That the *United Provinces* have in defence of themſelves againſt *France* and its Allies in *Germany*, been forced to ſpend their Men and their Money, beſides loſs of Trade during the War.

3. That *Swede*, *Denmark*, *Brandenbourgh*, and *Zell*, have conſumed their Forces during all this War, kindled by the Artifices of the ſame Party, between *Swede*, and the three Princes of *Denmark*, *Brandenbourgh*, and *Lunenbourgh*, both by Sea and Land.

4. That under pretence of this War, the Proteſtant States of the Empire, as well during the Campaignes as by Winter-Quarters, have been miſerably harraſſed and exhauſted with Exactions, Burnings, Contributions to that degree, that moſt of the Proteſtant Imperial Towns

Towns are almoſt ruined; and ſeveral of them as well as the *Palatinate*, and other Countries, out of hopes of recovery in an Age; while the Hereditary Countries, and *Bavaria*, and many other places of the *Roman* Communion in the Empire, have been preſerved as the Apple of an Eye, or ſo little oppreſt they ſcarce feel it.

5. That *France* by this War, having conquered the County of *Burgundy*, and kept it by the Peace free from Condition of Exchange, it is to be obſerv'd, that whereas this Province, belonging heretofore to *Spain*, was, by reaſon of its diſtance from the heart of that Kingdom, not in a condition to hurt the Proteſtant Cantons of the *Swiſſes*; now that it belongs to *France*, we art not to flatter our ſelves, but it belongs to a Power

Power which may every hour make a ſudden irruption into the Canton of *Bern*, and under the ſpecious pretence of Religion put the Proteſtant and Roman Cantons in diſorder, and by degrees work their inevitable ruine; unleſs that Republick have the Courage and Judgment to enter into confederacy with thoſe that ought to preſerve it from deſtruction, which the building the Fortreſs of *Hunningen*, may ſufficiently inſtruct them, is certainly intended them.

I reckon all theſe to be real advantages the Court of *Rome* and the Jeſuits have by the laſt War procur'd themſelves againſt the Proteſtant Party: For where reſolution is taken to ruine an Enemy under ſeveral heads, the beſt way to effect it, is to divide the Powers, and engage them as much as may be in War,

War, one againſt another, to the Conſumption of their Forces; and to fortifie your ſelf on their Frontiers, that you may make ſudden Inroads into their Countries when you pleaſe: The Court of *Rome*, and the Jeſuits, by the Acceſs they have had to the Council of *France*, and the Houſe of *Auſtria*, and by the help of the Counſellors there, and in the Proteſtant Courts, have with great dexterity put theſe Maxims in practice during the late War: For His Majeſty of *Swedland*, managed by *France*, His Majeſty of *Denmark*, His Electoral Highneſs of *Brandenbourgh*, and His Highneſs of *Zell*, managed by the Imperial Court, will take the pains to ſearch to the bottom, by what Motives and Artifices they have been all four engaged in a War, which hath ruined their Eſtates

for

for more than ten years. I doubt not (with the reſpect and ſubmiſſion that is due to them) but they will find that the modern *Romans* have with great inſolence and perfidiouſneſs practiſed upon them what the ancient *Romans* did for divertiſement to their Gladiators: for when theſe men had by bloody, and oftentimes mortal Combats, ſufficiently diverted the Spectators, and the Magiſtrate made them a Sign to give out, they were bound to do it, and in what condition ſoever they were to go every one home, as theſe four Princes were in the end forced to do. This may ſerve for an excellent and important inſtruction for *England*, *Holland*, *Swede* and *Denmark*, and all the Proteſtant States and Princes of *Germany*, to avoid effectually the ſnares the Court of *Rome* every

day lays for them the ways I have obſerved, with a ſetled deſign to deſtroy not only their Religion but their Temporal Eſtates.

The Second Point.

The Advantages the Court of of *Rome* and the Jeſuits propoſed to themſelves by the concluſion of the Peace between his Imperial Majeſty and *France*, may be reduced to three principal Heads.

1. By the Maxims obſerved in the firſt part of my Letter, to fix (without danger of any probable variation) the Deſigns of *France*, and the Efforts of their Arms, againſt the Empire and Northern Countries, as moſt remote from *Italy*, and moſt convenient by the progreſs of thoſe Arms to ruine the Proreſtant Party,

Party and consequently to advance the re-establishment of the Papal Grandeur and Authority, the fall of the one producing naturally the exaltation of the other. And for attaining this end, to procure this Peace to be so made, that his most Christian Majesty might be fully perswaded the Court of *Rome* and the Jesuits (in prejudice to all other Powers of Christendom) studied nothing more than his exaltation, and an effectual setling and establishing in time an absolute Monarchick Authority over *Europe*: And that this project might be made appear so facil and easie to this Prince that he might be the better tempted to undertake it: In order to these ends, the Court of *Rome* and the Jesuits could not have done any thing whereby more effectually to demonstrate their zeal and close

adherence to the Grandeur and Exaltation of the moſt Chriſtian King, than by making (as they have done with ſo much craft and perfidiouſneſs) a Sacrifice of the Emperour and Empire (with all that concerned the Glory and Intereſt of both) the better to carry on the Deſigns of the *French*: Their project in this particular hath proved ſo effectual, and diſcover'd ſo many diviſions, ſo much ignorance, weakneſs, and baſeneſs, in the Empire, that his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty may by theſe appearances rationally judge he may probably ſucceed in whatever he ſhall attempt againſt the Empire (though I am not of opinion he will find it ſo eaſie a matter as he hath been made believe 'tis.) But we are to believe this Prince is perſwaded, that to attain all his ends, the Empire being

being the natural obſtacle againſt an Univerſal Monarchy, it muſt be his buſineſs to attempt the Empire in the firſt place. Nor can it be doubted, but the Court of *Rome* and the Jeſuits, making full account the moſt Chriſtian King will be very well able by his Forces to maſter the Empire, have haſtened with all diligence poſſible the ſigning the Peace between his Imperial Majeſty and *France*, upon deſign that his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty being by this expedient of the Peace free from War, in caſe the perpetual Plots of the Court of *Rome*, and the Jeſuits in *England*, or elſewhere, ſhould be ſo proſperous, as, with the help of Forreign aid, to effect the re-eſtabliſhment of the Popes Authority there, they might make uſe of the *French* Forces to invade that Kingdom, or other Countries, for the ends I have

mentioned: And, if by Gods Providence the perfidious and damnable Conſpiracy of the Jeſuits againſt the King the Religion and State of *England* had not been diſcovered the laſt year, I believe *England* had e're this felt the Effects of what I obſerve. Be pleaſed to allow me leave on this occcaſion to ſay, that unleſs his Majeſty of *Great Brittain* be willing to fall, with all his People, under the ſlavery of the Pope, the Jeſuits, and *France*, he hath great Cauſe to take heed leſt the Warlike Preparations of all ſorts made by the *French* in all their Ports, and on the Coaſts of the Ocean, be not made upon ſome ſuch deſign; for by the Scheme of the Plot *Ireland* is looked upon as a Country which may unqueſtionably procure *France* the abſolute Dominion of the Sea, and

of

of Trade, and the Conqueſts of the *Weſt Indies*, according to their ancient and primitive project.

3. The Court of *Rome* and the Jeſuits having that influence over the Imperial Council, that it was in their power to do what they pleaſed there, there is no doubt but the ſigning of the Peace was preſt on this farther deſign, that His Imperial Majeſty (the Peace concluded) finding himſelf in a condition to diſpoſe of the greateſt part of his Forces, they might eaſily perſwade him to employ them to root out the Proteſtant Party in *Hungary*, and perfect the pretended Reformation in *Sileſia*: And it was well for that People that God provided for their ſafety by very extraordinary means, I mean the Plague; for had not that broken out, it is

not credible but *Dunewald* the Apoſtate, now a formal Creature of the Jeſuits, had been ſent thither with an Army to do ſomething. Happy would it be for His Imperial Majeſty, if by juſt and ſolid Reflections on the Diſaſters ſucceſſively fallen upon his Auguſt Family, for having too much eſpouſed the violent and cruel paſſions of the Court of *Rome* and the Jeſuits, and by conſidering this Scourge of God which hath forced him to quit his Capital City, and in a manner follows him viſibly wherever he goes, he would be ſenſible the Hand of God is not ſtretched out againſt him, as heretofore againſt *David*, for his Sin, but becauſe he hath ſtretched out his hand to oppreſs the only Congregations of Chriſtians in his Dominions, whoſe Worſhip is not *infected* with

with Idolatry, and who according to the Precepts of the Goſpel adore the Soveraign and Supreme Creator in Spirit and in Truth. But far happier ſhould His Imperial Majeſty be, if by ſuch reflections God would give him the Grace, as he did to the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth before he died, to acknowledge and own the Truth he perſecutes; and (ſetting aſide Policy) embrace generouſly the Profeſſion of it. God Almighty would then certainly bleſs him, and 'tis credible he would not deny him the Power to humble the Proud, and thoſe who by their enormous Ambition, put all *Europe* into Combuſtion. I beg your Highneſſes Pardon for this Digreſſion; which the Matter I treat of, and my Zeal for the Faith and Salvation of others naturally led me to.

The Third Point.

To make some solid Prognostick, in a matter so dilicate; I say, as to what the Empire in general and particular is to expect from the present state of affairs; we are to believe his most Christian Majesty (unless notably changed in his dispositions) would boldly and couragiously carry on his business, I mean his pretension to make his Son, the *Dauphin*, King of the *Romans*: His Marriage with the Princess of *Bavaria*, the Envoys and magnificent Presents he sends to the Electoral Courts of *Saxony* and *Brandenbourgh*, and his arming so furiously, signifie sufficiently two things. First, His Contempt of the Alliances and Oppositions His Imperial Majesty may make against him.

Secondly,

Secondly, That he will certainly purſue his pretenſion. 'Tis of extream importance for the Empire in general and particular to know, whether it be for the intereſt of the Empire to favour this pretenſion, or to oppoſe it. This with your Highneſſes leave, I intend briefly to examine; and to obſerve ſome order: It is to be conſidered,

1. Whether it be better for the Empire in general, and every Member of it in particular, to live according to the ancient Cuſtoms, Rights and Priviledges, under which they have lived for many Ages; or that the Empire, without ſtriking a blow, ſubmit voluntarily to the Yoke of a Government which acknowledges no Law, but that of a Power purely Deſpotical and Abſolute?

2. As a Dependent on the former Point, Whether it be better

ter, as to the Revolutions ſince the Wars for Religion, that the Empire live according to the Concordats and Agreements in the Peace of *Munſter*, or *Oſnabrug*, and the laſt Capitulations with His Imperial Majeſty ſince his Election: or without regard to the one, or the other, that the Empire engage anew in a Civil War, which by a final Victory may decide the Quarrel in favour of one of the parties, concerning the Concordats, and thoſe two Treaties of Peace, or the late Capitulations, as if never agreed or capitulated?

I think it the more neceſſary to examine before hand theſe Points, for that we may hold it for certain.

As to the firſt Point.

In caſe the *Dauphin* be ever Elected

lected King of the *Romans*, that from the days of that Election, whatever Capitulations ſhall be ſigned to the contrary, the *German* Empire will be annexed to, and made an Hereditary Province of the Crown of *France*. To juſtifie this, you need only read ſeveral *French* Authors, who have treated of the Rights and pretenſions of *France*, upon the Empire, particularly that of the Advocate *Awbrey*; for though he hath with good reaſon been laughed at for his Writings, yet if that Election take effect, we ſhall find his diſcourſe ſolid and well grounded. Beſides, you may ſoberly weigh what *France* hath already practiſed upon that part of the Empire which hath fallen to its ſhare, and the Neighbouring Parts, both in Temporals and Spirituals: as to the Temporal Concerns, *France* ſeizes all boldly,

ly and openly in the Face of the Sun, without pretence of other Law, or Right, but that of convenience, with as much freedom and confidence, as it would take poſſeſſion of any ancient Patrimony of that Crown: The Dukes of *Lorrain* and *Deuxponts*, *Montbeleuard*, and the Ten free Towns of *Alſatia*, ſufficiently prove this; as to Spiritual matters you need only read the publick Ordinance of the Biſhop of *Metz* againſt the *Lutherans* of thoſe Countries.

For the Clergy in general, all the free Chapters of the Empire, whether Arch-Biſhops, Biſhops, Abbots, Deans, or Priors, may aſſure themſelves, if this Election take place, they muſt go to *France* e're they come to thoſe Dignities; for to imagine the free Suffrages of the Chapters ſhall be continued, is ſottiſhneſs

and

and folly. The Biſhopricks of *Metz*, *Toul* and *Verdun*, and (I doubt not for the future) *Cambray*, which were heretofore Principalities of the Empire, may teach us that under a *French* Government the only way to thoſe Dignities is by a Writ of Preſentation by the Kings, and conſequently all that ſeek or depend on thoſe Biſhopricks muſt be Courtiers and Slaves. Not but that I believe if the Dauphin be choſen King of the *Romans*, his Council is too cunning not to make him promiſe expreſly to maintain the Privileges and Eccleſiaſtical Benefices of the Empire: And that till he be fully ſetled they may be content to write Letters to the Chapters to chuſe the perſon the Court ſhall recommend, but in ſuch a manner there will be no fear of refuſal: Yet this courſe is not to

be

be expected to hold ten Years to an end: Which I believe the rather for that *France* pretends (as hath been declared at large by ſeveral politick Treatiſes) that moſt of the great Benefices in *Germany* have been founded by Emperors, Kings of *France*, and that conſequeutly the Court of *France* is the true Patron of them.

The Princes of the *Empire*, Eccleſiaſtical and temporal, of what Rank or Degree ſoever, may from the day of that Election, provide for three things which will certainly follow.

Firſt they ſhall be reduced to the natural Rents and Revenues of their ancient Patrimonies, which cannot with Probability be denied to depend upon the ancient Kingdom of *Auſtraſia*, (which the Miniſters of *France* ſuppoſe to be part of the *French*

Mo-

Monarchy) and conſequently all natural Rights there being ſubject to the Law *Saliqne*, admit neither of Alienation nor Preſcription. For as to the Taxes and Contributions now paid theſe Lords by their Vaſſals and Subjects, there is no doubt but they will be obliged to diſclaim them, and conſent with a very good Will, that the Head of the Empire ſhall in this Caſe Order what Taxes and Exactions he pleaſe to be Levied, and all for his uſe: To pretend Capitulations or Reaſons to the contrary, will be to inſiſt on Trifles, or commence Suits to be decided only by Military Execution.

Secondly, They will be Diſarmed, it being againſt the Honour of the policy of *France*, to permit any Prince, or Lord, under their Dominion, to have the Power to defend himſelf by force,

be

be his Right to do ſo never ſo ancient and authentick.

Thirdly, To gain the favour of the Head of the *Empire*, the Head of every Houſe of the Secular Princes muſt actually wait on His Imperial Majeſty at an exceſſive Expence, or ſend in his ſtead his Brothers or Sons to make his Court, or to receive Orders and Careſſes, and ſometimes Repulſes and Checks: And the Empire being full of Diviſions and Jealouſies, there is cauſe enough to fear the Princes will ſtrive who ſhall be moſt Officious, as the Princes and other Great men of *France* have done, to their utter Ruin, and total Conſumption of their Eſtates.

As for the Counts, and Barons, and all Gentlemen of the *Empire*, who are Vaſſals to Electors and particular Princes, my Heart bleeds to think how certainly and

and ſtrangely their Condition will be chang'd, if ever a *French* King be made Emperour. Is it probable the Miniſters of *France* will have more pity of the *German* Nobility and Gentry, than the Dukes, Marqueſſes, Counts, Barons and particular Nobility of their own Country have found at their hands? There is no doubt but the day they change their Maſter, they muſt bid an Eternal Adieu to all their Rights of Soveraign Juſtice and Free-hold: The Great Men and private Gentry of *France*, ſeveral of whom have the Honour to be deſcended in a right Line from Soveraign Princes, had no leſs Courage, nor were heretofore leſs Priviledged, nor leſs Jealous of their Rights, than many of the Body of the *Empire* are at this preſent. Yet have they been forc'd one after another to ſubmit to the Yoke,

and

and loſe all their ancient Priviledges: Nor muſt they think any more (though they have right) to lay any impoſition on their Subjects. For (as I ſaid before in the Article of the Princes;) This is a ſweet bit, which the abſolute and Deſpotical Dominion of *France* always reſerves for it's own Tooth. They muſt never think more by Offices and Imployments under particular Princes, or the Head of the *Empire*, to render themſelves conſiderable, make their Fortunes, or Recover their ſpent Eſtates, as they could have done heretofore: At leaſt but few of them ſhall be ever able to do it. For as to particular Princes, they will in caſe of a *French* Emperour be abſolutely ruin'd, and forc'd to Retrench themſelves and their Families to a very low Condition; and as to the Head of the *Empire*,

whoever

whoever will have Office or Imployment in his Houſe or Courts of Juſtice, muſt think of buying it with ready Money, there being not an Office or Imployment in the *French Kings* Houſe, from the Steward of his Houſe to the Scullion in his Kitchen, nor in his Courts of Juſtice, from that of Chief Preſident to the meaneſt Serjeant, but is ſold for ready Money. So that there remains not for the Nobility and Gentry of the *Empire*, any Office or Employ, but what muſt be bought, ſave only the Military: But the Nobility and Gentry of the *Empire* are too Judicious, (at leaſt, unleſs (as the *French* Proverb is) *They are willing to be taken for Fools*,) not to know they have no reaſon to promiſe themſelves in this particular of Military Employment, any greater Priviledge than is allow'd the ancient

Nobility

Nobility of *France*, and conſequently, that to procure the favour of the Prince or his Principal Miniſters, they muſt ſerve in the Wars at their own Charge, as the *French* Nobility have done. The neceſſary Expences of every Office exceeding yearly, by three fourths, the pay of the Prince: That is, they muſt reſolve to conſume the Bulk of their Eſtates to be known at Court, and frequently ſpend a real Patrimony in purſuit of vain and chimerical hopes, which will infallibly Ruin their Families; and bring moſt of thoſe who take theſe Courſes to end their lives in Languiſhing Griefs and cruel Repentings: For thus it is, all the Nobility of *France* ſerve in the Wars, and ſuch is the end moſt of them make. If we have heard of a *Schomberg* or a *Ranſau* that became conſiderable in *France* by the

the Wars. Let the Nobility of the *Empire* be aſſur'd it was but a *Lure* which the Miniſters of *France* (who have long ſince Plotted the Conqueſt of the *Empire*) thought fit to hold out to Delude and Cheat the *German* Nobility: They are like the Fires in the Night that lead them into *Precipices*, who are indiſcreet enough to follow them: All this I know to be true, grounded on very Authentick Memoirs, and certain knowledge of the matters I mention.

As for the Imperial Towns and free Cities of the *Empire*, *Colmar*, *Schleſtat*, and *Haguenau*, and the reſt of that Rank, ſituate in *Alſatia*, may teach their Magiſtrates and Councils, what value the Miniſters of *France* put upon their ancient Rights and Priviledges, for thoſe are the things the Miniſters there, or

their

their Envoys under the name of Commiſſaries or Intendants, call in Deriſion Stories to make one Sleep, Illuſions, and Old Wives Tales, that is, things nothing worth. If ever *France* come to the *Empire*, all the Cities of that Order are with *Metz*, *Toul*, and *Verdun*, and (laſt of all) *Bezanſon* to denounce and diſclaim all Rights of Juſtice, Magazines, Garriſons and Impoſitions, and to prepare themſelves (at leaſt all thoſe that cannot, will be kept under otherwiſe) to ſee built in the higheſt place in the Town a ſtrong Citadel at their Charge, and a Garriſon put into it, which they muſt maintain, and conſequently by degrees undergo, as well as all the Subjects of Princes, Earls, Barons, and particular Lords; and all Counts, Barons, and private Lords for their Eſtates in Land and all Neceſſaries for Life,

Life, with very little Exception, all the Impoſitions following.

Firſt upon Eſtates in Land, Money, and Trade.

Aydes, Octroy, Preciput, Equivalent, Crue, Taille, Eſtaſte, Subſiſtence de quartier d'hyver, Garinzons, Mortpayes, Appointments des Governeurs, Debtes & Affaires du Roy, Gratifications Extraordinaries, Den Gratuit, Frais de Recoua uſemens & Contabilite.

More upon Drinks.

Aydes ſur le vin, Bieres, & Cidres, Plus le huitieme denier, Le Souquet, Le Patae, Impoſts & Billets.

[Inſtead of Cenſuring the Tranſlation imperfect, in giving the Names of theſe

Impoſitions (as in the Original) in *French*, let the Reader Congratulate his Happineſs, that very few of theſe *Moſt Chriſtian* Impoſitions have been Chriſtened in *England*, and therefor they want Names in our Language.]

More upon things Eatable.

The Gabelle on *Corn* and *Meal*, which is taken in Markets or at the Mill, in ſeveral places, under the Name of *Meſure Coupee*, or *Octroy*.

The Toll called *Pied Forchu*, taken for all ſorts of Beaſts ſold in Fairs and Markets.

The Toll taken by Weight for every Pound of Meat ſold in the Shambles.

The *Gabelle* on *Salt*, which will raiſe the price of *Salt* ſo high

high, that what is now ſold for a Florin, will then coſt Fourteen Crowns.

More upon all Neceſſaries for Life.

The Mark of Paper, The Mark of Silver, The Mark of Tin, The Mark of Hats, The Mark on all Silk Stockins and Woollen, The Mark of Shoes, The Gabelle on Perukes, The Gabelle on Tobacco, The Mark on all Stuffs of Wooll or Silk, The Mark on Linnen, The Gabelle on Ice, The Control of Exploits.

More upon Noble Eſtates, from five Years, to five Years.

The Tax of free Fiefs, The Tax of new Purchaſes, The Fifths and Refifths, Amortiſſements.

More upon the Offices of Judicature and the Treasury.

The price of Valuation, The Mark of Gold, The two Sols in the Pound, The Seal duty, The Duty of Control, The Registers Duty, The Duty for Oaths; The Prest for being admited to the Annual, The Annual or Paulette.

Besides many other Taxes to be paid from time to time, and many Retrenchments of Wages to be yearly undergone; for the Soveraign Courts have but three quarters Wages, the Subordinate but two, and the base or lowest Courts frequently but one.

Add to all these the *Reunion* to the King's *Demesnes*, newly Executed throughout *France* on all Commonalties or Corporations of the *Empire*, that is, all that

that belongs in Common to any Commonalty, as Fewel and Paſture in Woods and Foreſts, Rivers, Ponds, and all other Common Rights of what nature ſoever.

More on all ſorts of Merchandiſes Imported or Exported.

The Cuſtom, The Cuſtom for the Value, The Foreign.

Beſides the Cuſtom of *Lions*, *Burdeaux* and *Roan*, which take their Names from the Places, and are levied with all Rigour imaginable, not only upon Importation into the Realm, or Exportation out of it into Foreign Countries, but in moſt of the Frontiers of the Provinces, upon paſſing out of one into another, within the Kingdom. And we may expect the like Exactions to

be eſtabliſhed in the ſeveral Provinces of the Empire, on ſeveral pretences.

All theſe Subſidies, and many others, (which, to avoid Prolixity, I paſs over in ſilence) are one way or other punctually paid, where-ever any Subjects of the *French* Monarchy live, with no other diſtinction, but that the Lords and Gentlemen have Right to hold free from Impoſition ſo many Acres of Land, for their Maintenance, as may be Huſbanded with two Yoke of Oxen, (provided the Owner hold that Eſtate in Demean) for as to what is let out to Farmers, as they pay the King Taxes for the profit of the Farms, they pay ſo much the leſs Rent to the Landlord; ſo that in effect the Nobleman in *France* pays Taxes as well as the Boor: Which the Princes, the Nobles, the Magiſtrates, and

Subjects

Subjects of the Empire, of what Degree ſoever, have reaſon ſeriouſly to conſider. For, 'tis folly to fancy they can make their Capitulations ſo advantageous as to exempt them from paying theſe intollerable Subſidies. The Provinces of *Guienne*, *Languedoc*, *Provence*, *Dauphine*, *Bourgundy*, and *Britain*, and moſt of the other Provinces of *France*, had heretofore their particular Princes, as moſt of the Provinces of the Empire now have; and the principal Cities and Towns in theſe Provinces of *France*, had then as great Priviledges and Immunities as any Free Towns of the Empire: But the Kings of *France* having invaded all theſe Principalities, and ſeized the Liberties of the Cities, have, ſince the taking of *Rochel*, reduced them into ſo abſolute Slavery, that the Citizens and Inhabi-

tants have quite loſt the Reſolution and Generoſity to endeavour a Recovery of their Liberties, and are ſo bridled with ſtrong Garriſons and Citadels (and we may expect the like in all Countries of the Empire, if ever under a *French* Government) that they are not in a condition to ſtir, at leaſt to any conſiderable purpoſe.

This may ſuffice for the firſt point: I paſs to the Second.

The ſecond Point.

This deſerves the more exact conſideration, for that if ever the *Dauphin* be choſen King of the *Romans*, ſince the Court of *Rome* and the *Jeſuits*, by the important Services theſe have done the Crown of *France* of late, and promiſe to do for the future, and the Cardinalſhips they flatter the Nephews and Relations of the

the principal Miniſters of *France* with the hopes of, do what they pleaſe in the Council of *France*; and what is publiſhed to the contrary, on the account of *Regalities*, now in controverſie, is but Cheat and Illuſion; the cruel perſecution raiſed and carried on ſome years laſt paſt againſt the Proteſtants of that Kingdom, the diſgrace of *Pompone*, being not of their Cabal, and of *Theatin* the Princeſs of *Brvaria*'s Confeſſor, intimating ſufficiently the extraordinary Credit that Society hath in the Court of *France*: I ſay, if ever the *Dauphin* be elected King of the *Romans*, the Empire is to expect two things. Firſt, To ſee him at the Head of the beſt Forces of *France*, (upon the ſpecious pretence of Religion, and reſtoring the Eſtates belonging to the Church) undertaking in the Em-

pire aganſt the Proteſtant Party what *Charles* the Fifth, and *Ferdinand* the Second attempted to execute. Secondly, That this affair will be ſo obſtinately fomented & protected by the Court of *Rome*, that the Empire will be in danger to be involved in a War more cruel, more bloody, and dangerous, than any the former Wars raiſed for that Cauſe. And there is reaſon enough to believe, that the late War, as well as the Peace ſince made, were hatched and carried on by the Court of *Rome*, in hopes of being able, by the Power of the *French* Forces, to work the entire Ruin of the Proteſtant Party of *Europe*, which we ſee every day decay by degrees: And I am much miſtaken if the Money ſent by the Pope into *Poland* was not deſign'd for a Project of this nature. Prince *William* of

Furſten-

Furſtenberg might, if he pleaſed, furniſh us with clear Evidence of authentick *Memoirs* to this purpoſe; but we are not to expect it from him, leſt by ſuch a Diſcovery he loſe the Recompence the Court of *Rome* deſigns him for the Pains he hath taken, and continues, to bring to effect this Popiſh Project in the Empire, and conſequently in all *Europe*.

By what hath been ſaid, your Highneſs may ſee the Fortune of the Empire, if ever it fall (by any means whatever) under the intolerable Yoke of the Deſpotical Government of *France*: And I think I need ſay no more to convince every Member of the Empire, and all the States of it in general, (without any great depth of Policy, or knowledge of War) what their Duty to Religion, their Glory and Intereſt

oblige

oblige them to do, for preſerving themſelves from falling under a Yoke of that nature.

But to preſerve themſelves effectually from this Yoke, I conceive it extremely conſiderable to enquire firſt, Whence all this Miſchief proceeds? Which known, will give us light what muſt further be done: And particularly, from what Part the firſt Attack may be expected, and what Defence is to be made.

The Miſchiefs I have mentioned unqueſtionably have their riſe from the Deſigns and Fomentations of the Court of *Rome* and the *Jeſuits*, who (at preſent at leaſt) direct and diſpoſe of the *French* Projects and Forces, and without any Mercy or Reſpect, pretend, with the Aſſiſtance of thoſe Forces, and their own ſecret Managements of Affairs, to ſacrifice all to the Re-eſtabliſh-

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ment of the Papal Grandeur.

I conceive in Right and Juſtice two things are to be done; but I doubt much whether the one will be. The firſt is, That ſince the Publick Good and Safety of the Empire conſiſts in living (without Innovation) according to the Ancient Rights, Immunities, and Privelidges, and the Concordats eſtabliſhed by Law, (which every Member of the Empire is obliged to obſerve) and that the Pretenſions of the Court of *Rome* and the *Jeſuits*, are as inconſiſtent as thoſe of *France*, with the Publick Good and ſafety of the Empire: Every Member of the Empire, without flattering themſelves any longer with hopes of Favour from *Rome* or from *France*, and without diſtinction of Religion, applying themſelves ſeriouſly to procure and promote the Preſervation

vation and Publick Good of the Empire, ſhould without delay take ſuch Meaſures, that neither the Court of *Rome*, the *Jeſuits*, nor *France*, may attain their Ends. And in order to this, That every Member of the Empire ſhould put it ſelf into a Poſture and Condition, by uniting their Forces, to oppoſe Force to Force: And if the Princes of the *Roman* Communion will *Bona fide* engage in this Union, it will be neceſſary, firſt, That his Imperial Majeſty find means to gain the Amity and Aſſiſtance of the three Northern Princes whom I have formerly mentioned, engag'd in War by his means, and afterwards cruelly abandon'd to the Mercy of *France* and of *Swede*: Which (by the ſmall Intelligence I have of Affairs) will be difficult enough to effect, eſpecially with the Elec-

tor

ctor of *Brandenbourgh*, without giving him ſatisfaction in two Points, on which he doth with much equity inſiſt. Secondly, That his Imperial Majeſty gain over to the Intereſts of the Empire the Forces of the Crown of *Swede*; which will be no eaſie Task. Thirdly, That the Emperour, and all the Princes of the *Roman* Communion in the Empire, baniſh and root out of their Councils not only all *Jeſuits* and *Monks*, (who by themſelves or their Superiors have all Reſort to their General at *Rome*) but every one that any way depends on, or hath Society with theſe Hypocrites, or rather Free Spies of the Empire; a *Capuchin* in this particular being as bad as a *Jeſuit*. Though this be abſolutely neceſſary, as matters now ſtand, yet (to ſpeak freely) I very much doubt whether the Princes

of

of the *Roman* Communion will have the Generoſity and Courage to do it.

The Second, and that I take to be the only ſolid means, is, That the *Proteſtant* Party being now clearly convinc'd that they are the ſole Perſons aim'd at, and that all that hath been done ſince the beginning of the laſt War was really in order onely to work their Deſtruction; all Kings, Princes, and Magiſtrates of that perſuaſion are every one in his Sphere to apply themſelves with all induſtry and vigour, firſt, To Arm with all their Power, that they may be able to oppoſe Force to Force: Secondly, To enter into mutual Leagues and Alliances, that by joynt Strength they may reſiſt Forces ſo conſiderable as thoſe of *France*, and others the Court of *Rome* and the *Jeſuits* may by their

their Artifices bring over to that party. To begin ſo great and neceſſary a Work, we will for a while leave the Territories of the Empire; and looking abroad, I am of opinion that *England* and the *United Provinces* ought without further delay to uſe all means poſſible to enter into a League Offenſive and Defenſive, which may (if poſſible) be indiſſoluble; That *Denmark* and *Swede* are to follow that Example; and, That all the *Proteſtant Princes* and States of the Empire, with the *Proteſtant* Cantons of the *Swiſſes* and the *Griſons*, ought to do the like: For, 'tis not a Concern of particular Quarrels and Jealouſies, but the Faith, the Religion and Temporal Eſtates of all the *Proteſtant* Party are now at ſtake. This I conceive will be more eaſily effected in this Conjuncture, for that by a

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ſpecial Providence of God there is no War at preſent between *England* and *Holland*, nor between *Swede* and *Denmark*, nor between the Princes of the *Proteſtant* Communion in *Germany*. If theſe three things be effected, and the particular Leagues incorporated into a General, and conſequently, an intire Union of the *Proteſtants of Europe*, we need not fear the Deſigns or Attempts of the Court of *Rome*, or the *Jeſuits*, or the Council and Forces of the *French*: for (theſe things effected) we ſhall have power enough not only to deliver the Empire from all juſt apprehenſions of the Deſigns of the Court of *Rome*, the *Jeſuits*, and of *France*, againſt its Liberties, but to reduce his *Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty* (by way of juſtice & right) to keep himſelf modeſtly within the Frontiers of his Kingdom, and (in caſe of Refuſal)

fuſal) to do ſomething more; which would infallibly produce a ſure and general Peace.

I am the more induced to be of this Opinion, while *England* and *Holland* on the one hand, and *Swede* and *Denmark* on the other, are labouring to put an end to all former Quarrels; and the *Proteſtant* Princes and Magiſtrates of the Empire endeavour (as I ſuppoſe) a League with the *Proteſtant* Cantons and the *Griſons*, that (to ſay the truth) I ſee no other ſolid and effectual Means to defend the Empire from the Oppreſſion of *France*, and the *Proteſtant* Party in particular from the Oppreſſion of the Court of *Rome*, the *Jeſuits*, and *France*, all at once: For, (to rid our Hands of all falſe Maxims at once) What elſe can the Empire and *Proteſtant* Party reaſonably ground their Safety upon?

on? Will they ground it on His Imperial Majeſty, as they ought, and without doubt might have done, had his Council been guided with right and ſound Maxims? I cannot think, after all that his Council have cauſed him to do publickly, and what he ſtill continues to put in Execution againſt the *Proteſtant* party, that any rational perſon of that party can expect the leaſt Favour on that ſide, at leaſt as long as the *Jeſuits* and Court of *Rome* have that Credit, that Countenance and Support they have now in his Court. And that we have little reaſon to hope this Prince will rid himſelf of them, who have dangerouſly corrupted his Underſtanding and Reaſon, by their Education of him, and the prejudices inſtilled into him. And ſhould the *Proteſtants* on this occaſion expect help from

from the Court of *Bavaria*, as their Intereſt in the Empire obliges them, we may very well imagin the expectation will be vain, if we conſider the late ſtrict Alliance of that Court with *France*, or the ridiculous Monaſtick Bigotry reigning in that Court. If then you will rely on the Eccleſiaſtical Princes, who knows not their Diſability, and that the greater part of them will do nothing but what the *Jeſuits* ſhall inſinuate into them?

So that for the future (as well as the time paſt, at leaſt, for the laſt Age, and more) the Natural Defence of the Empire hath (under God) no ſolid Ground, but the Forces and Induſtry of the *Proteſtant* Party. It was that Party ſaved it from the intended Oppreſſion of the Houſe of *Auſtria* in former times: And in the

the late War, when *France* attempted to Maſter it by its Arms and Intrigues, it was the ſame Party not only preſerved the Empire, but the Emperor, from the Yoke of the *French*. And it will be the ſame Party which (by the Grace of God) ſhall eaſily preſerve it for the future; at leaſt, if the Potentates of that Party, or the greater part of them, apply themſelves to do what I conceive they are obliged to.

But to ſpeak plainly, and make appear the neceſſity of ſuch a *Proteſtant* League and Confederacy, we are to conſider; His Imperial Majeſty will either effectually perform what he ought in defence of the Empire, by ſaving himſelf from falling under the Dominion of *France*; or that he will do nothing but in ſhew and appearance.

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If His Imperial Majeſty perform as he ought, againſt the Enterpriſes of *France*, ſuch a League can never be more ſeaſonably made to ſecond the Imperial Forces; nor can His Imperial Majeſty in that caſe rely on any Forces (the Nature of the Quarrel conſidered) that will be more true to him than thoſe of the *Proteſtants*.

But if His Imperial Majeſty intend meerly to look on, as unconcerned, and not to engage really and effectually againſt the *French* Deſigns, which he is ſo highly concerned to oppoſe, there can be no doubt, but the Court of *Rome* and the *Jeſuits* have ſecretly carried on a cloſe Intelligence and private League between their Imperial and Moſt Chriſtian Majeſties, for the Ruin and Deſtruction of the *Proteſtant* Party; and, That by ſome private

private and myſterious Stipulation, ſome *Proteſtant* Eſtate in the Empire, or on the Frontiers, in the *Low Countries*, or *Swiſſerland*, is, according to their Project, deſigned a Recompence to the Duke of *Lorrain*, for the Dukedoms of *Lorrain* and *Barre*, which *France* hath taken from him, and hath no mind to reſtore. And by a captious Contrivance of this nature, the *Proteſtant* Party in the Empire ſhall find it ſelf at once aſſaulted by the united Forces of their Imperial and Moſt Chriſtian Majeſties (who are both of a Communion.) I leave to your Highneſs to judge, how much it concerns the *Proteſtant* party, by the Induſtry and Union I have mentioned, to prevent ſo great and dangerous an Inconvenience.

My Suſpicion of His Imperial Majeſty is the greater, for that it

it is notorious there are in the Society of *Jeſuits* Men of ſeveral ſorts; ſome of whom are diſpenced with not onely to lay aſide the Habit of their Order, but to Marry, and bear all ſorts of Offices and Dignities: And that if his Imperial Majeſty was in his younger days, out of too great a zeal for his Religion, unhappily engag'd in this Order, under the Diſpenſations I ſuppoſe, there is no cauſe left for wonder at his Proceedings againſt the *Proteſtants*: For, though he had been but of the *Lower Order*, which is that wherein Marriage is permitted, and a Capacity allowed of bearing Offices and Dignities; yet as to all other things, and particularly in matters of Religion, he muſt have been under the Obedience of the General of the *Jeſuits*, and conſequently obliged to make Peace and War,

as the General of the Society ſhould judge moſt convenient for the Intereſt of the Pope and the Society. The continual War this Prince makes againſt the *Proteſtants* of *Upper Hungary*, contrary to all the Maxims and Rules of ſound Policy, and contrary to the Priviledges (one of his Miniſters told me, and I am otherwiſe well aſſured) he hath ſworn to that Nation; the vaſt Gifts he hath beſtowed on the Society in *Bohemia*, *Sileſia*, *Hungary*, *Moravia*, and generally in all his Hereditary Countries; with his ſhameful ſigning the late Peace, in prejudice, and contrary to all his Treaties with the *Proteſtant* Princes, ſmells rankly of an Obedience which acknowledges no Obligation, nor owns any Rule of Juſtice or Piety, other than the abſolute Command of his Superior. And I ſee nothing

thing in this Prince, as to his manner of Living, and conſtant Attendance at *Jeſuitical* Comedies, Muſick, and Pilgrimages, ſometimes to one Relique, ſometimes to another, with all that may make out his natural or acquir'd inclinations, that may any way convince this Opinion of miſtake.

So that if it be ſo, (as to ſpeak the truth) I very much ſuſpect it is; and I am not alone in this Suſpicion: I leave it to the Judgment of the Empire in general, and the Proteſtants in particular, what ground they have to relie on, or expect any Succour or Aſſiſtance from the Head of the Empire: For, in caſe this prove true, ſhould his Imperial Majeſty promiſe and deſign effectually to aſſiſt the Proteſtants, in defence of the Common Liberty; yet if on the morrow the Gene-

ral of the Society ſhould order him, for ſome greater Good, (which, according to their Maxims conſiſts frequently in a Maſſacre, a Poyſoning, or Aſſaſſination) to joyn at a preciſe Day and place his Arms to thoſe of *France*, for the entire extirpation of the Proteſtant Party in the Empire, there is no doubt but this Prince would be obliged to do it, either on the account of Obedience due to his General, or for fear the Society, in caſe of his diſobedience, ſhould diſpatch him, as they did by themſelves, or their Emiſſaries, *Henry* the Third and Fourth in *France*, Don *Carlos* in *Spain*, Duke *Bernard* of *Weymar* in *Germany*, and lately the Illuſtrious Princeſs of *Inſpruck*, ſecond Wife of that Prince, the laſt Duke of *Brieg* in *Sileſia*: or as they have newly attempted to do againſt his Majeſty of

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Great Britain. For Incendiaries, Aſſaſſins, and Murderers are the faithful Servants and inſeparable Inſtruments of that bleſſed Society. Your Highneſs will not be ſurpriz'd at the vehement Suſpicion I have expreſt of his Imperial Majeſty, when you have conſidered, there have been two Kings of *Poland* of that Order, and that *Philip* the Second of *Spain* did (out of Policy) cauſe himſelf to be enrolled amongſt them. But the Order of the *Jeſuits* is compos'd (as others) of two ſorts of People, whom Politicians diſtinguiſh by the Names of *Directors* and *Directed*: And we are to obſerve, the two Kings of *Poland* were in this latter Claſs. The former, by promoting too zealouſly the Paſſions of the Society, having loſt the Kingdom of *Swede*, to which he was Heir; and the ſecond having by the

ſame

ſame means incurred the irreconcileable hatred and averſion of the Nobility of *Poland*, to ſo extream a degree, that to avoid the threatning effects of it, he was forced at laſt to quit his Crown, from a Sovereign to become a Subject, and go end his days in a ſtrange Country, with no better a Character than that of *Abbot of St. German* in *France*. But as for *Philip* the Second (ſetting matter of Conſcience aſide) conſidering him only in quality of a Politician, I boldly aſſign him a Place in the Claſs of *Directors*; for he *directed* his Affairs ſo well, he miſt but little of ſubduing *France*, and effectually ſeiſed the Crown of *Portugal*, and the *Eaſt-Indies* as an Appurtenant. I am oblig'd, by the Reſpect I bear his Imperial Majeſty, to leave it to your Highneſs to think which of the two Claſſes,

Claſſes he is to be rank'd in.

But whether his Imperial Majeſty be a Member of this Society, or not, I have ſaid enough to make appear to your Highneſs the abſolute neceſſity of a League and Confederacy between the Proteſtant Powers of *Europe*, to enable them to defend themſelves againſt the pernicious Deſigns of their Enemies. I will conclude with minding your Highneſs, That this is the Occaſion that calls upon you, to ſhew to all the World your zeal for your Religion, and the Good of the Publick; And that ſince my longer ſtay in this Court will be uſeleſs, your Highneſs will do me the Favour to permit me to leave it as ſoon as may be, that I may have the honour to wait on your Moſt Serene Perſon, and continue the performance of my moſt humble

Services.

Services. To that happy time I reſpite acquainting you with many Particulars I dare not truſt to Paper, (though altogether confirming what I have moſt confidently affirmed, as to the moſt Eſſential Points of my Letter.) And in hopes to receive ſpeedily the honour of your Commands to that purpoſe, which I humbly beg, I remain with all due Reſpects,

My Lord,

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Your Serene Highneſſes

moſt humble Servant, &c.

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